

LIFE OF HIRAM PAULDING



HIRAM PAULDING
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.
About 1863

From a photograph by Gurney, New York

LIFE OF HIRAM PAULDING

REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.

BY
REBECCA PAULDING MEADE

n



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TO YOU
ABSORBED

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PREFACE

THE United States of America with its extended coast line may well look to its Navy as an important factor in its existence and for its defense; and we, who enjoy the blessings won for us through stormy days of struggle, hold in appreciative remembrance the names of those who in the infancy of the republic did good and valiant service in their country's cause.

Before the memory of the old Navy is effaced by the glories of the new, and the old "line-of-battle-ship" is forgotten in the presence of our magnificent floating engines of war, a sketch of one of the officers of the older days may not be without interest.

The effect of the strong personality of a brave and just man, with cool head and good judgment to meet the emergencies arising in a public career, is sometimes as potent a factor in the country's hour of need as a leader in battle could be. Hiram Paulding, enrolled on his country's honor list from 1811 to 1878, was one whose

career and example, whether afloat or ashore, are worth remembering.

In taking up a work of biography one asks, "Who was he?" "What was he?" "What did he do?" "Why is his past worth recalling?"

This book, which lays no claim to literary merit, is an attempt, on the part of his children, to tell to those who care to hear it the story of one of our public men, a chivalrous hero of the old days, "sans peur et sans reproche," whose official life is interwoven with his country's history, whose home life was a rarely beautiful one, and whose example is worthy of imitation.

Even in these days bristling with stories of heroes of fact and fiction, of the field and of the sea, this may have interest for some who esteem faithfulness to duty a cardinal virtue.

R. P. M.

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LIFE OF HIRAM PAULDING

CHAPTER I

HIRAM PAULDING'S ANCESTORS

THE life of Hiram Paulding would be incomplete without a few words concerning his antecedents. The earliest record we have is that during the days when New York was still "Nieu Amsterdam" and when the dwellings in the town were so sparsely distributed that on Broadway at a short distance from the Bowling Green one passed orchards and gardens, one Joost Pauldinck, a cordwainer and bolter,¹ came here from Holland bringing his wife Caterjna, and established himself in the city, where he remained for many years, being made a "freeman of the city" in 1683. He obtained with Colonel Heathcote and others a

¹ As nearly as we can learn, the work of a cordwainer was that of adapting French and Spanish leather to the embellishment of walls and the covering of furniture. Bolting had to do with the sifting of flour — as we find from the "Bolter's act" which affected the flour merchants.

large grant of land near White Plains, and there is a record that for a time he lived near Tarrytown and was deacon in the old church at Sleepy Hollow for a year. He was part owner in the privateer *Wheel of Fortune*, commanded by Abraham Van Lare. Business took him again to New York, but in 1703 and 1706 he sold out his interest there.

His sons were Abraham and Joseph and two others, names unknown. Joseph, who was admitted freeman in 1735, married Susannah White, and in 1753 removed to Tarrytown.

Previous to this he had leased a part of what was then known as the "Commons," now City Hall Park, New York, and in 1741 established a brick-yard not far from the poor house erected there in 1736. Only two of his children grew to manhood, Pekt, or Peter, and John, born in 1758, who in 1775 was a private in a militia regiment. Peter was an ensign in the first militia regiment of this country. At the close of the war John was made major in Colonel Van Cortlandt's regiment of militia. This branch of the family are all buried at Sleepy Hollow and have tombstones in the church-yard there.



JOHN PAULDING
Born 1758 — Died 1818
From a miniature

As John was the father of the naval officer, we follow him to his farm in Westchester County, where most of his life was spent. Militia duty in that locality was no sinecure during the Revolution, and John Paulding made his presence felt wherever active vigilance was needed, and his readiness and alertness in the capture of Major André showed him a man not easily deceived or lightly to be regarded. The story of the capture of André by John Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart is well known in the annals of the country. John Paulding was made prisoner several times, and narrowly escaped with his life, as his exploits had roused great hostility on the part of the Tories. At the close of the war Congress presented to each of the captors a medal with the word "Fidelity" inscribed on one side. The Paulding medal is in the possession of the descendants of the eldest son, George. Copies of the original were made for two other members of the family.

John was married three times and left a large family of children. His first wife, Sarah Teed, was the daughter of a Tory neighbor. One only of her children, Nancy, lived to mature years. The next wife, mother of Hiram, was Esther Ward, who

died in 1804, leaving eight children, Hiram, the fifth child, being only seven years of age and his sister Susan an infant. Little is known of the boy's life on the farm. He often spoke of the faithful care of the old colored servant who filled as well as she could the place of mother to the motherless children till the father married again. George, the eldest of the family, was a resident of New York. His son Leonard, a naval officer of merit and distinction, is well known in history as one of the heroes of our victories at Forts Donelson and Fisher. He was a man of charming character, brave and true, and beloved by all who knew him. He died while on service in the Pacific, at the end of a long cruise, and on the eve of promotion.



CHAPTER II

HIRAM PAULDING, THE BOY

IN an atmosphere charged with romance and patriotic aspirations, where every hill and valley has its story of love and war, at Cortlandt, Westchester County, New York, December 11, 1797, Hiram Paulding was born. Doubtless his young mind was filled with stories of the achievements of his neighbors, the militiamen, for it was his father whose good fortune it had been to be instrumental in foiling the traitor's plans; to save to us for all time the beautiful fortress of West Point; failing which a death-blow might have been given to the independence of America, and the chance of this refuge for the oppressed forever lost to the world.

At a very early age Hiram met with that greatest possible loss, the death of a good mother. His boyhood was passed upon his father's farm, and his educational advantages were limited to the primitive country schools of those days, but he eagerly

availed himself of the opportunity these afforded.

Animated with a desire to emulate the brave deeds of his father and his father's friends, he early determined to be a soldier, and application was made for admission to the Army. For some reason his application for the Army was unsuccessful, but through the kindness and influence of his friends, on the 1st of September, 1811, he received from President Madison an appointment as midshipman in the Navy, and at once began the study of mathematics and navigation under Master Gibbons, an Irish exile skilled in those sciences. He was then less than fourteen years of age. When war with England was declared, he was ordered to report for duty on the Northern Lakes, and in 1813 his official life began.

I do not believe that the parting from his home was a sad one, for the mother of the little children there was not his own mother, but there was one to whom his boy heart went out with all its fulness, for his own sister was doubtless heart-broken to have her brother exposed to the hardships incident to a sailor's life in time of war. In a package brown with age, long after, when in the fulness of years Hiram Paulding had

been called to his reward, the writer found the endorsement, in a youthful hand, "Letters from Sue," and these letters tell not only of the deep sisterly affection, but of loving appreciation of all the kindnesses he had shown her.

The young midshipman, with orders to report to the schooner *Thompkins* at the scene of the war, stood upon the banks of the Hudson, with a small trunk containing his meager outfit. The steamer *Fulton*, which in those days made her passage to Albany in forty-eight hours, had passed up the river during the night, but the watchman who had promised to call him had failed to, and, as a week would elapse before the return trip of the *Fulton*, he availed himself of an oyster-boat which was passing up the river and was landed at Albany. Thence he took stage to Utica, where he found a friend in the Drum Major of a marching regiment who was endeavoring to reach his command, and together they secured places in a country wagon which was conveying the mail to the Army. This ride over corduroy roads was always vivid in Hiram Paulding's recollection. When within about forty miles of Sackett's Harbor, where he was to join Commodore Chauncey's squadron, the

roads became obstructed by supply wagons and other *matériel* for the Army. So the mail bags were thrown across the back of the horse and the wagon was abandoned. Fortunately, about this time Colonel Tuttle with his marching regiment was overtaken and the midshipman's trunk was placed in the Colonel's baggage wagon. Noticing his extreme youth and delicate appearance, the officers of the command urged him to take place beside it, but with boyish vanity he deemed it beneath his dignity as an "officer," and insisted on marching with the regiment.

The enemy were expected to land at any moment at Sackett's Harbor and Colonel Tuttle's regiment was moving to the front as rapidly as possible. At the end of the day thirty miles had been covered, and when, late at night, they went into camp, the young midshipman was invited by the officers to join them in a meal which was secured for them in a public house near by. Young Hiram seated himself at table, but from that moment until the sun was high the next day he was unconscious of all that happened, for when the tired boy fell asleep at table, his friends had placed him comfortably in bed. He arose hurriedly, and

having partaken of some refreshment provided for him, he resumed the march alone. He found that the enemy had landed and had been repulsed — and as he hurried along the road he met wounded men marching and being carried away. This was his first glimpse of the horrors of war.¹

Commodore McDonough being in need of officers, service on Lake Ontario was of short duration and uneventful, and Paulding soon found himself in the midst of that wonderful work being done on Lake Champlain, where within six months a fleet was built and fitted out which was to achieve one of the greatest naval victories of the war. He was first transferred to the *President* on Lake Champlain, flag-ship of Master Commandant McDonough, an officer of great spirit and experience; and it was a fortunate thing for the young midshipman to have such a leader so early in his naval career. His service there was short and we next find him in 1814 on board the *Ticonderoga*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Cassin.

During the winter of 1813–14 McDonough had superintended the building

¹The above account of his first appearance is from a more detailed description written by him for his children.

of a squadron that should control Lake Champlain, as it became necessary now to oppose the British force, which evidently hoped to make this a base of supplies for its armies en route to Albany. There were many sharp skirmishes on the lake and at one time, when the British Army — nearly 12,000 strong — appeared before Plattsburg, one of our gunboats in opposing their march along the shore became disabled, and with some of the cutters of the squadron, Midshipman Paulding was sent to tow the gunboat to a place of safety. In the teeth of a gale and under heavy fire, with great difficulty and some loss of life, he accomplished to the satisfaction of his superiors this his first responsible service.

At last, on the 11th of September, 1814, a calm and beautiful Sunday morning, the final decisive battle on the lake was fought, after which, until the close of the war, the frontier was clear of the enemy. Cooper's "Naval History," chapter XXIII, gives a detailed account of the fight, and of the American victory with its far-reaching results. The American squadron being short of officers, Paulding, under seventeen years of age, was entrusted with a lieutenant's duties and had charge of the second divi-

sion of great guns on board the *Ticonderoga*, which vessel bore the whole brunt of the attack of the British row-galleys and was magnificently fought. Says Cooper in his "Naval History": "There was a common feeling of admiration at the manner in which the *Ticonderoga* defended the rear of the line and of the noble conduct of all on board of her. Once or twice the nearest vessels thought her to be in flames in consequence of the awful rapidity of her fire." Cassin, meanwhile, walked his taffrail amid a shower of murderous missiles, perfectly cool, seeming to bear a charmed life while he directed the firing.

Paulding had charge of the quarter-deck guns, under his eye, to train the cannon upon the advancing foe, and his ready resource was shown when, the "matches" having given out, he substituted the flash of his loaded pistol and there was no cessation of the firing. The boy was not conscious that he had performed any very special service; his pride and gratification then may be conceived when in the darkness of the ensuing night he overheard his commander, Cassin, say to one of the lieutenants, "That youngster Paulding is a brave little fellow." These few words of commendation

gave him heart and courage for any duty that might come, and when, later, he received a sword and \$1500 prize-money from Congress for his "gallant service" he was encouraged to feel that he had proved ability in his profession. The sword and letter accompanying it are in the possession of a member of the family, Hiram Paulding, 2d, his son.

"In this memorable battle, which broke the power of great Britain on the Lakes and freed the State of New York from all fear of further British incursion, the American squadron consisted of fourteen vessels mounting eighty-six cannon and carrying eight hundred and fifty men. The British squadron, as is well known, was virtually annihilated, its commodore killed, and all its vessels captured save a few row-galleys which had previously struck their colors and then dishonorably escaped because the Americans really had too few men and were in too battered a condition themselves to pursue and recapture them."

Many years later the following letter was received by Paulding:

COMMODORE HIRAM PAULDING, U. S. N.

Dear Sir: The citizens of Plattsburg and Clinton County, remembering your gallantry and active par-

ticipation in the naval battle fought off this village, on the 11th. of September 1814, request the pleasure of your company to unite with them in celebrating the coming anniversary of that event.

We are, with very distinguished considerations,

Your Obedient Servants

THEODORUS BAILEY

L. STETSON

G. M. PALMER

P. G. ELLSWORTH

SMITH M. WEED

} *Committee of
Invitation*

PLATTSBURG,

August 26th, 1858.

CHAPTER III

MATURITY

WHEN peace was declared, Paulding joined the frigate *Constellation* in the squadron of Commodore Decatur, fitting out to demand redress of the Barbary powers, and in June, 1815, participated in the capture of the Algerine vessels *Mashoudah* and *Estidio*. So great was the terror of Decatur's name and the prestige won by our Navy in the war with Great Britain that all grievances were promptly redressed.

In 1816 Paulding was made lieutenant and served on the *Independence* for a time, then made a cruise on our coast in the brig *Prometheus*. In the summer of 1818 he joined the frigate *Macedonian* and made a three years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean.

In 1821, the cruise being over, he took a leave of absence and, realizing his deficiency in certain branches of education, spent eighteen months in hard study at Norwich in the military academy of Captain Par-

tridge, which has since helped to equip many of our naval officers.¹ Finding after a time that his health suffered from too close application to study, he spent some months in the disguise of a sailor in a rigging loft in Boston where Mr. McClellan superintended the rigging of ships. This work and some surveying of the Navy Yard of Boston and vicinity, although it could hardly be called *rest*, enabled him to return to his duties invigorated. Long years after, a gray-haired, vigorous man came to see him at his home. He said that when a young fellow he had been carpenter on the *Macedonian*, where Mr. Paulding was lieutenant. Three or four years later, being in Boston and going to McClellan's rigging loft on business, he was astounded to see the Lieutenant in sailor dress working with the others. "Mr. Paulding!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon," rejoined his former shipmate, "Mr. Brown, if you please." But the disguise was no longer possible, and, having mastered the details of this branch of equipment, he returned to his studies with new zest. It

¹ Many of the distinguished officers of the Army and Navy are graduates of this Academy — now the University of Norwich — among them Admiral George Dewey. See "History of Norwich Academy," by Wm. A. Ellis, B.S.

must be borne in mind that there was no Naval Academy in those days, and the opportunities afforded by the Government to its naval officers for acquiring a knowledge of the scientific branches bearing on the profession were of the most meager description. Paulding's wise foresight, characteristic of the man, enabled him to take rank with the best informed men in the Navy.

His next cruise was as first lieutenant of the *Sea Gull*, the first steamer employed by the Government as a man-of-war in a squadron commanded by Commodore Porter, for the suppression of piracy in the West Indies. After a few months' service in her he returned, under orders from the Department, in the *Peacock*, and joined the frigate *United States* fitting out for the Pacific Ocean.

He was absent nearly four years, during which time he performed special service in conveying through the deserts of Peru and over the Andes secret despatches from Commodore Hull to General Bolivar, traversing on horseback about fifteen hundred miles. His account of this journey, which he published after his return under the title of "Bolivar in his Camp," was most interesting. In this trip to the camp of the "Lib-



HIRAM PAULDING
Lieutenant, U. S. N.
About 1828

From a miniature (artist unknown)

erator" he had an arduous and dangerous journey, traversing a belt of wild, arid, and mountainous country; after many days, having overcome almost insuperable difficulties, reaching the General and accomplishing the errand.

While attached to the *United States* in 1826 he volunteered for duty on the schooner *Dolphin*, and, as her first lieutenant, went to the then savage Mulgrave Islands in search of the mutineers of the American whale-ship *Globe*. The *Dolphin* on this occasion was commanded by Lieutenant John Percival, better known in the service as "Mad Jack," a seaman of uncommon ability and fearlessness, but extremely eccentric. Among the midshipmen was the late Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who said that the boldest act he ever witnessed was performed by Lieutenant Paulding in the seizure of one of the mutineers in face of a mob of infuriated savages, several hundred in number, armed with clubs and spears. With only a cutter's crew, Paulding landed, and while holding a parley suddenly seized his man and, covering his own body with his human prize, marched him rapidly to the boat, holding a cocked pistol to his ear. The

natives, who were friendly to the mutineers, were so much surprised by the audacity of the proceeding that they made no attempt at recapture until too late to do so.¹

A very interesting account of this cruise was written by Paulding and published in New York in 1831, the preface being so quaint and humorous as to show beyond dispute that all the wit of the family had not been confined to the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside."²

¹ From Life of Admiral C. H. Davis, by his son.

² James K. Paulding.

CHAPTER IV

PAULDING'S VISIT TO BOLIVAR IN HIS CAMP¹

“IN the month of May, 1824, our frigate anchored in the bay of Callao. An interval of four years had elapsed since my first visit here, and, as far as the eye could discover from our deck, no material change had taken place. From the bay everything bore the same gloomy and forbidding aspect. There was the sandy waste, the mud walls, and gray thatch of the wretched town. The red and yellow stripes of Spain floated from the ramparts of the castle, and the island of San Lorenzo was there with its frowning cliffs warring with the ocean swell and rearing aloft its peaks enveloped in fantastic clouds and ever-changing mist.

Over the Valley Rimac the once gorgeous city of Lima was indicated by its numerous spires elevated above all intervening objects, and skirted in amphitheatre by the first

¹ Reprinted from “Bolivar in his Camp,” by Hiram Paulding. New York, 1834. Out of print.

range of mountains that, rising one above the other, terminated in the Andes.

I dwelt with pleasure on the scenes I had witnessed in that beautiful city in bygone years. Ere the commotions of civil war had broken the ties of law and of nature, changing the face of everything in its irresistible course, Lima was perhaps unequalled in all the western world in its splendour and its luxury, as well as the more homely comforts of life, united with every facility for their acquisition. Well might it be called *la ciudad dorado*.

A cloudless sky, the delicious perfume of orange groves, and the shady "almada," united in effect to charm the senses of the stranger as he approached the entrance of the city. The wide and well paved streets received an air of cheerfulness from the fresco-painted walls, and babbling rivulets that lined the sidewalks or were sent meandering through the middle of the principal avenues of the city.

The dwellings of the gentry were accommodated with large courts in front, excluded from the streets by gateways, and the interior and exterior of the houses were brilliant in the highest degree with mirrors and gilded ornaments, as well as the most costly

furniture. The churches, rich with the spoil of two centuries, proclaimed the wealth of the city and power of the priests. I still remember with pleasure the formal courtesy and dignified bearing of the Spanish gentry of Lima, who never passed us in the street without a salutation, and even the priests, who, from policy as well as religious prepossession, could ill conceal their aversion to our presence, scarcely ever failed in the observance of the same polite attention. The Plaza was enlivened with the gay merchandise of Spain and the East, arranged in neatly shaded booths; in the midst of the square gushed with unceasing play a magnificent fountain, and not far from it the River Rimac murmured over its pebbly bed on its way to the ocean, passing through one of the loveliest valleys under the sun. Peace and plenty and contentment seemed to pervade all classes of society, but it was the stillness that precedes the bursting of the thunder-cloud.

Had the unchanging climate of Peru given place to the impetuous fury of a tornado, desolating the whole face of nature in its wild career, the beautiful villas and fair fields of the Rimac would not have presented a scene of such utter ruin as was

caused by the revolution. Occupied alternately by Royalists and Patriots, whatever escaped from the rapacity of the one became a prey to the other. If the inhabitants had not fled from personal apprehension, they were torn by violence from their dwellings and consigned to a prison or the military shambles. Their horses and cattle and the fruits of the earth were, without reserve, the spoils of war. The villages and haciendas occupied by the soldiery often became scenes of the most desperate forays between the contending parties, so that in two or three years ruin and devastation usurped the place where previously everything was to be found necessary to minister to the comfort and luxury of the ill-fated inhabitants. With a wantonness peculiar to the bitter hostility inspired by civil war, even the choicest fruits and the finest specimens of art were unsparingly swept away. The city of Rome, when conquered, plundered, and enslaved by barbarians, did not exhibit more savage traces of ignorance and cruelty.

Lima passed through the terrible ordeal in somewhat happier circumstances than the surrounding country, but in the succession of events it was visited by an ample share of calamity. Society was razed to its very

foundations. Banishment, confiscations, and forced loans reduced the wealthiest families to beggary. Their plate, their furniture, and indeed everything available were sacrificed for the means of present subsistence, and in many instances their splendid houses were occupied by soldiers of fortune. All sources of revenue were cut off. Whatever remained of commerce was in the hands of foreigners who, somewhat protected by their neutral character, profited by the calamity of the times. Indeed, such was the state of things that almost any change could scarcely fail to be for the better.

At the time we arrived the Spanish generals were in possession of Callao and Lima, all of upper Peru, and the seacoast from Callao to the deserts of Atacama; whilst the Patriots occupied most of the country and coast to the north.

Under such circumstances, with two powerful parties contending for the sovereignty of the country, it was to be expected that conflicting interests would lead to difficulties of a national character.

The Spanish Vice-king, who had been twice driven from the capital and could claim no obedience whatever from the

people without heading his army of fifteen thousand men which he had assembled in upper Peru, still claimed the right, through his subordinates on the coast, to capture neutral vessels under the laws of the Indies, whilst Admiral Guise, in command of his patriot naval forces and having the supremacy at sea, issued his paper blockade of the whole coast occupied by the Spaniards without a demonstration of force for their protection. There was no safety for neutral ships, and that did not in all cases secure our ships from capture and condemnation. Our merchants, always first in enterprise of difficulty and danger, were first amongst the sufferers, and the naval Commander soon found that the duties devolving upon him were of so multifarious and delicate a nature that the most wary discrimination afforded but an imperfect prospect of a satisfactory adjustment of the evils complained of. Individual sympathy as well as national considerations prompted us by all means to avoid a conflict that might injure the patriot cause, and the Spaniards had nothing upon which we could make reprisals for their illegal seizure, if we had been so disposed.

With a due regard for our commercial

interests and the preservation of friendly relations with the Patriots, it finally became apparent that recourse must be had to General Bolivar, who, then at the head of the combined armies of Colombia and Peru, was making his way through the Andes to meet the Viceroy, Lacerna. When this was determined upon as the course to be pursued, the individuals interested were called upon for the necessary proofs of the spoliation upon their property by the Peruvian naval Commander, and, all things being in readiness, I was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of General Bolivar as bearer of despatches to him from Commodore Hull. A partial knowledge of the Spanish language procured for me this interesting service, and I entered upon it with all the zeal its novel character was calculated to inspire.

Great uncertainty prevailed as to the situation occupied by General Bolivar, and the most profound ignorance was betrayed, by all of whom we made inquiries, respecting the roads by which his line of march could be approached. On the 4th of June, 1824, I embarked in the schooner *Dolphin*, and on the 6th landed at the little town of Huacho to the north of Lima. Meeting there with

an officer of the Peruvian army, from whom I obtained some information, I determined to take my departure from thence, and, accordingly, having landed my baggage, I took up my abode with the Governor of the place for my accommodation for the night and such assistance as it was necessary I should receive from him for the prosecution of my journey.

As soon as I was seated in his house we entered upon official business. I showed him my orders from Commodore Hull and a large package of papers sewed up in a bag of canvas. He took the order and looked over it, but its contents were as incomprehensible to him as that of the canvas bag. Conceiving, however, that both were important to *La patria*, he was ready to make up in zeal for his want of comprehension. His friends *el primero Alcalde* and *Intendente* were called in to his assistance, and, availing themselves of the explanations I made them in bad Spanish, they furnished me with a passport that would have done justice to the fame of the immortal Sancho Panza. It commanded all governors of pueblos, all military and civil officers, and people of every description, inhabitants of Peru, to furnish me with horses, guides, refreshment, and

whatever assistance I might require, the same being necessary for facilitating my arrival at the headquarters of the Liberator. I was fully aware that such a passport must be regarded as preposterous by any intelligent man, as the Governor of Huacho was neither known nor had the least authority beyond his little village, but, as it attached an unusual degree of importance to my mission, I chose rather to trust to the ignorance and good nature of the people with whom I might have to communicate on the way, than suggest to the Governor a modification of this extravagant document. Subsequently I had abundant cause to felicitate myself in this determination.

Having some previous knowledge of the condition of a traveller in South America, I had provided myself with a light portable bed-saddle and bridle and arms; and I was not long in realizing the utility of the first-named article, for when the hour of rest arrived I found that the Governor had no means whatever of giving me tolerable accommodation for the night.

The hour appointed for my departure was six in the morning, when horses and a guide were promised to be in readiness. Long before daylight the voices of the inhabitants

mingled with the bursting of sky-rockets and jingling of bells in honour of some saint, sufficient to disturb the slumbers of all that had found repose in defiance of vermin. Six o'clock arrived and there were no horses. We waited with impatience until eight, when at last three or four were brought to the door by the peasantry who, as militia in active service, were in attendance on the Governor for the execution of his orders. I scarcely saw the wretched animals before I turned from them in disgust, and indeed my mind revolted at the idea of making use of them for our conveyance, even for the distance of seven leagues, where we were promised others. The Governor answered my remonstrances by declaring there were none better to be had. They were literally galled to the very bone and so poor that they did not appear to be fit for any service whatever. I determined at all hazards that I would not make use of them and made my declaration to the Governor in terms so positive that, to free himself of a troublesome guest, he directed some of his militia to seize upon the first good horses they could find coming into market, to whomsoever they might belong.

Accordingly three of them, armed with

lances, posted themselves in one of the principal streets leading from the country to the market place, to waylay such unlucky *paysanos* as might be coming in with their produce at this inauspicious hour. It was not a great while before a female was seen ambling along unsuspectingly upon a substantial, sleek-looking steed laden with full panniers of fruit and vegetables. The soldiers seized the horse by the bridle as the woman came up to where they were standing and, without further ceremony or explanation, bade her dismount and yield her horse to the service of the State. A scene of painful interest ensued. The woman at first obstinately refused to comply with the demands of the soldiers, saying that her husband was serving in the Army and that all their horses but this had been taken for the service of the State, and if she were deprived of this also, her children would starve. I thought that affecting appeal she made to the humanity of the soldiers would have prevailed with them. Such a scene was new to me, but to these poor countrymen it was of frequent occurrence, which probably, together with their individual misfortunes, steeled their hearts against the sufferings of others. The command to dismount was repeated again

and again with the inflexible sternness with which it was first given, and the female, at last finding that resistance and expostulation were unavailing, suffered herself and panniers to be taken from her horse. In the bitterness of her lamentation I approached her, and, placing a sum of money in her hands sufficient to compensate her for the risk of losing the animal as well as the deprivation of his services, she dried her tears and gave me her benediction. Other animals were provided for us in the same way, and a little after nine I set out in company with my companion, Mr. Hunter, and an Indian guide, with a sad presage of the future, so disagreeable had been the commencement of our journey.

Our road lay through the small valley of Huava nearly on a parallel with the sea-coast, and for three or four miles it was skirted with a wild growth of cane and *algaroba* interrupted occasionally by cultivated ground. In such places trees of the orange, lemon, fig, and *guayaba*, with those of other tropical fruits, were tolerably abundant and the ground, intersected by numerous rivulets, with which it was irrigated at pleasure by the husbandman, sent forth in luxuriance whatever had been planted there.

The heavens were clear and bright without a cloud, the air breathed its softest zephyrs through the wild leaves that half the way overhung our narrow path. The birds caroled their morning lay in sweet accordance with the murmuring streams, save which, the silence of the tomb was there. A charm pervaded the whole scene and we were too much under its influence not to pass over this quiet valley with truant steps. The enthusiast accustomed to indulge in pleasant visions of the fancy could alone realize our feelings in passing through the little valley of Huava, and the evanescence of such a vision, when interrupted by some disagreeable reality of human life, might well describe the sensations that came over us in emerging from it.

A desert of sand with rude and inhospitable mountains lay before us. On the borders of this desert was situated the small town of Huaura, containing about 1000 inhabitants. At this place the guide had been directed to take us to the house of the Governor for breakfast, such being the custom in respect to officers travelling in the service of the State, and to which I found in the beginning of our journey that we must conform, there being no houses of public

accommodation anywhere. On arriving at the Governor's house it promised such wretched fare that we did not long deliberate in coming to the determination of contenting ourselves with some bread that we obtained at a *pulparia* near at hand. The houses of Huaura were of cane and clay. Its appearance was wretched and that of the inhabitants generally of extreme poverty. With but a few minutes' delay we continued on, and soon found ourselves on the desert over the road leading to the valley of Barranca, where we were to remain for the night.

Two or three miles from Huaura we came to a number of large irregular mounds of earth such as are met with in Peru, and of which neither history nor tradition has furnished any account that can be relied on respecting the purpose for which they were made. By some it is supposed they were burial places, some suppose the treasures of the Incas were concealed there in the time of the conquest, and some that they were reared as monuments in commemoration of important events or the reign of distinguished Incas. It is certain that human remains are often found beneath them, and it is also certain that great treas-

ure in gold and silver ornaments, as well as utensils for domestic use, have been discovered in these singular monuments of antiquity. Of those now before us I received no information except from our guide, who, in answer to my question, said that people without baptism had been buried there, and, not being good Christians, had gone to "los infiernos."

No road could be more wearisome or less interesting than the one by which we made our advance upon Supe. The only variety was hill and dale of sand, except the bones of animals that had perished on the way, with which the ground was strewed over the customary track. The meridian sun poured down its vertical rays whilst a dry and parching heat rose from the arid sands. Like the mariners of Columbus in approaching the equator, one might have supposed, prompted by the ignorance of those early times, that we were fast approaching to the confines of human life. About three in the afternoon, when we had travelled upward of twenty miles, a small valley near the sea-shore opened upon our view. Near the centre of it was the village of Supe, containing four or five hundred inhabitants. Although much smaller than Huaura we were

more hospitably received. The Governor, having read my passport from Huacho, welcomed me into his house where he introduced me to a party of his young friends who had just assembled at dinner. The *Ollapodrida* and a broiled quarter of lamb were already smoking on the table, and highly to our satisfaction, we were cordially invited to partake. It was a large, roughly made oak table, without cloth or cover, on which our dinner was placed, benches were arranged beside for seats, and with three spoons and as many knives and forks, ten of us dined abundantly without any other inconvenience than that of occasionally conferring and receiving the favor of an exchange of a knife for a spoon, spoon for fork, etc. I know not whether it should be spoken of as an inconvenience, as it seemed at the time to promote the sociability and good understanding of the company. It was particularly pleasing when one of the young ladies proffered the use of her fork or spoon and perhaps requested one's knife in return.

The fastidious slave to custom, whose uncheckered life had passed smoothly over the current of time, would have felt himself in an awkward predicament seated at the

social board of my hospitable entertainer, but my professional pursuits had repeatedly placed me in situations where I found it necessary to regulate my wants according to the customs or necessities of other people, and the principal inconvenience that I experienced in the present instance was that of not feeling myself sufficiently familiar with the etiquette of the society in which I was thrown. My kind host sent round his wine in liberal abundance with many a merry jibe, the party seemed to partake of his good nature, and after a most pleasant repast we arose from the table in the best humour imaginable and as good friends, perhaps, as though we had been much longer acquainted. The ladies invited me with the rest of the company to join them in the portico *para funei* and one of them drew from her bosom a segar box which she politely handed round and afterward helped herself.

The day was far advanced when, after interchanging a kind farewell, we set off for Barranca. We had three leagues to go. The road was the same as that we had passed over in the morning, but the sun had lost its power, and our dinner-party furnished us with subjects of mirth with which to beguile

the time. Barranca is situated near the mouth of a small rapid river that takes its rise in the Andes. The valley is narrow and the town contains not more than five hundred to a thousand inhabitants. It was after sunset when we got there. The Governor directed a young officer to conduct me to the house of an old widow lady and require of her to furnish us with accommodation for the night. I shall not soon forget the agony the poor old woman expressed as she burst into tears and exclamations when the orders of the Governor were delivered to her. She declared that she had not bread for herself, much less could she provide for officers of the State. . . . That, besides her poverty, she was a lone woman, and it was oppressive cruelty in the Governor to impose such burdens upon her. I proposed to the officer that he should return to the Governor and ask that we might be sent to some house where it would be less painful to the occupant to receive us, but he declined, saying that if the Governor should order it otherwise the same complaint of poverty would be made by any inhabitant of Barranca. Accordingly I set about to reassure her. Believing that her principal objection was to the poverty of the patriot officers

who usually travelled at the expense of the State, and the reluctant citizens upon whom they were quartered for their lodging and temporary accommodation, I declared my ability and inclination to make liberal compensation for all her trouble and expense, when she consented to receive us. Accustomed to this rude imposition of strangers upon her hospitality, she soon forgot the restraint naturally to have been expected from the manner of our introduction, and treated us with the familiar courtesy of friendly visitors. The young officer, also, received a kinder welcome than at first. Companionable in his disposition, pleased with the novelty of his new acquaintance, he was in no haste to depart after having fulfilled the important command with which he had been entrusted, but, taking to himself no small degree of credit for having procured for me so good a lodging, he whiled away the evening with us, consenting to partake of the good cheer our kind landlady prepared for us in the best manner she could. This house was large and an excellent dwelling, for the place belonged to a Royalist who had been banished after having been deprived of all the visible means by which his family could be sup-

ported, since which time travellers were occasionally sent to the helpless woman for accommodations, to aggravate her wretched change of fortune, a mode of punishment that was very often practised upon this unfortunate class of citizens in Peru.

At six on the following morning, June 7th, the Governor sent a change of horses by the guide that was to accompany us as far as Patavilca, the guide from Huacho having been sent back with the horses that belonged there. My worst apprehensions were realized when they were brought to the door. They were of the same description as those first proffered to us at Huacho, and with the same promptitude as at that place I refused to receive them. I have since considered my conduct on these occasions, as well as some others subsequently, as bordering on temerity, and by all unacquainted with the necessity of a like deportment it would be considered presumptuous in the highest degree. My experience, however, taught me that by this means alone could I have proceeded on my mission without being exposed to the most serious calamities. The Governor of Barranca at first insisted that there were no other horses, but after some delay procured better ones for

me, and late in the morning we continued our journey, receiving from our landlady at parting her grateful thanks and kindest wishes.

We were gratified in leaving Barranca to find that, instead of wading through the sands of the sea coast, our road lay in the interior toward the mountains. Delighted with the idea of soon enjoying the grand and magnificent scenery of the Andes, a new impulse was given to our feelings. Crossing the wide and rapid stream of Barranca, we pursued our way along a narrow valley skirted on either side by an undulating desert, from which here and there arose conspicuously huge masses of black or darkly colored rock. The valley itself was mostly inundated from the overflowing of the river's banks. But little of it was cultivated; it was overgrown with wild cane and stumpy brushwood which in many places formed an arbour over our narrow pathway.

At eleven o'clock we arrived at the small and beautiful village of Patavilca, where the old Governor received us with the politeness and urbanity of a gentleman that had seen better days. The office of governor in these small places conferred no advantage whatever upon the incumbent, as there was

neither salary nor emolument attached to it. On the contrary he usually incurred the odium of the majority of his fellow citizens, upon whom in the exigencies of the State he was called upon to exercise the most oppressive authority, laws and individual rights being disregarded in the almost utter destitution of the country. Officers of the Army were constantly passing to and fro with passports from the Commander-in-chief recommending them to the hospitality of the Governors of places, and to the poor Governor no other alternative was left than to quarter them upon some citizen if he could not entertain them himself. In a short time, perhaps, he alienated his best friends by frequent impositions of the kind. Having obtained the unenviable preeminence, there was no remedy for the poor Governor, for resignations were not received at this trying period, and any neglect of official duty brought upon him the odium of suspected patriotism and at no distant period its fatal consequences. Don José Roxas, our host at Patavilca, was a good patriot, having, as he told us, devoted his only son to the cause. Whilst he entertained us with a glass of sour wine and some broiled goat's meat, he had caused a relay of horses and a

new guide to be furnished to take us to Huaracanga, where we were to spend the night.

We now left the valley and pursued our road parallel with it over a desert and broken country, each undulation rising higher than the other as we advanced in the interior. The barren rocks that here and there rose in rude contrast above all the rest of the irregular desert became more and more elevated, corresponding with the acclivity of the whole face of nature in its retrograde from the ocean. Our eyes were fixed upon one of these rude spots with more than common interest as our winding road led us along upon its base. Inaccessible on all sides but one, it there rose at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and parapet ranged above parapet in regular succession from near the base almost to the top, which I estimated at about four hundred feet high. Here the "Children of the Sun" made one of their strongest efforts to resist or foil their invincible conquerors. Within sight of this ancient fortress is a mound of earth where a recent excavation had left exposed large numbers of human bones, and I remarked that several of the skulls still had the hair upon them almost entire. Pieces of woolen

and cotton cloth were also scattered upon the ground, some of the colors of which were still bright, although they had probably lain buried in the earth for centuries. Many things are found in these places in a state of wonderful preservation, and amongst other remarkable discoveries that have been made by the curious or the avaricious was a banner of one of the Incas. It was presented to General Bolivar.

We had not moved faster than a slow walk for the whole day with our wretched horses, and the poor creatures gave out a little before we arrived at Huaracanga. Had they been able to travel further, the approach of night would not have prevented us from continuing on, such was the miserable and inhospitable appearance of this place. The village consists of a dozen small huts that were built of reeds. The governor, who was at the head of affairs, *el primero Alcalde*, and the rest of the inhabitants were Indians, extremely poor and filthy. Here and for some distance below, the rocks and mountains had encroached upon the valley so as to confine it to a narrow space upon the banks of the rapid stream that rushed along over its deep-worn bed and upon the borders of which alone the prin-

ciple of vegetation was seen to exist. No signs of animal life met the eye but in the squalid creatures of inhabitants who seemed to regard us with silent apathy; and the outline of the Andes, which was now presented in bold relief, was the only object the weary and worn traveller could behold without disgust or sinking of the heart.

We had partaken of food but once through the day and our disappointment may be imagined when, after liberal promises to the *Alcalde* if he would provide well for us, nothing was set before us but some boiled roots of the cassava. Blessed with health and good appetites, we could ill digest such frugal fare, but, after asking in vain for meat or bread, we submitted to it with the best grace we could. The *Alcalde* had neither bed, table, nor seats of any kind. The only articles of furniture in his hut were two iron cooking utensils and two small mats that were laid upon the ground for sleeping. If our desolate resting-place exhibited to our observation so little of animal life, we were not insensible to its existence when we had stretched our weary limbs for repose, and in the morning we arose unrefreshed, rejoicing in the light of another day.

The *Alcalde* had been faithful to his promise of having our horses ready at an early hour. They were miserably poor and little did we expect they would hold out to transport us to Gulcan, the next inhabited place on our road. Weary, half famished, and with a reasonable prospect of faring still worse, we set off, happily with a good share of patience and fortitude. Not even a shrub or spear of grass was anywhere to be seen over the country we passed between Huaracanga and Gulcan. The steepness of the road increased and hills of sand and rocks had swelled into mountains. A few miles from us and apparently almost at our feet, mountain range rose above mountain range, at first with intervals through which our circuitous path winded its narrow way over them, but in the distance they seemed to unite in one solid mass terminating in the clouds and presenting a barrier that in appearance would defy all human efforts or ingenuity to pass. The river had sunk to a deep ravine from which its impetuous murmurs even could not be heard, when, descending a barren mountain, we came upon a cultivated plain about a mile in circumference and we dismounted at the house of the Governor of the small Indian

village of Gulcan. In answer to our first demands he replied that he had neither food nor horses for us to continue our journey. This was a little too much to be borne. We had partaken of no other nourishment than the cassava root we obtained at Huaracanga for more than twenty-four hours, and our horses were worn out.

With the energy of a desperate man I presented my passport to the Governor a second time, telling him to read and disobey at his peril. I required of him to provide us with food and horses instantly, promising an ample share of the Liberator's vengeance for every moment of unnecessary delay. That the fear of punishment might be stimulated by the additional motive of self-interest, I held out the prospect of ample remuneration as a reward for his ready compliance, and the Governor, yielding to his timidity or a sense of official duty, suddenly recollected that there were horses of the State at his disposal and that there were goats feeding on the plain which we could not fail to have observed. A few hours' delay, therefore, placed at our command a change of guide and horses as well as the means of quieting the cravings of nature — bread, however, we could not

obtain, and the emphatic answer of "no hay" was made to our calls for it. When about to take leave of the Governor we were made sensible of his scrupulous delicacy in observing the point of honour, or if an ill-natured construction were given to his conduct, of his fear of offending the higher powers. I had placed in his hand a sum of money as compensation for what I had received and to which at first he made no objection, but, having taken counsel of the *Alcalde*, with whom he held discussion for some minutes, he came to me with concern saying that it was neither lawful nor proper for him to receive money as he was Governor of Gulcan, nor was it matter of formality with him only, for he continued with persevering obstinacy to insist upon my taking the money back, that neither the crime nor dishonour of its acceptance should attach to him — until I mounted my horse and for the last time bade him "adios."

I was not a little perplexed in my conjectures respecting the old Indian's singular pertinacity. Had I received nothing but the horses which really belonged to the Government, or if he were receiving his support from it, the matter would have been plain enough, but as he had killed one

of his goats for me, was half clad, his authority extending over the inhabitants of but half a dozen wretched huts and he was receiving nothing for his office, I could not unravel the mystery of his declining the acceptance of a sum of money that would have tempted the cupidity of one in a higher station.

Our reflections were by no means disturbed by the rapidity of our travelling, for besides the steepness of the path by which we ascended mountain after mountain, our horses were such as had been given us through the whole journey, so poor and ill used that over the fairest road they could not have been goaded on faster than a slow walk. In the language of a gentleman whose pleasant fancy I recall with the most agreeable associations, "Tho' they travelled slow they were going fast." Should this simple narrative ever meet his perusal, I pay but a just tribute to his indulgent temper in presuming that he will forgive the borrowed phrase in its present application.

We had now begun to ascend the Andes, and a scant vegetation appeared on some of the ranges over which we passed. Our road sometimes approached the course of

the river from the precipice above which it was occasionally seen indistinctly, rushing furiously along. The sun had sunk behind the mountains some hours before, and the shadows of night began to close around us when beneath a huge mountain that rose perpendicularly over our heads we came to a beautiful and romantic dell luxuriant with vegetation. This was called Chancallain. We here found a curate, the only white man we had seen since we left Patavilca. The town contained not more than a dozen inhabitants, and save the curate all were Indians. A number of trees of the *guayaba* and orange had attained to a large size and the ripe and luscious fruit lay thickly scattered on the ground. The Governor, a young man with more of sprightliness and good nature than we had anywhere met with for some time, received us kindly in his hut, where there was but one room and no furniture. When we asked him for guide and horses he did not reply in the customary phrase "no hay biestas" with which we had become so familiar as to expect it as a matter of course, and without pretending that he could not furnish us with food, he civilly invited us to partake of broth and cassava root as soon as it could be prepared,

apologizing for his poverty which did not enable him to provide for us in any other way. A skin stretched over a square frame a little elevated served for a table, the broth was placed upon it in a wooden bowl and two horn spoons enabled us to carry it to our half-famishing lips. Our sleeping accommodation corresponded with our fare in other respects. On the ground in a new unfinished reed hut, our beds were laid as had been customary with us since the commencement of our journey, with saddles for pillows.

One would suppose that the poppy with all its bewildering influence would quickly have closed around us the curtain of forgetfulness, and we promised ourselves nothing less than refreshing sleep. If the reader has been the victim of a burning fever with all its attendant, excited restlessness, he has realized our irritable state of body and mind; added to this the hut had no roof and the round full moon sailed through the clear and cloudless azure of heaven with a splendour that might vie with the light of day, and being near its zenith our hut was illumined with a rich stream of its silver rays. We closed our eyes and courted oblivion in vain until midnight, when a tramp of horses

and the approach of several Indians roused us from our dormant postures. Always watchful to guard against surprise and robbery, the guide was dismayed as he entered and saw us standing with cocked pistols to receive him. He communicated to us in few words that the Governor, being under the necessity of leaving home on public business, had caused our mules to be brought up that he might despatch us before his departure. The unusual hour, and the improbable excuse of the Governor, with connecting circumstances of distrust, impressed us with a belief that some evil design was premeditated against us. The guides communicated from place to place that I paid liberally for everything, an unusual circumstance for a traveller at this time, and, knowing that I carried about me a sum of money that might well tempt the poor people by whom I was entertained and directed on my road, such an enterprise as I now apprehended would not have astonished me in the least. Well armed, we had no fear of a fair encounter, and, having in the presence of the Governor and his assembled auditors carefully examined our pistols, we mounted and took leave in a manner that conveyed to him that we were

prepared for any emergency that might befall us. The Governor's purpose had changed or our suspicions had wronged him, for we continued our road unmolested."

CHAPTER V

IN THE MIDST OF THE ANDES

“WE were now in the midst of the Andes. Immense mountains rose all round us in wild sublimity. Our path was scarcely wide enough for two horses to pass in safety yet. On one side of it perpendicular rocks rose in huge masses and on the other was a fearful precipice that made one dizzy to look down it. At the bottom of this yawning chasm the Barranca River was occasionally indicated, as in sportive gambols over its rocky bed the moonbeams played upon its ripples. The necessity of caution had appeared evident enough to us in many places that we had passed on the two preceding days, but the danger was temporary and of an ordinary character, whilst this continued for leagues together, and it was clearly evident that one false step of the mule toward the precipice would consign the luckless traveller to inevitable destruction.

Though mules are proverbially sure-footed, our watchfulness was unceasing, and as the surest means of guarding against the danger of a fall we determined to throw ourselves upon the opposite side of the path should the mule stumble and it were possible to do so. We passed along in safety over many a steep and difficult crag, when a little after daylight and not far from Marca a smooth steep ledge was presented reaching entirely across our path. The guide and my companion passed it one after the other in safety, but as ill fortune would have it my mule slipped and fell upon his side. Happily for me my pre-termination and presence of mind brought me under the ledge, so that I was fairly landed clear of the mule without serious bruise or injury.

When personal safety was no longer to be considered, my liveliest apprehensions were excited for the safety of my mule, saddle, bridle, holsters, and pistols, which I had not the least doubt would be precipitated down the fearful chasm as the animal should rise. From this painful suspense I was relieved in a few moments, for the creature rose and fairly balanced himself without one step toward the precipice, as if the

instinct of his nature had pointed out the danger to which he was exposed.

In a few hours afterward we reached Marca, the last habitable spot on this side the Andes, and our only resting-place until we should descend beyond the range. Here we found a town containing several thousand Indians who lived in huts of reed filled in with clay, without ornament or the least appearance of neatness. On the north, south, and west of it the mountains rose with a sharp angle to a great height richly covered with herbage, and here and there habitations. Domestic animals were grazing there, and where seen near the tops of the mountains looked so diminutive that a horse did not appear larger than a dog.

Our eyes were turned to the east with singular delight. In the direction of the river, and at first by a narrow pass, we looked along over the tops of mountains that descended one beneath the other with the most regular gradation until far, far away the eye rested upon a wide expanse of heavy atmosphere with its bright and smooth surface lighted by the first rays of the rising sun and looking in the distance like the unruffled bosom of a widely extended lake. My companion at first exclaimed

that he beheld the ocean, and such was the delusion that our doubts were not removed until the broad glare of day was thrown upon the mountains and the mist, showing things in their natural aspect.

At Marca we would most willingly have rested for awhile, but our exhausted and almost sinking frames were stimulated to further effort by the disgust inspired at beholding the filthy and miserable interior of the Governor's habitation. We therefore contented ourselves with getting such repose as a sitting or leaning posture would afford us until fresh mules could be brought for our use from the adjacent mountains. We here found an abundance of bread and the inhabitants were well supplied with all the necessaries of life. They did not appear, however, to be more than half civilized, and a great proportion of them did not speak the Spanish language. The Governor was a white man, a noisy politician, and, as far as I could judge from his language and appearance, a vagabond suited to the times. He was, however, sufficiently prompt in the assistance we required of him, and in a reasonable time enabled us to continue on our journey.

The mountains now had become green

with grass and the scanty foliage of stunted shrubs, flowers fragrant and beautiful peered from amongst the rocks and contrasted in pleasing variety with the sombre hue of the many prominent objects 'midst which they were scattered. In looking around us we sometimes found ourselves in a circle of steep high mountains where the path was not perceptible for twenty paces before or behind us and which could only be pursued by the practised eye of the guide. The condor was seen in numbers perched upon some projecting crag or sailing majestically 'round the cloud-capped peaks. Late in the afternoon we had arrived near the summit of the Cordillera, where for a considerable extent we entered upon table-land of gentle ascent. There for the first time we saw the vecuna, an animal much resembling a sheep, with wool of great fineness and a pale red hue. Flocks of from five to ten were numerously scattered about upon the plains and adjoining mountains and where they happened to be near our path they scarcely ever retired at our approach. Patches of snow and ice resumed the place of flowers and herbage as we neared "La Punta." Although the warm season was far advanced, whatever

of buoyancy or pleasing association had been inspired by the summer smiles of our morning and mid-day ride was now as suddenly changed to the melancholy gloom of winter.

A cloudless sun was just sinking in the west when we came to "La Punta" or the highest peak of the black Cordillera. Here a scene all at once burst upon us calculated to fill the wondering mind with unbounded admiration and delight. A valley some thousands of feet deep, and a league or two across, intervened between us and the eternal snow-covered Andes. In front of us, to the right and to the left far as the eye could reach, were masses of huge mountains glittering with the last rays of the setting sun. Fancy can not conceive and language can not describe the magnificence and splendour of the beautiful and endless scene. I can in no way so well express my predominant feeling at the time as by saying in the language of the poet, "I looked from nature up to nature's God."

If physical nature in its most lowly and humble features will sometimes call forth the ardent aspirations of man toward the great Author of creation, how must the soul kindle at beholding the grand outline of His work

where the impress is so bold and palpable, not only bold and palpable to the mind, but dazzling the imagination with its unparalleled beauty in its wildest flights. A giant city filled with spires and domes of burnished gold would convey but a faint idea of the grand and glittering splendour of the Andes as they appeared to us from "La Punta." The eye strayed from sunlit peak to deep valleys where the rays of light fell obliquely, and the snow was seen through the thick shadows of the mountains only. Thence over other peaks into other valleys in endless variety.

We felt what is experienced by all travellers here, a severe headache and great difficulty of respiration. So much did it affect my companion, Mr. H., that any alternative seemed preferable to him to continuing on, although it was little better than madness to think of anything else. There was but little change from day to night. The snows of the Cordilleras threw the reflected rays of the full moon around us so that we could see quite as well as though it had been day. It was well for us that it was so, for without a broad light and the experience of our guide it was impossible to find the way down the mountain. We were

several times astray and had to retrace our steps after coming to a dangerous precipice, and indeed for a long time I thought we were going at random, for there were no marks whatever, over the hard and flinty rocks, of other travellers having gone before us.

When for several hours we had descended with toil and difficulty, hurrying our wretched beasts over the ground as fast as we could and suffering excessively with cold, Mr. H. became so ill that I was fearful he would have fallen from his horse, and, feeling great solicitude for some habitable resting-place, I addressed the guide for the first time, asking of him the information I wished to obtain. He made no reply and a repetition of the same question was treated with the same obstinate silence. Impatient with toil and vexed with what I conceived to be impudence, threats succeeded to interrogatories and, by the poor fellow's confusion and unintelligible speech, I was for the first time informed of his ignorance of the Spanish language. Exhortation to bear his sufferings with patience and fortitude was the only assistance I could now afford Mr. H., and, bearing up manfully against pain and exhaustion, we arrived at the Indian city of Araquai at the foot of the Cordillera a little

after midnight. A church spire rose from near the middle of the clay-built town, which appeared large enough to contain about two thousand inhabitants. Through the narrow streets our guide conducted us to the house of the curate, where, after having knocked for a long time, he was saluted by a soldier in his native dialect, whom we followed to the house of the Governor. In the middle of the room to which we were admitted a large table was standing, and around it by the flickering of a rush light we saw a number of officers and travellers lying upon the ground with their heads pillowed upon their saddles.

When it is felt that there is no remedy for privations and sufferings man is taught patiently to submit to his necessities, and, with little ceremony throwing ourselves beside some sleeping fellow traveller, we enjoyed a sound and refreshing repose till long after the sun had thrown his oblique rays over the Cordilleras, though his broad disk did not appear until the morning was far advanced. For the first time we received certain information of the headquarters of General Bolivar, who was now at Huaraz, only two leagues from Arequai. It was noon before our horses were ready for us.

We rode along upon the base of the Cordilleras about one league from the snows. High up the mountains all around us were rich fields of sugar-cane, Indian corn, and barley. Places apparently almost inaccessible were cultivated and seemed to promise an abundant harvest. Trees of the *guayaba*, *cherimoya*, orange, and lemon were clustered around the uncomfortable-looking mud huts.

Although the distance from Arequai to Huaraz was but six miles, we were upward of five hours in performing the distance. At 6 P. M. we entered the city and were directed to the house of the Prefect. Here everything bore a totally different aspect from that of all the places we had seen before — many of the houses were large and elegant, the streets were wide and well paved, and officers and soldiers passed to and fro with the martial bearing of their profession. The Prefect was a military officer with the rank of colonel. As soon as I had communicated my business to him he gave orders to one officer to go and procure me lodgings and to another to accompany me to the house of the Liberator.

With a beard unshorn for the whole time since the commencement of my journey, carrying about me a goodly portion of the

dust and dirt that I had fallen in with by the way, I had no desire to be presented to His Excellency until I had made some change in my dress and appearance, and to that purpose addressed myself freely to the Prefect. It was evident that he did not differ with me in opinion as to what I proposed, but after a little hesitation he remarked that his instructions from the Liberator were such that he could not take the responsibility of so much delay and, though reluctantly, I acquiesced and took my leave of him in company with the officer. Passing from the street we entered a wide court where the guard was stationed. The officer of it, a captain or lieutenant, was a dark mulatto, and several of the soldiers were of the same mongrel race. Having been announced, in a few moments I found myself in a situation that required all the self-possession I could call to my aid. I was ushered into a long hall where General Bolivar was seated at dinner with about fifty of his officers in splendid uniforms. His Excellency rose from the table, I was introduced as an officer of the United States, he asked my rank, shook me cordially by the hand, and bade me be seated alongside of him. He invited me to dine, but readily

excused me when I declined doing so. "I presume you have had little wine on the road you have travelled," said he, "and therefore you will not refuse to take a glass of champagne with me."

He asked me a variety of questions about my journey, talked freely upon various subjects, bade the officers to fill round with wine, and introduced me by drinking my health in a bumper. His cordiality, his frankness, and his unceremonious courtesy relieved me entirely from the awkward feeling I had experienced at my first introduction. He continued to talk incessantly and with great animation whilst he remained at the table, which was but for a short time after my arrival. When he desired no longer to continue the pleasures of the table he became silent, and rising from his seat the officers immediately took their leave. After the company had retired I asked whether His Excellency would then receive the despatches I had the honour of bearing to him or whether they should be delivered on the following day, to which he replied, "I will receive them now and examine them immediately. You shall return to your Commander with my reply as soon as it is possible to have it prepared for you."

He apologized for not entertaining me in his own house, saying there was not a room in it unoccupied, and, calling to him Captain Wilson, one of his aides, bade him obtain comfortable lodgings for me in the house of some citizen. "You must come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning," said he, "and be a guest at my table whilst you remain at Huaraz."

Captain Wilson and myself were joined by the officer who had been despatched by the Prefect to find lodgings for me and by whom we were conducted to the house of Don Emanuel Sal y Rosa, one of the *Alcalde* of the city. Don Emanuel was not at home, and his wife, as usual, told a lamentable story of their poverty. The Peruvian officer ridiculed the lady's plea of poverty, calling her attention to the comfortable appearance of everything about her house, and I know not how the matter would have ended had not Don Emanuel come in and put a stop to the controversy by saying his house and everything in it was at our service. The favorable impression that this gentlemanly conduct inspired was fully sustained by his uniform politeness and attention afterward, and I still remember him as one amongst a number of men it has been my

good fortune to meet with whose high grade of character has eminently distinguished them from the ordinary mass of mankind. Señora Sal y Rosa, like a good wife, readily seconded her husband when she found it was his pleasure to entertain us handsomely. She took some pains to excuse herself for objecting at first to receive us by recounting some of the numerous instances in which their patriotism and hospitality had been wantonly abused. I was so agreeably entertained that I preferred a social breakfast with my kind host to the formality of the Liberator's table, having regarded his genial invitation as a compliment of which I might avail myself as best suited my convenience and pleasure, and it mortified me deeply to learn afterward that he had waited breakfast for some time in consequence of my absence.

At eleven o'clock I called at his quarters in company with General Miller, an Englishman whose gentleness of character and chivalric gallantry won for him the esteem and admiration of all that knew him. The Liberator met us at the door, said something to me about my not breakfasting with him, and led me into his audience room, where he bade us be seated. He took the General

gravely to task for not having joined his division of the army, which was far in advance, spoke of the necessity of his doing so with the greatest possible despatch, and for some minutes held forth to him in a strain of eloquence partaking in a remarkable degree of a mixture of reproof and exhortation, but with a delicacy which the high character and sensitive honour of the General commanded from everybody, not even excepting the Commander-in-chief.

When General Miller had retired, the Liberator entered into conversation with me respecting the complaint that had been made against the Peruvian Admiral. He disapproved of the Admiral's conduct, said he had disobeyed his instructions, that he would send new instructions by me, and that if the Admiral did not conform to them and observe the maritime law of nations he would have him brought to punishment. He spoke in terms of the highest commendation of the forbearance and moderation that had characterized the course pursued by Commodore Hull, concluding with the remark that nothing less was to have been expected from an officer who had already acquired so much glory for his country.

I rose to take my leave, but he detained

me, saying that dinner would soon be ready. He made a digression from the Peruvian Admiral to the political state of Europe as affecting the new republics of America. It will be remembered, perhaps, that a short time previous to this period many people in this country as well as in England believed that France and Russia would unite with Spain to bring her American subjects back to their allegiance. General Bolivar alluded to it in the course of his remarks, but said he had the assurance both from France and Russia that they would not interfere with the independence of South America. He spoke of the sacrifice and suffering of Colombia in the cause of freedom, advertng incidentally to the generous sympathy she had always received from the people of the United States. It was very natural, he said, that we should wish success to the new States of America, having ourselves passed through the same struggle; and he added that their cause was the cause of freedom in all parts of the world. France and Russia, he said, would not be permitted to take part against South America without the intervention of England and the United States, of which they were not ignorant, and besides that, they were too well aware of the consequence of

exposing their subjects to the corrupting example of a free people fighting against tyrants for their liberty. France, he said, had not forgotten their own Revolution which, if not occasioned, was at least hastened by the influence of the liberal principles that the troops, sent to aid the people of the United States in their Revolution, had imbibed by their intercourse with them. In this manner he continued to talk rapidly with scarcely any intermission, his eyes cast down. I sat in silence and listened to him, as may be supposed, with intense interest. I no longer felt the least restraint in his presence. His manner was calculated to remove every impression of the kind, for although I was but an humble individual at his side and he the most remarkable man of the age, our condition and our relation to each other was evidently mutually understood and duly appreciated.

At half-past four dinner was announced. A large number of officers were assembled in the hall. They saluted as he made his appearance, and, placing me at his right hand and my companion at his left, the company was seated round the table furnished in the plainest possible manner. During the whole morning his countenance had



SIMON BOLIVAR
The Liberator

From an engraving by W. Holl after M. N. Bate, Lenox Library
New York

been grave and thoughtful, even to deep and settled melancholy, but from the moment he took the head of his table, surrounded by the officers of his army, the whole man appeared to undergo an entire change. The settled gloom passed from his careworn features, his eyes sparkled with animation, and with a flow of eloquent raillery or good-natured sarcasm, addressing himself from one to another of his guests, he threw such a charm round the social board that all eyes were fixed upon him with gratification and delight.

To the veteran Colonel Sands, an Irishman whose long career of useful service in Colombia gave him a high place in the Liberator's esteem and who arrived on the preceding day at the head of a regiment called the "Rifles," he spoke of their former campaigns, asking whether on the plains of Houca (where in a few days the Spaniards were expected to have been met) his gallant regiment could maintain the glory they had acquired in so many hard-fought battles. The Colonel, as remarkable for his diffidence as he was for his intrepidity, blushed deeply as he replied in the affirmative. The Liberator, then addressing the company, related a number of brilliant achievements per-

formed by the regiment and of individuals belonging to it. From Colonel Sands and the "Rifles," with a grace peculiar to himself, he turned the eulogium upon other regiments and divisions of the Colombian Army, in all of which some of the officers present had acquired a reputation. He said that history, whether ancient or modern, could not furnish brighter examples of patriotic devotion or individual heroism than were recorded in the history of the revolution of Colombia. In confirmation he went on to recount with minuteness and perspicuity the brilliant achievements of some of the martyrs to liberty with whom he had been personally acquainted, or whose efforts were in unison with his own in the great struggle for emancipation.

It surprised me not a little to hear the comparisons he made in passing from Colombia to Peru. He condemned the people of Peru in general terms, said they were cowards and as a people did not possess a single manly virtue. I thought, though his remarks were just, they were both impolitic and ill timed, and calculated to injure him seriously in the estimation of the people of that country, whilst it could not possibly answer any useful purpose. I was

informed that he was accustomed to speak in the same terms of the Peruvians on all occasions, and to this I believe it may be reasonably ascribed that the inhabitants of Peru did not evince more gratitude toward the Colombians for their fraternal assistance in driving the Spaniards from their country.

The dinner was served after the Spanish custom of placing it on the table in different courses, as many as seven or eight of which came in succession. The Liberator ate very heartily, and I think must have had his plate changed a dozen times in making his dinner. He drank freely of wine and encouraged his guests to do so. He gave out a number of toasts, several of which were drunk with acclamation. Amongst those in compliment to my country was the memory of Washington, drunk standing.

Calling on me for a toast, I gave "Success to the liberating army of Peru and the Washington of the south, may glory attend them." In the course of the repast he turned to me, saying, "My enemies abuse me very much and amongst other falsehoods they have told of me they say I use gold knives." Holding toward me the knife he was using at the time, which was of a very ordinary kind, much worn, he said,

smiling, "Does that look like gold? They say I wish to establish an empire in Peru, or, uniting Peru to Colombia, establish an absolute government and place myself at the head of it. It is all false," said he; "they do me great injustice. If I know my own heart," putting his right hand upon his left breast, "I would rather walk in the footsteps of Washington and die the death of Washington than to be the monarch of the whole earth, and this is known to all who know me well."

I trust I may be excused for the digression if I here remark that I believed at the time that General Bolivar was sincere and that nothing which transpired subsequently ever changed my opinion of his being friendly to a liberal Government.

In the course of the repast some allusion was made to the Spanish Army in upper Peru, when the Liberator, embracing every opportunity of inspiring confidence in his officers, spoke of the Spaniards in the severest terms of scorn and contempt, intimating in the course of his remarks that one Colombian was equal to two or three Spaniards on the field of battle. It was said by one of his aides that he remained longer at table on this occasion than was customary with him.

From the time he sat down at the table his animation and exciting discourse continued with all the energy with which it commenced, and, the evening being well advanced, he became grave and silent, rose from his chair, and the officers retired. In taking our leave he told Mr. H. and myself not to be absent again at breakfast, and bade us good-night.

On the following morning I presented myself in the court and was met by the Liberator at the door, who took me by the hand, saying he was glad to find me more punctual than I had been on the preceding day. He complained of being ill, and at breakfast said but little, though marked in his attention and courtesy to the officers at his table. He did not appear at dinner. The officers of his household sat but a short time after the cloth was removed. I passed the evening with General Miller and General Nicocher, a Buenos Ayrean by birth, and commanding the cavalry. In company with them I called on General O'Higgins, Ex-president of Chile and nominally commanding a division of the combined Army. A map of the country was displayed before them and the plan of operations discussed, all of which I understood but little, and if I had, it would be irrelevant here.

On the following morning, June 13th, I went again to breakfast with the Liberator. He rose from his seat when he saw me enter the court and advanced to receive me. He took my hands, said he was better, and invited me to be seated in his audience room. At one end of the room there was a small chapel with tapers burning, such as is often seen in Catholic gentlemen's houses. Pointing to it he said, "You do not go to mass I suppose." I replied that although no Catholic, I sometimes went to mass when in a Catholic country. "What is your religion?" said he. I replied, "The Protestant." "Now," he observed, "religion depends a good deal on fashion." I asked if the Protestant religions were tolerated in Colombia. "When the constitution of Colombia was framed," said he, "knowing that toleration of other than the Catholic religion would not be received, I took care that nothing should be said about religion, so that as there was no clause prescribing the manner of worship, strangers worship as they please."

Three priests came in richly dressed and were politely received by the Liberator, with whom they sat and conversed for some time. When they retired he saw them to the door,

and, turning from them toward his seat, he remarked, "Esos moncas son ton feo como diablos." I asked whether the priests were generally favorable to the revolution. He replied that those were friendly to it who were born in the country, but that all the Spanish priests were opposed to it. Although their power was much lessened and was daily decreasing, they had still, he said, a great deal of influence. "No old Spaniard," said he, "is friendly to the revolution. They will pretend to favor the cause of the Patriots whilst we have them in our power, but the moment they can aid the Royalists they will do so. Their customs, their manners, their sentiments, their principles, and even their colour are all bad. They come here bringing with them a combination of all the vices of our nature. They have corrupted the people of the country. They have mixed with negroes and Indians and devils and have formed the most accursed race that ever lived. This country," said he, "can never prosper for a hundred years to come. Two generations must pass away first. The people of Europe and North America must be encouraged to settle here, bringing with them their commerce, their arts and sciences. These advantages, an

independent Government, free schools and intermarriages with Europeans and North Americans would change," he said, "the whole character of the people and make them intelligent and prosperous."

I was unacquainted with the constitution of Colombia, and in the course of this morning's conversation asked him if it were similar to that of the United States. He replied that it differed materially from that of the United States. "Your Government," said he, "can not last. The Executive has not power enough. The States have too much. Dissension and disunion will be the ultimate consequence. It is much to be regretted. With a stronger Government your country would be the most powerful in the world in fifty years. Your commerce must be extensive, your countrymen are brave and enterprising, you have fine harbours, and an abundance of timber and iron, and the time must come when you will drive England from the ocean. All Europe, imbibing the principles of America, will become free, and the civilized world in less than a hundred years will be governed by philosophy. There will no longer be kings. The people will find out their power and the advantages of liberty."

I said to him, "There is no one of my countrymen who does not feel a lively interest in the events of your life. Permit me to ask what first induced you to attempt the revolution of Colombia." "From my childhood," he replied, "I thought of nothing else. I was charmed with the histories of Greece and Rome. The Revolution of the United States was of more recent date. It furnished an example. The character of Washington filled my heart with emulation. The Spaniards who filled all the offices in Colombia were tyrants and brutes. In 18— myself and two companions (whose names he mentioned) went to France. We were there when Bonaparte was crowned. All Paris was rejoicing. We did not leave our room, but even closed the shutters of our windows. From France we went to Spain and from there to Rome. At Rome we ascended the Tarpeian rock and there we three knelt and, embracing each other, swore to liberate our country or die in the attempt. One of them came with me and fell on the field of battle. The other never returned and I know not what became of him."

He said that he was three times driven from Colombia after the friends he had assembled were dispersed or destroyed, but

that his friends united with him at each time that he returned and they finally triumphed. He described the character of the Spanish chiefs who commanded at different periods in Colombia. They were all cruel, but Bobes was the worst of them. He was worse than a tiger. Wherever he captured a place that had revolted he put to the sword men, women, and children without discrimination. "No civilized man," he said, "could conceive the brutality of these Spanish chiefs. In the wars of Colombia they murdered at least five hundred thousand people."

In ordinary conversation the expression of his face was grave even to melancholy and his eyes were fixed upon the floor, but when the subject became interesting he looked one full in the face, his features became full of animation, and a soul glowing with passion seemed to beam from his eye.

Breakfast was announced at eleven o'clock, much to my regret. When we rose from the table I took leave of the Liberator, his secretary furnished me with the reply to my Commander's communications, and His Excellency having caused five good mules to be placed at my disposal and given me a passport in almost as strong terms as the

one I received from the Governor of Huacho, I took my departure after exchanging a kind farewell with Don Emanuel and the gallant officers of the Army with whom I had the pleasure of having formed an acquaintance.

Unwilling to retrace my steps over the mountains and sands by which I had travelled from Huacho to Huaraz, I gladly embraced the advice I received to return to the coast at Truxillo, though the distance was much greater. Having lost my notes relating to that part of my journey from Huaraz to the seacoast, and my memory failing in most of the particulars that might be supposed interesting to the reader, I cannot describe the mountains and deserts, the rude Indian villages or fair valleys that we saw.

In five or six days, having, after passing the mountains, exchanged our mules for horses, we reached the seacoast at Santa. Here the Governor, who was poor and an ignorant creature, sent us to the house of *Alcalde* Pizaro, a mulatto. We passed the night in his house and on the following morning called repeatedly upon the Governor, urging him to have our horses brought up for us, and although he promised at each

time that we should have them immediately, he paid not the least attention to our earnest solicitations, and finally absconded from his house. It was some hours after the sun had passed the meridian when, having sought him in vain through the town, my companion accidentally met with him in the public square. When the Governor saw Mr. H., he attempted to avoid him by flight, but, being overtaken, Mr. H. bestowed his horsewhip so freely upon him that he promised the horses should be immediately furnished. Mr. H. threatened him with severer punishment if he did not keep his promise, and accordingly the Governor, moved by apprehension for his personal safety, had the horses brought up for us.

Toward evening we crossed the Santa River, a wide and rapid stream which at this hour of the day it was difficult and dangerous to cross, being imbedded with large rocks and deep from the melting of the snows of the Andes through the day. A few miles beyond it we refreshed ourselves at the *hacienda* of Guadalupe, where we were received with kindness by the occupant, and toward midnight set out for Piesara, a small valley at the distance of seventy miles and all the intervening distance an unin-

habitable desert. Fetlock deep we goaded our steeds over the widely extended waste of sand, where no trace of a former traveller was to be seen, and where the breeze that gently swept along from the sea to the interior left not a track of footstep behind us. Our guide was to us what the compass is to the mariner. He led the way, and true as the seaman's faith in the unchanging magnet, we followed the course he directed.

Noon of the following day found us threading the intervals through devious windings of bright and burning sand drifts from which we were joyfully emerging into a damp and marshy valley overgrown thickly with reed and the *Algaroba* and stretching from the sea to the rocky and desolate mountains of the interior. At first we continued along in confidence, turning to the right or the left as obstacles were presented, sometimes retracing our steps and advancing where the way appeared more open until it was evident that our suspicions were but too well confirmed that the guide was bewildered if not lost. The valley was about a mile across and we could penetrate to within one hundred yards of the side opposite to that by which we had advanced, but there we found that, whatever way we approached

it, a thick growth defied all our efforts to pass. The guide, unwilling to acknowledge his misfortune, made repeated excuses until they were lost in improbability and we openly accused him of deception, entering at the same time some suspicion of his having led us into an ambush. We were now fifty miles from Santa, and twenty from the place where we should have arrived ere this time if conducted faithfully on the way.

We had yet an hour's sun when the guide confessed that he had no longer any hope of finding the road by which we could be extricated from our present difficulty, but that if it were possible to make our way through the narrow overgrown strip that separated us from the opposite desert he could find his way. Without food or water since our departure from Guadalupe, and our horses much jaded, it seemed but a desperate alternative to retrace our steps over the deep sands for fifty miles. We concluded to make the effort of cutting our way through, and with a jack knife and a heavy sabre laboured hard to accomplish it before dark. With tattered clothes, and hands and faces streaming with blood, we so far succeeded that by taking everything from the horses we were enabled to lead them

through and entered upon the sands just in the dusk of the evening. In high spirits, rejoicing in our success, we mounted and bade the guide lead the way. With an assumed confidence, by which we were at first deceived, he conducted us for an hour or two in winding mazes through the sand, and not until our impatience with his ignorance and obstinacy was raised to the highest pitch did he exclaim "Estoy perdido!"

Though a sentiment of despair came over us for a moment as the guide made the distressing acknowledgment, it was nevertheless a relief from the painful suspense we had been kept in for so long a time. No choice was now left to us. We returned to the edge of the thicket, where, tying our horses to the branches of the *Algaroba*, we threw ourselves upon the sand and slept until morning. I will not dwell minutely upon this most unpleasant of all journeys. We retraced our steps to Guadalupe, and arrived there on the following evening, our horses and ourselves completely broken down. On the road I had the good fortune to find a small lime, and such was the excess of our sufferings that my gratification was unbounded. It was a week before we were well enough to renew the attempt to pass

over this extensive desert. A new guide was more successful and in three days we arrived safely at Truxillo.

The writing of this narrative having been suggested alone by a wish to develop something of the character of General Bolivar, I have passed over the incidents subsequent to my departure from his headquarters with a brevity due to the reader's patience after following the narrative so far over a country which, though filled with novelty and striking characteristics to the traveller, is yet wanting in the pervading interest that is calculated to amuse the curious or idle reader in a distant clime. Such as it is, the narrator commends it to an indulgent perusal, and whilst he claims no credit whatever for its production, he hopes it may pass without censure."

CHAPTER VI

VARIOUS SERVICES

FROM 1830 to 1844, though constantly employed at sea, Paulding's life was comparatively uneventful. For two years he served in the Mediterranean as first lieutenant of the frigate *Constitution*, and in the same waters commanded the schooner *Shark*, of twelve guns, from 1834 to 1837.

In February of 1837 he reached the rank of commander and commanded the sloop of war *Levant*, making a cruise in the West Indies. In 1841, for the *first time in thirty years'* service, he was given shore duty as executive officer of the New York Navy Yard under Commodore James Renshaw. In 1844 he was promoted captain and, in command of the sloop of war *Vincennes*, twenty guns, was sent to the East Indies in the squadron of Commodore James Biddle, U. S. frigate *Columbus*. This cruise, although full of interest in his visits to the then little known ports of China, was replete with

anxiety and was the most dismal of his life.

As condensed water was not known in those days, at times much risk was involved in taking water for the ship's use, and from a supply of impure water, taken on the coast of China, dysentery broke out among the crew, and a large number of the ship's company succumbed to the disease. Sparing himself, Paulding's humane and generous heart was a constant prey to the keenest emotions witnessing the agonies he was powerless to relieve. He also was attacked by ophthalmia and was in danger of quite losing his sight. Owing to the return of Commodore Biddle to the United States on the frigate *Columbus*, Paulding was left in command of the Asiatic station, a duty he performed as he had ever performed all his duties, with zeal, discretion, and entire devotion to his country's interest. At that time the ports of Japan were closed to the commerce of other nations and the natives looked askance at a boat from the *Vincennes* when an attempt was made to open communication with them. One boatman was with difficulty persuaded to sell his hat, a curious affair of bamboo and leaves, which was long regarded as a rare curiosity.



U. S. FRIGATE *COLUMBUS* AND U. S. SLOOP OF WAR *VINCENNES*
Being towed out of port by Japanese row-boats
1844

From an old print

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, which is mostly illegible due to blurring and fading. Some faint characters are visible, including what appears to be "1871" and "No. 1000".

At the end of the cruise Paulding brought his ship home.

What a change has been wrought in sixty years! As the cable and fast and regular lines of mail steamers keep us in daily touch with the Orient, it is difficult nowadays to realize the hardships of life on a sailing vessel sixty years ago, when mails were delayed for months, and when Jack's ration of salt meat and hardtack was not modified by the various canned and dessicated foods now so common.

Much worn with the many anxieties and hardships he had endured, the Captain of the *Vincennes* landed from his boat at the quarantine, Staten Island, his heart the prey of the keenest anxiety. Many months had elapsed since the receipt of letters from home, and brave as he was in the face of danger, he said the walk from the landing to the house of a friend, where he knew he should have tidings of his family, seemed interminable and he had to pass and repass the house several times before he dared knock at the door and ask for news. Happily all was well, and later on the letters that would have assured him of it came back from various ports.

Journals and letters written at this time,

full of interest, were burned when the home at Huntington was destroyed by fire. A well earned rest at home on his "Peach Blossom" farm with the devoted wife and children soon restored his health and spirits, and in August, 1848, he was ordered to command the frigate *St. Lawrence*, carrying 480 men. The subjoined order indicates what the special service was to be.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, August 26th, 1848.

Sir: So soon as the United States frigate *St. Lawrence*, under your command, is, in all respects, ready for sea, you will proceed to the North Sea, touching at Southampton if necessary for refreshment of the crew, or supplies of provisions. I regret that the season is so far advanced that it is not probable that it will be practicable for you to enter the Baltic Sea and render any valuable service during the present year before the navigation will be obstructed or closed by ice.

You will touch at Bremerhaven, and communicate your arrival to the American Minister at Berlin. You will extend your cruise as much farther north as in your judgment the public interests may require and the state of the navigation may permit. If there is a state of war it will be your duty to give due protection to American citizens and their property, and to this end you will visit any commercial points of importance which may be blockaded. In your intercourse with the belligerents you will bear in mind that it is the policy of the United States to observe a strict neutrality in regard to nations at war which are in amity with us.

As the season advances you will proceed to the south of Europe and touch at such points between Cape Finisterre and Cadiz at which, in your judgment, your presence may be most advantageous to the interests of American commerce.

At Lisbon you will communicate with the Chargé d'affaires to Portugal, and, informing him of your instructions, receive from him suggestions as to the length of time you will remain in the Tagus. When the spring opens, you will return to the north and proceed as far as Cronstadt.

You will consider yourself on detached special service until further orders from the department.

When at Bremen, if the kingdom of Prussia is *not* engaged in war, you will receive on board and put to duty, as midshipmen, four young Prussian officers, who may be detailed for that purpose. You will inform Mr. Donelson of this part of your instructions, and through him the officers will be named to you. His excellency the Prussian Minister at Washington has requested that this privilege may be extended, and it is cheerfully accorded, if not inconsistent with our neutrality, as well in acknowledgment of the distinguished compliment which it implies to our Navy, as in our sincere desire to see the efforts of Prussia to make an effective naval establishment crowned with success.

You will be pleased to inform the department of the events of your cruise as often as practicable, and your communications should be regularly numbered, and duplicates forwarded by the earliest opportunities, to be found after the originals shall have been transmitted.

With best wishes for a pleasant cruise, and for the

good health of yourself, officers, and crew, and a safe return to your country and friends, I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. Y. MASON,

Secretary of the Navy.

CAPTAIN HIRAM PAULDING,

Commanding United States Frigate

St. Lawrence, Norfolk.

This diplomatic cruise was probably the most interesting of his life. At this time all Europe was more or less in commotion. The French Revolution and the events of 1798 had stirred political feeling to the depths. Where France had led, Italy and Austria, with all the nationalities involved, must follow. The map of Europe was changing. No American man-of-war had been seen in the North Sea. No social or political intercourse had been attempted with Great Britain, and at this juncture it was important that a man of discretion and tact should command the vessel that carried our flag to foreign ports. The man to whom was entrusted the command of the *St. Lawrence* was known to Mr. John Y. Mason. When, a boy of scarcely seventeen, a midshipman in service on Lake Champlain, he was sent in face of a murderous

fire from the enemy to rescue a gunboat drifting helplessly into the enemy's hands, he succeeded in bringing it to a place of safety. From that time, whether overcoming the resistance of winds and waves or in braving and turning the animosities of men, his calm good sense prevailed and won for him confidence and respect. The sailor's skill, courage, and resourceful judgment were equaled by his modesty. Perhaps few men would have declined the honor offered him when the Prussians desired him to head their new Navy. Although his experience of many years was at their service, his one desire was to give honor to his country's flag and to acquit himself satisfactorily as an American officer.

Our Government was desirous of aiding the Germanic Confederation to establish a Navy, and while at Bremerhaven several young Prussians were received on board the *St. Lawrence* to be instructed in nautical science. Captain Paulding was invited by the King of Prussia to visit Berlin, and he was handsomely entertained at the Royal Palace. Accompanying Prince Adalbert, the Admiral of Germany, to Frankfort-on-the-Main, he was presented to the members of the German Parliament,

who received him with great enthusiasm and tendered him a high command in the German service, which he felt it incumbent upon him to decline.

It is not at all improbable that the German Navy of to-day owes much of its efficiency to the ideas instilled by this American sailor into the mind of Prince Adalbert, who was an intelligent and progressive man.¹

Among those Paulding entertained aboard ship were the municipal authorities of Southampton, the Duke of Oldenburg at Bremerhaven, the Senate of Bremen, the Queen of Greece, deputations from Prussia, from Denmark, and from Sweden.

After a short stay at Southampton, the *St. Lawrence* went to Bremerhaven. On the 7th of October a deputation from the Senate of Bremen waited upon them to express their satisfaction at the visit of the American man-of-war, and the Amtman, or Chief Justice, came to welcome them. Bremen being four miles from the coast and the Weser not being navigable for vessels of heavy draft like the *St. Lawrence*, they

¹Heinrich Wilhelm Adalbert, cousin german of William I., born in 1811, entered the Army in his youth and became Lieutenant-General. In 1848 he was made Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the German Navy. Died, 1873.

anchored at Bremerhaven, the *St. Lawrence* being the first American man-of-war to visit them, and the largest ship that had ever come to the anchorage. Extracts from the Captain's journal give some interesting data of the visit to Germany.

OCTOBER 7, 1848.

"The Duke of Oldenburg sent me word that he desired to visit me, that his steamer was at our service, and that the officers and crew could go in her to Bremen without charge. At six in the morning a steamer came down, and with as many as a dozen officers I left for Bremen. The American Vice-consul, Mr. H. W. Bohme, had ridden all night bringing with him an invitation from the Senate of Bremen, which we accepted, for us to visit the city. Bremen contains 60,000 inhabitants. It is one of the independent Hanseatic towns, and is a flourishing commercial city. It is governed by a Senate consisting of twenty-four members who were elected for life until a recent change by revolution. The Senate consists of the most wealthy inhabitants. There are two classes: the senior, who receive \$3000, Rix dollars (about \$2400 Spanish), and who are not allowed to engage in commerce. The other class are merchants and receive \$2000. A committee waited on us, asking us to fix a day when we would dine with them.

"That evening we visited the famous cellar that extends from under the Senate House across the street for a considerable distance — one of the casks containing 7000 gallons—and where the wines belonging to the Senate have been deposited for two hundred and

fifty years, the State owning the vineyards. After dinner we took carriages and visited the church of St. Paul, an immense building, where among other interesting objects we saw in a vault, or rather a room level with the ground, the remains of a number of persons, some of whom have lain there for two hundred years, preserved in a most extraordinary manner by something in the atmosphere of the place."

At a later date:

SENATE DINNER

"We were soon at the Club-house, and greeted cordially by the Senate and by one hundred and fifty of the gentlemen in Bremen. After an introduction to the various personages, most of whom spoke English, we were ushered into the dining-room, where a magnificent entertainment had been prepared. Toasts to the Captain of the *St. Lawrence*, the President of the United States, and the Secretary of our Navy were all drunk with many hearty cheers, and viands of the choicest kind went round with toasts and speeches all of patriotism and good feeling toward our country and for us. . . .

"From the time of our arrival the ship has been crowded with visitors. It was estimated that two thousand visited the ship in one day. . . .

"On Monday we received the 'Civic Guard of Bremen,' consisting of respectable people of every class and profession, who are considered the safeguard and protectors of property and the laws. They came in a steamer provided with a fine band, and addressed me in a long speech of welcome. I replied, and as the first gun of thirteen went off, their band struck up

‘Hail, Columbia!’ It altogether had a pretty effect — the corps consisting of a hundred and fifty fine looking fellows in uniform, wearing a handsome blue blouse and round white hat with a cockade of national colors — black, red, and gold. Previous to this, however, I had received a deputation from the central Government at Frankfort — a captain and major of the Army and some other gentlemen, deputies to the Confederation Congress. They came the evening previous in a man-of-war steamer. On board the steamer were three English captains in the Hamburg Navy, or rather, of ships fitted out by Hamburg and now sold to the central Government. When I had obtained a central flag, for which I had to send to Bremerhaven, the Committee came on board in a boat I sent for them. I then hoisted the central flag and saluted with twenty-one guns. The deputation walked round the ship and partook of some refreshment and took their leave. They proceeded to the Hanoverian Government at Bremerhaven and there commanded the commanding officer to hoist the central German flag and salute it. The King of Hanover has been one of the last to submit to the political change now going on in Germany.”

TUESDAY, 17th.

“The Archduke of Oldenburg came in a steamer accompanied by five ladies of the court. We sent our boats to the steamer for them, and I received the Prince, a young man of twenty-two, at the gangway. He was dressed in military uniform, and, as he landed on the deck, asked, with a smile, in good English, if I would allow him to see my ship. When the party were on board, and they were quite a numerous one,

as he was attended by his aides and others, we manned the yards and saluted with twenty-one guns. After visiting every part of the ship I took them to the cabin, where they partook of refreshment and at two or three o'clock left the ship."

FRIDAY, 20th.

"A gentleman, Major Von Wangenheim, came recommended by our Legation at Berlin, on the part of the Prussian Government, to examine the construction, armament, *matériel*, organization, etc., of the ship. We went round with him through every part of the ship, exhibited and explained the watch, quarter, and station bills, etc., etc., and, after remaining for an hour or two, he left us with many thanks for courtesy and attention.

"Six of our midshipmen went to Oldenburg. Were much gratified by their kind reception by the Grand Duke, who had sent for them. They were entertained at a ball and at dinner."

25th OCTOBER.

"As soon as my cold passed off, I left for Berlin and Frankfort, having been invited by Mr. Donelson to visit him on business — also by "Bülow," minister for foreign affairs in Berlin, to visit Frankfort, where the general congress of Germany is now in session. The invitation from "Bülow" was on the part of Prince Adalbert, who is considered the patron of the Navy of Germany (that is to be), who pays me the compliment to desire to consult me about the establishment of the German Navy. Our friend and countryman, Mr. Marcus Dunkeim, with an invaluable servant, Auguste, volunteered to accompany me at his own expense, and Mr. Francis Tecklenborg, of Bremen, speaking good

English, also made up his mind to be of our company. We remained over night at Hanover. I had a card from Mr. Wieburg, one of the King's ministers. We had leisure, before leaving in the morning, to walk about the city and see much of interest. The King is more than eighty — broken by years and infirmity. We arrived in the beautiful city of Berlin about eleven, took a *droschke* and drove to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, passing through the Brandenburg gate, and after a quiet supper retired to excellent apartments. In the morning I sent a card to Mr. Donelson informing him of my arrival, and asking him when it would be convenient for him to receive us. He replied, at eleven; and we occupied the rest of the day in visiting the many places of interest."

Then comes a long description of the sights of interest in Berlin — seeing galleries of painting, statuary, park and pleasure grounds, etc.

"We dined with our Minister at 4 P.M. At his table we met the Earl of Westmoreland, British Minister, the Minister of France, of Saxony, of Austria, and Major Von Wangenheim, Under Secretary of War, one of the gentlemen who had by authority visited my ship. The ministers of the King were most of them attending the debate of the Assembly, and could not be present at the dinner. In the morning we had visited the Assembly, in full uniform; cards of admission had been obtained, but we passed in without question. Late in the evening I received a note from Mr. Donelson saying that we were invited to visit the King at Potsdam on the following morning at ten, and calling upon us

to be at his house in time to take the nine o'clock train. We were punctual to the time, and, arriving at the depot at Potsdam, found two royal carriages with servants in livery in waiting for us, and a footman ready to conduct us to the carriages. We alighted at the palace of "Sans Souci," a little out of Potsdam, and were received by one of the King's chamberlains in a plain military uniform. We threw our cloaks aside and were conducted to a small room richly hung with choice paintings.

"It was nearly half an hour before His Majesty made his appearance, ushered in by Count ——. His chamberlain bowed to us and we were presented to His Majesty one by one, standing ranged in a semi-circle. He addressed a few civil words to each of us, and then turned to me a second time, saying, 'I am happy of the pleasure of your acquaintance.' This was said after having remarked upon my uniform, saying he liked it, that it was a dress he was always pleased with, and asked whether it was not the old English naval uniform.

"I said to His Majesty that I was pleased he should like my uniform, and that I had four of his subjects on board the *St. Lawrence* in that uniform, whom I hoped to return to His Majesty as good officers. After a little conversation he bowed and retired. When Mr. Donelson came from the King he found us straying through a gallery of paintings, attended by the Superintendent of the King's grounds. His Majesty is a man of upward of forty, with an amiable but by no means striking face, of moderate stature, rather full-faced, and dressed in a plain, military uniform. He wore a decoration on his breast.

"We were conducted through the King's gardens

and through his pleasure-grounds, studded with many varieties of trees and shrubs, and refreshed with several beautiful fountains; among other objects of curiosity we were shown a building said to be a facsimile of one recently excavated at Pompeii. Thence we were driven to the palace of Frederick the Great, a massive pile enriched with paintings, gildings, crystal chandeliers, and I know not what. One vast room had the pillars covered with precious stones of all kinds.

“About 2 P.M. we returned to the city of Potsdam, and to a different palace from that where we had seen the King in the morning. Here we alighted and were received by the Baron Humboldt, now eighty years of age, an interesting remnant of humanity and one of the King’s counselors. After showing us a small room with a round table, that was arranged to go up and down through the floor, and where the great Frederick sometimes dined privately with a friend, we were conducted to a Royal *déjeuner*. The King’s chamberlain and one or two of the King’s court were there, but we understood that we were deprived of His Majesty’s presence by an unexpected Cabinet meeting. I sat on Baron Humboldt’s left. He inquired of many people he had known in the United States and who had passed from the stage of life. We enjoyed an excellent repast with abundance of choice wines, and before leaving the table, drank, standing, the King’s health, remembering his hospitality. We spent the evening with Mr. Donelson, who spoke to me about the German Navy, suggesting that it might suit me to command it, which I disposed of with a passing remark. He more than once reiterated the suggestion, saying the Prince Adalbert would not be given military rank, and that the officer from the American Navy who should be

placed at its head would be rather a ministerial than an active, professional officer. I said I could name others more suited to the office than myself, and gave many reasons why it would not suit me, but he to the last seemed to feel a strong desire that I should consent and, if the Frankfort Government would arrange the monetary matter to suit me, proposed that I should communicate with him, and he would attend to all the rest. His son, John, is anxious to enter our Navy, and I gave his father a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, recommending him in strong terms, for he is a fine youth.

“We got to Dresden at four in the afternoon and took lodgings at the Hôtel de Saxe. I sent my card by Auguste to the Minister of State, Staats-minister Pfordten. On the following day, having received two cards from the Minister of State of Saxony (Dresden being the capital of that kingdom) we called on him in full uniform, conveyed by two handsome carriages. He received us with cordiality, and regretted that we would not remain longer than the following day, as he wished us to dine with him. We had quite a long interview, during which he spoke freely of the political changes going on in Germany, said that Saxony desired the confederation of Germany, that they wished to cultivate the most friendly relations with the United States, and the two nations must always be on friendly terms, as there were no rival interests.

“In the course of the day visited many points of interest, seeing the finest gallery of paintings in Europe and works of art of countless value — jewels, splendid collection of armor of kings, knights, and gentlemen on foot and on horseback. And here are Napoleon's boots and slippers that he wore at the battle of No-Matter-Where, and a great many curious things in the

way of arms at different periods. In the morning of October 26th left Dresden for Frankfort-on-the-Main, one of the old Hanseatic cities. It snowed before we arrived at Gotha, where we took post carriages for Frankfort. Our postilion stopped to show us the prison-house of Luther, where, to preserve him, the King of Saxony had sent to make him prisoner, and placed him where his enemies should be ignorant of his existence.

“In passing through Hesse we passed through many towns of considerable size, evidently old, from the dilapidated state of many of the buildings, and the quaint odd style of architecture, the oddly shaped shingles, the antiquated tiles, and, above all, the windows with innumerable small panes of glass, some stained of different colors. In looking in the manly faces of the Hessians I could not but dwell on the recollection of the cruelties their sires, sold to England by their Prince, had, in our struggle for freedom, inflicted on my country. The women, subjected to the most laborious occupations, coarse, hard-featured, and unfeminine in look, seemed the personification of the mothers of a race of men whose sinews might be employed in riveting the chains of a generous people who were pouring out their blood like water in a struggle for freedom. But again we must look on the other side of the picture. They, too, are God’s creatures, and, if blessed with the light of knowledge, cheered by the appropriate pursuit of material life, blessing and blessed in the proper sphere of wife, mother, and daughter, they, too, might bear the lineaments of love-inspiring beauty, and nurse at the domestic hearth and in the lap of liberty the sons of freedom. But God’s will be done. The ways of Omnipotence are

mysterious, and our mental vision is blind to His wondrous wisdom. Who knows but the spark of freedom now intensely burning in the German heart was struck from the collision of the oppressing and the oppressed, when near a century ago my gallant countrymen forever cemented the bond of a fraternity that gave a land to the free and a home to the brave, and from that time has been to the oppressors of the earth like the glaring of a baleful tomb-fire, but to other sons of men a star of transcendent brightness and beauty, cheering them on to the high destiny allotted by our Maker.

“It was late in the evening of November when we arrived at Frankfort. It is the residence of the Rothschilds and many other bankers, and has for many years been the money-changing city of Europe. In most of the small towns through which we had passed in the last two days we saw sometimes one, sometimes two “liberty poles” newly erected, and every one spoke his political sentiments without reserve, the less remarkable, perhaps, because all seemed to think the same. When once established in our quarters in the Hôtel de Russe, I sent my card and a letter of introduction to the Prince Adalbert¹ of Prussia, who was at lodgings under the same roof, and to several ministers and members of the German Parliament, and had many calls from interesting and distinguished men.

“Early in the morning I received a message from the Aide to Prince Adalbert that he would give audience to my party at eleven, and soon after, an invitation to dine at four. His Royal Highness received us standing, and after a short conversation the party retired, the

¹Heinrich Wilhelm Adalbert, cousin german of Wilhelm I. of Germany.

Prince desiring that I would remain with him for a short time. Our conversation was upon naval affairs, and continued for an hour, he asking me a great many questions about ships, the German harbors, etc. For a short time we stood by the window, and my uniform there with the Prince attracted so large a crowd on the opposite side of the street that we withdrew from the window. After leaving the Prince we went to the German Parliament and listened to two speeches on the reorganization of the Army. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner. I had intended to leave on the following day, but found I could not do so and fully accomplish the business of my mission. The Naval Committee invited me to dine with them on the following day, and I accepted for myself and party.

“At four we were in attendance at the table of Adalbert. I was seated on his left and Minister Duckwitz on his right, and my party were distributed about the table with a few other guests who were military men. The Prince pledged me in wine and entertained me during dinner with conversation, most of which was about the Navy. The wine was passed for a short time after the dessert was placed on the table, when the guests rose and took their leave, with the exception of myself, whom the Prince engaged in conversation and desired I would remain with him. I did remain for an hour, and when I left, he invited me to call again at half-past seven. Our dinner was excellent and served in a most comfortable, pleasant manner. The Prince, as upon all occasions, was dressed in plain clothes and without any insignia of royalty.

“At half-past seven I went to his room, and he received me cordially, taking me by the hand and helping me to a chair. After conversing for a while

about ships and steamers, he laid on the table before me a written list of questions about naval matters and, putting them to me one after another, made his remarks in pencil as I replied. I found that I had all along differed from him in regard to the description of force best suited to the present wants of Germany, and he was as tenacious of his opinion as I was decidedly in favor of mine. Although Germany has no arsenals, no officers, nor any preparation whatever for the commencement of a Navy, and although her ports on the North Sea are but poorly adapted to ships of a larger draught than corvettes, and the ports on the Baltic, though not very good, are frozen up most of the year, yet the Prince will cling to the opinion that Germany should commence her Navy with frigates as well as steamers and corvettes, and indulges the fond hope of a fleet of twenty sail of the line at no distant time. He has written a memoir on naval affairs, creditable enough for one who has had no opportunity to be supposed master of his subject, but at some variance with what will be found practicable. In theorizing, his zeal blinds his judgment to obstacles that will probably be found insurmountable, even at a distant day, and in the present state of Germany, and for its present wants, his theories sometimes amount to absurdities. I told him that although I was aware of differing so much from him in opinion, yet, in doing justice to the confidence he reposed in me, I must maintain mine. He thanked me and seemed quite satisfied, but by no means convinced. He next unrolled his charts of the North Sea and of the Baltic and placed them on the table and examined every river and every port, about all which he expressed his views and elicited mine. It was nearly ten when, the

subject seeming to be pretty well exhausted, I took my leave.

“On the following day he sent for me again, and on going to his room he exhibited a number of written questions prepared by Minister Duckwitz and himself, and which they requested I would answer in writing. I begged him to read them and, greatly to my surprise, the first one was whether I advised that the central Government should purchase a steamer now building in England. I could, of course, know nothing of the vessel, and I learned from the Prince that neither he nor any one of the Government knew more about her than had been told probably by interested persons. I said to his Highness that, as I had before stated, I knew nothing of the vessel building and, having no experience in building steamers, I could not be supposed a competent judge; that in discussing the subject before, I had freely expressed my opinion and was prepared to do so again; that it did not involve professional experience or judgment such as I might be supposed to have as a naval officer; that Minister Duckwitz and himself and the Naval Committee could as well judge in the matter as myself, and I hoped His Royal Highness would not be disappointed in my saying that I respectfully declined to answer those questions in writing. He promptly replied: “I am not offended, I think you are right. And will you say the same to the Committee?” I replied in the affirmative, and he took me by the hand in leaving, and thanked me and regretted that he should have given me so much trouble.

“The dinner with the ‘Committee on Commerce and the Navy’ was given in our hotel. At four we presented ourselves in the anteroom, and were there received by a large party of gentlemen of the National

Assembly. In a short time dinner was announced. The Prince Adalbert made his appearance and I was seated on his right, and on the left of Minister Duckwitz, the Minister of Commerce and the Navy. The gentlemen of my suite were distributed about the table. Our company consisted of about fifty of the Ministers and Members of the National Assembly of the 'Right and Left.' At the head of the company the most conspicuous personage was Von Gagern, the president. He is a man six feet ten or eleven, well proportioned, of rather dark complexion, and a fine manly face. The President of the Assembly is neither of the 'Right' nor 'Left,' but steers a medium course in the politics of the country, voting sometimes with one party and sometimes with the other. The President is elected monthly, and since the Assembly commenced its sessions in April last, Gagern has always been chosen.

"The first toast that was given was to the success of the German Navy with a prince of the royal blood at the head of it. This met with an approving murmur, and the Prince Adalbert rose and made a short address, speaking sometimes in English and sometimes in German, concluding by an acknowledgment of his obligations to me, and saying: "Now, gentlemen, let us have acts and not words." After this a number of toasts were given and speeches made, all more or less complimentary to our country and our Navy, and the greatest enthusiasm and good feeling toward us was evidently predominant. Twice I felt it necessary to respond to these toasts and addresses by a reply. It was by no means an agreeable exhibition of my powers of eloquence, for I felt that the assembled wisdom of Germany was attentive to what I said, and it was indeed a task that I would not have assumed volunta-

rily. Whether I acquitted myself tolerably or not, I will not venture to say, but I was encouraged by the thanks and salutations of many present, one of whom was Mr. Von Gagern, and they came from different parts of the table to strike their glasses with mine (a cordial German salutation). What I said I do not remember, but I had no preparation for such an essay as I had never been practised in familiar greetings at the social board. Every one's heart seemed light, and all tongues prompted to speak.

“It then occurred to me that the Prince had at my last interview requested me to say to the Committee what I had said to him and, seeing no occasion so suitable as this, I inquired whether I should then do so, and whether it would be of service to him. He answered in the affirmative, saying it would be of great service to him, and the glass rang with the tap of the knife, and I rose to a silent table. I went on at once and without hesitation to say that I had risen for the purpose of stating to the company the object of my visit to Frankfort, to acknowledge the compliment that had been paid me and my naval service, and to express the pleasure it had given me to communicate whatever information it had been in my power to give as a naval officer. I spoke of the difficulties that a nation must encounter in the establishment of a Navy, having neither ships nor officers, and that it had been my opinion that great care was necessary not to increase their force faster than it could be made effective. I spoke of small ships rather than large as being best adapted to their present wants; of the necessity of arsenals, *matériel*, the survey of their ports and rivers, and many other things connected with this subject. Lastly I discouraged the idea of purchasing vessels

for purposes of war, that had not been built with that view, and how important it was, even if they contracted for the building of ships, that suitable persons should be appointed to superintend their building. When I had concluded, there was a loud murmur of applause, the Prince thanked me, and many people came from different parts of the table to strike their glasses with mine and thank me. Amongst them was President Von Gagern.

“When the evening was well advanced and the company had for some time been getting more and more excited, showing that all hearts were full of enthusiasm for our institutions, and that they felt the most unbounded confidence in our friendship and sympathy and that the political feeling was breaking through the bounds of party spirit and party restraint, I rose to take my leave. Our hats and swords were soon found and the party broke up and crowds came around us expressing the friendship and good-will in manner and language that could not be mistaken . . . and in the midst of friendly compliment we took our leave.”

NOVEMBER.

“We called on Minister Duckwitz and then on Burgomaster Smith and lastly on the Archduke John of Austria, now the quondam President of the German Confederation. His Imperial Highness had the day before sent us an invitation to dine with him on Friday (this was Wednesday) if we remained so long in Frankfurt; in a delicate and gentlemanly manner leaving it to our option. It was our purpose, and perhaps he had heard it stated, to leave on Friday if not Thursday morning. He received us with great kindness, spoke in civil terms to each of my party, was pleasant and

somewhat playful in language and look, and finally, when we were about to retire, said he was always happy to see and receive our countrymen.

“It may be appropriate here to say that he is about sixty, somewhat bald, with an animated and intellectual face. His dress was quite plain and as a peculiarity he wore an old black handkerchief round his neck without showing his shirt collar. When the disturbance took place a month since, on which occasion some lives were lost, he was living in the country and it was thought necessary either for his own safety or the quiet of the populace that he should reside in the city. Carriages and guards were provided, but he refused to avail himself of either, and with his wife on his arm walked into the house that had been provided for him. His marriage is spoken of as somewhat extraordinary. It seems that years ago he was traveling by post coach, and stopping at some town where he was to have a new postilion and horses, the postman was greatly embarrassed as this arrival was unexpected. He had the gout so badly as to be confined to his room and his men were in the fields at a distance that did not admit of their return in time. The daughter, a buxom lass, feeling for her father’s embarrassment, begged him to be at ease and she would arrange everything. At these establishments there is always a gay new suit of clothes kept for the postilion for gala days, and this suit the young woman put herself in, in the shortest possible time, after having harnessed with the aid of the postilion just arrived.

“She assisted His Imperial Highness into the carriage and, mounting the box, drove her four horses in a style that attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the Prince. His interest being excited, he noticed

his gay postilion more than usually dressed and so youthful; condescended to address one who had once excited his attention, and to his surprise, from voice and manner found it was a maid. From that moment it seems, after learning the facts in the case, his spirit was subdued; the Prince confessed the power of the fair postilion over his heart and it was not long ere the proud house of Austria in the person of this Prince mingled its sympathies with those of — if not a peasant — a post girl. Royalty disclaimed the degrading alliance and the Prince was banished from the court and for a time was as if forgotten. He was fond of rural life — it had ever been his passion — of strong mind and simple manners, the gentry of the country and the chase had greater charms for him than the society of the nobles and the pleasures and pastimes of the court. Time went on, Prince John lived with but little notice of those allied to him, but happy in his retirement and with the prospect of an increasing family, and at a later period the lady Postilion was made countess.

“When the republican movement took place a year since and it was contemplated to cement the bond of union amongst the German States and a man suited to the time and occasion was wanted, there was but one voice, and that pronounced for Prince John of Austria.”

The journal gives a sketch of a sail on the Rhine and passing through Cologne, but as travelers have immortalized the beauty and interest of that famous river, we pass to the 22d of November, when the

St. Lawrence emerged from the Weser into the stormy North Sea, and on the 2d of December reached Southampton. From that time until the departure of the *St. Lawrence* for Lisbon early in January, the journal is filled with accounts of diplomatic visits, interchange of courtesies, and entertainments in which the English cousins surpassed themselves in extending a friendly welcome to the American frigate.

A civic banquet and various balls were acknowledged by entertainments given by the officers of the *St. Lawrence*. This manifestation of friendly feeling, as the Captain says, "*was doubly worthy of remembrance as no man-of-war under the American flag had ever before ventured on the experiment of social intercourse with the people of any part of England.*"

Extracts from Paulding's journal may be of interest here. He writes:

"Whilst in the Weser I received a letter from Mr. Croskey enclosing one from Mr. Brooks, who was then Mayor of Southampton. It was a reply to a letter from Mr. Croskey on the subject of our visiting Southampton on our return from the North Sea. It held out encouragement to us to come, saying we would be received with a very kind welcome. Every facility for furnishing supplies of water and whatever we might want was promised."

NOVEMBER 22d.

“I was glad to get out of the Weser, although it was into the North Sea, a sea that has as bad a name at this, and at a more advanced season, as any other that I know. It has soundings everywhere, from thirty fathoms to less, and in moderate weather with adverse tides, a ship may anchor, but the sun is rarely seen at this season, and the weather is often so thick with rain and mist that scarcely anything can be seen. Then there is the island of Heligoland in your way, off the Weser and the Elbe, which in war may shut up these rivers with a small force, and which the English, understanding its advantages, have appropriated to themselves.

“The wind continued fair for us until we had passed the Goodwin Sands, known as the grave of many a gallant seaman. They form a protection to the Downs to the eastward. With all the precaution of light-boats, ships are continually wrecked here. A few years since, a pilot was knighted for his unwearied efforts and gallant intrepidity in saving the lives of people wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. It is said he saved as many as a thousand lives, and died a few years since, upward of fifty. He is said to have been a tall, handsome man. The profession of saving the lives of our fellow beings must be considered a noble calling.”

After a stormy trip of ten days the *St. Lawrence* reached the English coast and anchored off Southampton, and, finding himself with a violent cold, Paulding sent the First Lieutenant, Mr. Hoff, to call with the

Consul on the Mayor, after having exchanged signals. Again I refer to the journal:

“On Mr. Hoff’s landing, the English flag on the pier head was hauled down and the American hoisted. He was met by the Mayor and Common Council and welcomed (they having the kindness to express regret at my indisposition), then taken in a carriage to the Mayor’s villa and entertained with a handsome collation.”

DECEMBER 6th.

“On Wednesday the Consul and Captain Johnson and Baron Von Gerolt, late minister from Prussia to the United States and now on his way home with his wife and children, came on board. We showed them round the ship, treated them to wine and cake and, when the Baron left, saluted him with seventeen guns, the German flag at the fore. He expressed himself to the consul much pleased. The *Washington* soon got under way for Bremen, with the Baron and family as passengers, and as they passed under our stern we gave them three cheers, and the band played ‘Hail Columbia.’ While the company were on board the band played ‘The German Fatherland.’

“In the evening I received a note from Mr. Croskey saying the Mayor would be on board the following day at twelve, with the town barge, his ‘silver oar,’ etc., the badge of office.”

OCTOBER 9th, SATURDAY.

“The weather was windy and rainy on the 7th and, after waiting until one or two, the Consul’s boat came to say that the visit would be deferred until a favorable change. On the 8th at 11 A.M. I heard from the Consul

that the Mayor and Common Council would come to-day if the weather were good or not. My steward was sick and but a poor repast prepared. Mr. Francis, my secretary, gave me what assistance he could, and at 1 P.M., preceded by the American Consul, Mr. Croskey, the town barge came alongside. First ascended the ladder beadles, dressed off in a very fine livery with three-cornered cocked hats trimmed off with lace, bearing silver batons surmounted by a silver crown and the silver oar symbolical of office; then came the Mayor of Southampton, the Town Clerk, the Sheriff, and the Common Council, presenting a formidable array of fine-looking English gentlemen. It was blowing and raining and I therefore considered the compliment of their coming the greater. Being severally introduced and handed to the quarter-deck, the band struck up 'God Save the Queen,' and our salute of seventeen guns mingled their roar with the music.

"This being ended, the Town Clerk, in behalf of the Mayor, asked leave to read from a roll of parchment he held in his hand a resolution passed by the Common Council at its meeting on the 6th. Thereupon he proceeded to read a resolution of welcome to the *St. Lawrence* in the Southampton River and an invitation to the Captain and officers to a civic banquet to be given by the authorities at the Audit House of the borough, and when the reading was over the parchment was handed to me. I acknowledged in behalf of the officers the distinguished compliment that was paid us by the authorities of Southampton, expressed our lively sense of the honor, and, although I was not then prepared to reply in suitable terms to the cordial greeting, the gentlemen of the city might rest assured of our reciprocal feeling of kindness and good-will.

They were then escorted round the decks and into the cabin, where they were entertained with a *déjeuner* and where they remained for some two hours making speeches and giving toasts, by which the utmost social and good feeling was expressed. Near sundown they were invited into the ward-room, where a table was prepared with wine, etc., and they remained there until nearly dark, then took their leave under another salute of seventeen guns, the salute of an admiral, which is the rank of a mayor."

"On the 12th, I had a visit from Lieutenant Drummond of the Royal Navy, who brought a note of invitation from his father for me to visit him at Cadland House. The son showed me his father's residence in sight, a large castle of a place. Mr. Drummond is one of the wealthiest gentlemen in this part of the country and married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of —.

"In the evening I was informed that a gentleman wished to see me at the cabin door. To my great joy who should it be but my friend Hawes with his daughter Mary, a young woman of seventeen. They spent the night. Mr. Hoff escorted them on shore the next day and I prepared for the banquet to be given us this evening. I knew I had to respond to the toast when my health was drunk, and I knew also that reporters of the *Times* and of other newspapers would be there, and felt annoyed that I had not time to make suitable preparation. I had also to give the health of the Mayor, George Laishly, Esq., the ex-Mayor, and Common Council with prefatory remarks. I had little time to prepare and what I wrote was in the midst of interruptions that were very vexatious. I tried to get by heart what I had to say, but found I could not, and

gave it up in despair, knowing that if I could but imperfectly remember, I should not be able to speak surrounded and gazed at by a hundred people, some of them men of distinguished talent. I put my speeches in my pocket and went to the Consul's, where the officers, ten or twelve, were assembled. At six, the hour for the banquet, we took carriages, headed by our Consul, Mr. Croskey, and drove to the Audit Hall dressed in our full uniform. From the hall the street was hung across with flags and an immense crowd of both sexes was assembled, leaving only room for our carriages. A committee of the Common Council met us at the door, and we were shown to the Mayor's room, where already had assembled a very large company. I was presented to many gentlemen, and an agreeable and cordial conversation was kept up until seven, when the Mayor led me into the banquet hall, followed by the other guests.

“The Mayor, at the head of the table, seated me at his right and the officers were seated about the table in different parts, the band playing the ‘Roast Beef of Old England.’ Mr. Cockburn, M. P., Mr. Hutchins, ex-M. P., Captain Kiel of the Royal Navy, and a host of other distinguished gentlemen, besides the Common Council and ex-Common Council, were ranged round the table. Mr. Deacon, the town clerk, and Mr. Andrews, the sheriff, acted as vice-presidents. Turtle soup, turbot of immense size, venison, hare, turkeys, pheasants, partridges were among the good things before us. When the meats were removed, the dessert disposed of, an important-looking personage behind the Mayor's chair called out at the highest pitch of his voice: ‘Gentlemen, attend; gentlemen, I claim silence for the Mayor!’ When all was still the Mayor

rose and gave without remark, 'The health of Her Majesty, the Queen!' This was followed by three times three cheers and the band played 'God save the Queen,' and a salute of twenty-one guns (it was half-past nine) was fired. In a few moments afterward our Toast-master, elevated on a platform behind the Mayor, called out again in the same manner, claiming silence for the Mayor, and His Honor rose and gave, 'The President of the United States!' This was also drunk with three cheers, the band playing 'Hail, Columbia,' and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Then the Queen Dowager and the rest of the royal family. Then the Toast-master commanded silence for the Mayor and he rose and said: 'Gentlemen, I am now going to give you a toast that I know will be drunk with hearty good-will and with enthusiasm. This, gentlemen, is *the toast*, this gentlemen, is *the toast of the evening*. He went on with a most eloquent address complimenting us in very high terms and saying all that could be supposed acceptable or agreeable to us, holding forth for half an hour or more. He then gave, 'Captain Paulding and the officers of the *St. Lawrence*.' It was drunk with three times three, the band playing the 'Star Spangled Banner.' In this manner speeches and toasts were made and given until after two in the morning. The utmost harmony and good-will prevailed throughout the evening.

"On the following evening, December 14th, we went to the county ball. Quite a large number of the young officers were there and about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, the aristocracy and gentry of Southampton and the country round. I found Sir John Sinclair here, a captain in the Navy, to whom I was introduced by Peter Dixon (master of ceremonies).

Sir John introduced me to Lady Sinclair and two daughters, and I afterwards was presented to Lady Rivers, Lady Butler, Lady Long, and their daughters, and many other ladies and gentlemen of distinction. Here I also made the acquaintance of Captain Breton, who invited me to dine on the following day, and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Holiway, who invited me to a ball on the 9th of January. I had but little rest. We did not get home from the ball until three in the morning, and when I arrived on board I found I had many invitations to reply to, all of which I declined.

“On Monday I landed at Hythe and, taking a fly, drove to the mansion of Mr. Drummond, four miles, a large place with magnificent grounds in the highest possible cultivation and kept in the neatest order. Mr. Drummond and his son were both out hunting and I left my card. On the following day young Drummond, a lieutenant in the Navy, came on board with his sister, a young lady of twenty, accompanied by Mr. Cochran and Mr. Percival, two young gentlemen. He expressed regret on the part of his father and for himself that they were absent, and both he and his sister several times repeated an invitation that I would come and spend some days with them. Mr. Drummond, the elder, married a daughter of the Duke of Rutland. After walking over the ship I treated my guests to champagne and apples.

“In the evening I dined with Mr. Borrett, the personal friend of Admiral Dundas, first lord of the admiralty. We had an elegant dinner, about fifteen ladies and gentlemen, and in the evening until 4 A.M. a ball, a number of young ladies having assembled to meet the young officers of the *St. Lawrence*. It was

altogether a delightful affair. The officers are almost daily dining with some gentleman, and nothing can be kinder than the generous and welcome manner in which they are received and entertained."

DECEMBER 20th.

"To-day we commenced issuing our cards of invitation for a ball to be given by the Captain and officers of the *St. Lawrence* on the 26th day of December, on board. On Thursday the 21st we dined with our consul, Mr. J. R. Croskey, Esq., at the Dolphin Hotel. Seventy gentlemen sat down at the table, and a magnificent entertainment was prepared. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed and everything went on charmingly. Of the company, my old friend Admiral Douglas was there, and the officer next in distinction was Sir John Gordon Sinclair, a captain in the Royal Navy and a fine fellow. On the next evening I dined with Mr. Allen and had a charming party of gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Edwards, the collector of customs, who sat by me, said, without meaning any compliment, we had 'really gained the hearts of everybody.'"

I pass over the account of many other delightful entertainments and glance at the account of the *St. Lawrence* ball.

"From the 23d we commenced in earnest to get the ship ready for the intended ball on the 26th, and all from the First Lieutenant to the messenger boys seemed interested in what was going on. On Monday, which was Christmas, it rained and our decks got wet, although covered with awnings and well enclosed.

It was quite a sad and sorry scene, for the flags and evergreens and all the beautiful and fanciful paraphernalia, such as sailors alone can prepare, were dripping, and our ship might be compared to a bride in tears. We began to fear for our success, but still hoped for a favorable change in wind and weather. The morning of the ball came. At 2 A.M. it was starlight, at four it was raining and blowing from the southwest, a stormy quarter. In the morning the decks were running with water and it seemed impossible that our lady guests could come without a self-sacrificing spirit such as we had not reason to expect, and if they came it would be at the risk, if not the sacrifice of health. In the rain and wind I sent Mr. Francis to Mr. Croskey to know what was to be done, and he replied, 'Have it on shore.' No time was to be lost and we accordingly stripped the bride of her gay attire and prepared for a less gay second bridal at the Archery rooms on shore at Southampton. Placards were posted and every means taken to give information, and it was well understood before the hour of seven arrived.

"I landed, and at seven, having first visited the rooms, escorted Mrs. Croskey, the wife of the American Consul, to the ball. We arrived at half-past seven and the company commenced assembling. The ballroom was dressed in flags with mirrors and pictures and all looked well. The supper room was set to accommodate two hundred, and a magnificent repast prepared. The card room was also prepared and everything seemed to be in readiness, the music, our own band, being in their place. More than a dozen of the petty officers were on shore, including the orderly-sergeant and a corporal. My steward and Ralph Lawrence were sent to take care of and give out the wines and liquors. It is enough

to say of Ralph that he got drunk at supper, said he was a Virginian, abused all Englishmen, and wanted to fight.

“At ten o’clock the ballroom was crowded, there being more than three hundred of both sexes. It was a gay and beautiful scene and all went off delightfully, everyone seeming to think of nothing but enjoyment. At twelve I led Mrs. Croskey to supper, and, the signal being given, the company followed. When all the ladies and many of the gentlemen were seated, I rose and gave them a welcome too long to be repeated here and which was received with much applause. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the company. I remained until five in the morning. After the ladies had left the supper room several gentlemen of distinction remained. A friend of Cobden said, ‘Your country is the greatest in the world. We have no man in England equal to your rejected President. No man in England can produce such a state paper as his message to Congress.’ Fearing he would be overheard and our harmony disturbed, I said to him we must not speak of this now, and the conversation was changed.

“When our interchange of courtesies was all over, it seemed to me singularly remarkable that we should, in such numbers and under circumstances of conviviality, have escaped the discussion of irritating subjects and that no harsh or irritating remarks had escaped anyone. It was a real fraternization. We found many very excellent people who treated us with the most liberal and elegant hospitality and feel assured that we made a most favorable impression on the minds and hearts of the gentlemen and ladies.”

On January fifteenth he writes from Lisbon:

“We hoisted the Portuguese flag and saluted with twenty-one guns, which was returned from the castle. We then hoisted again the Portuguese flag for the Admiral and saluted with seventeen guns, which was returned. We then hoisted the English white ensign and saluted Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Napier’s flag. After this I went in the gig and called on Admiral Napier, on board the three-decker *St. Vincent*. He and his Captain (Dacres) were both on shore. I left my card and went on shore to call on Mr. Hopkins, our chargé. A young Portuguese gentleman assisted me to hire a *calasse*, a sort of chaise with two horses, one of which was between the shafts and the other was ridden by the driver in jack-boots. The horses were poor, with their tails tied up in knots, the shafts came near the horse’s back, which was surmounted with a queer-looking saddle, about three feet high on the pommel.

“Lisbon is built on steep hills that look as though it would take a good horse to surmount them, but our nags went off at a round pace up and down and I expected every moment to see some one run over and perhaps our horses plunge headlong. At last after traversing several very steep hills we came on the top of a very high one to the house of our representative. The city of Lisbon is not attractive to the pedestrian. The surface drainage is in open gutters through the middle of the street. When one can gain the country a broad plateau is spread out before one, and the great aqueduct, unsurpassed by any in Europe, partly Roman, partly Gothic, is well worth seeing. The wines of the country are abundant and good.”

At Cadiz, where the *St. Lawrence* made a longer stay, the Commodore writes:

“We did not find an American flag flying in the harbor. . . . Cadiz is surrounded by a high wall on which is—or was—mounted its defenses. The wall is very thick and strong and in times past bristled with cannon, showing a front in all directions. Most of the cannon have been removed and some are lying without carriages. . . . Even the sea-wall is becoming ruined and seems to be in harmony with everything Spanish. The city is a city of palaces, beautiful from the sea, and more so in passing through the streets, yet it is said there is little wealth here and much of showy poverty.”

During the month the *St. Lawrence* remained there while some repairs were going on, he exchanged courtesies with the officials, was saddened by the changes he found in the once gay and beautiful city, and the ship returned to Lisbon, where he found himself in the midst of a pleasant official circle. Among them were officers of the British Navy, the Russian and Swedish ministers, the Pope's Nuncio, Lady Caroline Norton, the poetess, and Admiral Sir George Sartorius, who had for a time been acting as an admiral in the Portuguese Navy, and who had his home in what had formerly been a monastery, and on whose extensive estate quantities of wine were made, and oil-presses, too, were in evidence. He says the Pope's Nuncio was a “bright, lively fellow of thirty-five or forty, wore shorts and red stockings.”

In speaking of his visit to the palace of the King of Portugal, he says:

“We took our places and awaited the King’s approach. He first addressed some civil words to Mr. Hopkins, our consul, speaking English very well, and after a short conversation spoke to me, asking the name of my ship, if we found the Tagus a good anchorage, etc., and complimented the behavior of our men on liberty, contrasting them favorably with the men of Sir Charles Napier’s ships. He soon tired, and bowed and turned to some one else, and I was glad of it, for whatever may be the ambition of other men I do not like conversing with a king. He is a German prince of Saxe-Coburg. He is tall, with a mild face, though it is covered with hair. His person is very good. He was dressed in plain black clothes. He is remarked for his personal civility, lifting his hat to every one that salutes him in the street. He has five or six children, the eldest a boy of eleven, heir to the throne when the Queen dies. The second son is nine or ten and devoted to the Navy. The boys behaved with great propriety. “At this soirée was the Duke of Saldanha, the Duke of Terceira, Viscount de Castro, and the foreign ministers, besides many other gentlemen, numbering about fifty.”

In his letter of farewell to Admiral Sartorius, in which he thanks him for a cask of his Burgundy, he says:

“I am most truly thankful to you for your friendly attention, as well as for your sentiment of mutual good will between our common countries, in which, with all my heart, I most sincerely sympathize with you. Individually, and where my feelings and just apprecia-

tion of personal character are concerned, I know no difference of nativity between your country and mine.

“We feel that our energy and our virtuous impulses, even to the love of liberty, are derived from the mother that first nurtured and sent us into life. ‘Jonathan,’ although an unruly fellow in some things, will always be found tractable and in affectionate remembrance of paternal care when he finds the paternal brow unclouded. The time indeed is not distant when the coldness and distrust with which many of our countrymen may regard each other will pass away, and to this feeling a more intimate and familiar association is alone necessary, for our sympathies and opinions on the most important matters of social life are similar if not the same. There is no officer in the American Navy that does not contemplate with the pride of a kindred race the disinterested and benevolent heroism with which the Captain of the *Malabar*, after fruitless efforts to save the *Missouri*, periled his life to soothe and save an American officer from perishing in the flames of his burning ship. It is not to all of us, Admiral, that it is known that, while thus forgetful of yourself and all else but humanity and honor, a young and devoted wife, inspired by your own gallant spirit, was witnessing in silent admiration your heroism and your danger. In conclusion permit me to add to your toast and say, as calling to remembrance our happy meeting here, somewhat as I have elsewhere said, ‘Where such men are found, the women claim our adoration.’ And now, Admiral, as a parting favor I beg you will come on board on Saturday and luncheon with us. I have invited Captain Seymour and some of our friends of the Legations to meet you. We can take a parting cup and say ‘God speed’ whether we may or may not

meet again. With my fervent wishes for your happiness and that of all beneath your roof, I am

Faithfully yours,

H. P.

TO ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE R. SARTORIUS, *Piedade.*"

The *St. Lawrence* extended her cruise again to the north, visiting points on the shores of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and again went to Southampton for mail and stores, being greeted everywhere with friendly hospitality.

While in England he had the opportunity of meeting his old friend, Mr. Siday Hawes, visiting his home, and, being escorted by him to London, spent a day or so in sight-seeing, but evidently was not much impressed with anything until he came to Westminster Abbey, "where," he says, "we paused in solemn contemplation of the illustrious dead. We spent a long time in this beautiful and solemn Abbey. The building itself is worthy of much time, even if unconnected with its glorious associations. It appears highly finished and even overwrought, but when examined as a whole with all its exquisitely rich decorations, it impresses one forcibly with its solemn grandeur and rare combination of architectural beauty."



SIDAY HAWES
Coltishall, England
Died 1863

The architecture of the Houses of Parliament call forth in his journal an interesting comment. He says: "A plainer style of architecture would have pleased my eye better. . . . When considered as the Legislative Hall of a great nation and where the law is administered in all its majesty, the gingerbread decoration of small spires stuck everywhere about it looks like a departure from every consideration attributable to the unaffected and sturdy English character."

While visiting the beautiful home of the sister of his friend, Mr. Hawes, at Dulwich, he says: "When we had rested and taken a lunch, Mr. Courage, his son John, and myself set off for Greenwich to see the famous asylum for the invalid British seamen. It was at the distance of a few miles. We passed along a continuous town by the Thames. . . . Before we got to the Greenwich Hospital we saw here and there the old pensioners, with their blue frock coats and three-cornered cocked hats, seated at some door or walking with a woman or child, or hobbling along on a crutch. I had witnessed nothing in England that interested my feelings and my mind as much as the sight of these men, and it was not long before we were within the Hospital grounds with the

immense pile of noble buildings for the accommodation of the invalids, and surrounded by the recipients of the nation's bounty, to the number of twenty-seven hundred.

“A rush of confused thought pressed upon my mind. It was a melancholy sight, yet it was a noble charity worthy a nation's gratitude. Who can say but that it is the means by which the nation exists? England could not exist without her seamen, and would her seamen abide by her if not protected and cherished in their old age? Besides the buildings of three stories high, in which the wards are provided, there are long, high corridors open at either side, furnishing a noble walk in rain or in sunshine, and the whole fronting the Thames with the great city on the opposite side. Jack may hobble along here and watch the ships put to sea and think how he once, in times past, full of life, hope, youth, and recklessness, thus boxed his craft down the river on his way to the ocean or wheresoever else his fate might take him. With time and his infirmities, his feelings have changed, and his only care now is to watch the changing scene before him, to be patient, and live along until the flickering lamp with another blaze is gone forever. One would scarce look for

pride or ambition amongst this mass of human infirmity, yet, in noticing a medal suspended from the button of an old tar, his eye kindled and all his manhood seemed to inspire his worn-out frame, as he recapitulated the occasions for which he should have received three more. It was a momentary burst of nature and he calmly smiled with the remark that 'they had decided against him.' "

In the autumn of 1850 the cruise of the *St. Lawrence* terminated, pleasant relations having been fostered with the several European powers visited, and Paulding brought the frigate home.

A letter from Count Platen, of Sweden, speaks of the visit of the *St. Lawrence* to Stockholm, where she was enthusiastically received.

STOCKHOLM, August 21st, 1849.

My dear sir: If, as I had very good reason to expect when I left you the last time, after my very flattering and truly kind reception on board your noble ship, the *St. Lawrence*, I should have met you again in a short time, I might perhaps not have troubled you with any letter of mine, but, having by the last mail got the order of my Sovereign to continue my service here in Stockholm, I think I do not judge you wrongly, my dear sir, if I believe that a few words from me will not be disagreeable to you, even did they, in full truth and nothing but truth, contain something that might be construed into flattery by those that did not know you,

and were speaking as I must do, in a public as well as in a private sense. It is one of my pieces of great fortune and which, as you may know, does not always fall to the lot of public men to be able, in both these points of view to say that the Government of the United States could never have sent us a "better man," and that every true friend of my country must consider the selection of you, my dear sir, and your officers as a compliment paid to the country at the time the first American man-of-war paid a visit to the capital of Sweden.

Now you must, however, understand that I do not only express my own private feelings, but those of people, and even official men, with whom you and your officers and crew might have been in contact in some way or other, and whose opinions I have taken some pains to hear, and all agree that your mission was altogether one that did great honour to the country that sent it. After what I have said, and really do feel upon this subject, it cannot astonish you if I again urge upon you the propriety of visiting Christiania, the present, and probably the middle of September, abode of the King, and as I am sorry to say that I have now no more any hope of meeting you there, it cannot but be upon public grounds that I do so. And now, my dear sir, I bid you "farewell" for how long a time nobody knows. Your visit here during the time of my office will always be a bright spot on my horizon and in forwarding the best thanks of my Lady for your civility and kindness toward her and her husband, I sign myself, with the most perfect consideration,

My dear sir,

Truly yours,

(Signed) PLATEN.

One thing gave the Commodore no little anxiety during this cruise, when the American man-of-war was in constant receipt of attentions that must be officially reciprocated. Would the officers of the Treasury meet the expenses necessarily involved in the receptions he must give to the officials on the foreign stations? The question was asked and he was advised by an official of the Treasury to "go on and acquit himself with credit to the Government he represented, and when the bills were presented, doubtless he would be relieved of all expense;" but until Congress passed a bill for his relief, many years later, in 1867, this debt was a personal affliction. It was well for the Government that Paulding, regardless of the personal inconvenience that might result, was equal to the occasion and acquitted himself worthily as an officer of the United States.

Certain despatches from the Secretary of the Navy in 1848-49 and an extract from a letter written by Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, to a member of the United States Senate, in 1850, may be of interest.

TO CAPT. HIRAM PAULDING,

Commanding United States Frigate St. Lawrence.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, December 18th, 1848.

Sir: Your despatch No. 4, dated at Bremerhaven

November 16th, has been received and your course, as therein indicated, is approved. Your conduct has been judicious, and you have honorably and satisfactorily met the views of the Department. It is a source of the highest satisfaction that you have so gracefully received the marks of distinguished respect for our country and its flag. I am

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. Y. MASON.

CAPT. H. PAULDING,

Commanding United States Frigate St. Lawrence.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, January 25th, 1849.

Sir: I have received with satisfaction your despatch dated at Southampton 28th December, 1848.

I regret that I cannot, in advance of the presentation of the bills, say that the expense of the entertainment given at Southampton on public account will be approved by the officers of the Treasury. The question will be met and decided with a due sense of the high and praiseworthy motives which actuated you, and a strong conviction of the happy moral influence exerted on our national character and foreign relations by your judicious conduct in command of the *St. Lawrence* on the continent and in England. It is a source of great satisfaction to me that the noble frigate was sent on the interesting special service, which has been so well performed, and already produced such happy results.

I am

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. Y. MASON.

Letter from Mr. J. Y. Mason to a senator:

My dear sir: I am asked to give some expression of opinion as to the character of the service performed by my friend Captain Paulding while in command of the frigate *St. Lawrence*. I ordered him in command of that fine new frigate to make an independent cruise. Passing through the British Channel, he went to the North Sea, remained for some time at Bremerhaven, the port of Bremen, and by the presence of his ship, and his discreet and judicious conduct, added to the national character, and gave protection to American commerce in the north of Europe. No ship of war had ever before exhibited our flag in the Weser, and for more than thirty years an American ship of war had not visited the North Sea. Besides the troubles in regard to Holstein and Schleswig a revolutionary spirit was exhibited throughout Germany and after a noble struggle for free institutions it went out with the Hungarian subjection. This condition of things made the presence of an American man-of-war necessary in that quarter. The arrival of the *St. Lawrence* was hailed with rapturous delight and the ship was crowded with eager visitors of the highest rank. This involved Captain Paulding in heavy expenditures, which he could not avoid without a niggardly imputation injurious to the national character. With private individuals he might have acted otherwise, but with crowned heads and public authorities he could not withhold those civilities which were expected." . . .

CHAPTER VII

COMMAND OF THE NAVY YARD

IN 1851 Paulding was given the command of the Navy Yard at Washington, and for two and a half years remained there with his family quartered in the old house where it was said the shade of Admiral Tingey with his long queue still wandered at night. Washington was then a very different place from the city as we now know it. The only public communication with the Yard was by means of two omnibuses, which rumbled along through the dusty streets to the foot of Capitol Hill near the public gardens. One was called, in compliment to the Commandant of the Yard, the "Commodore Paulding," the other after the Commandant of the Marine Barracks, the "General Henderson." Commodore Ballard, who had just died in command of the Yard, had purchased a fine span of horses and a carriage, and whether he could afford it or not, the new Commandant was made to feel that, in

kindness to the widow of a brother officer, he should purchase the whole outfit. As the horses were very delicate and the colored coachmen universally employed were not always reliable, many amusing, not to say annoying, incidents resulted from the possession of the State carriage. On one occasion when the Commodore in uniform had made a formal call with his wife on some dignitary, he found his young coachman asleep on the box, and, waking him, directed him to drive home, but when half-way there he saw from the window Tom was swaying from one side to the other, evidently too drunk to recover himself. There was nothing for it but, uniformed as he was, the Commodore had to mount the box and drive to a place where a substitute could be found.

At that time Washington was full of colored people, mainly slaves, who were hired out by their masters, who in some instances reaped a good harvest from their labors. Two are especially present to my recollection. One was employed by a marine officer living next door to us. Nancy was one of the mischievous kind, delighting in pranks. I remember her mistress telling us that in going home one night she found Nancy sitting in a rocking-chair, balancing

on her head the tea tray, on which were her best cups and saucers. Her dexterity deserved a better reward than the lashing she received from a horsewhip when her master heard of it.

Another was our cook, a young woman with a boy four or five years old, and beautifully trained by his mother to obedience and industry. At her master's death she had been purchased by her brother-in-law, a hideous deformed black man, who in hiring her to work for others promised her that all the money she brought him should pay for her freedom, but after a time he took her boy from her, treated him cruelly, and told her she was no nearer freedom than when he bought her. These, our first glimpses of what slavery meant, were a sad revelation of what it might be where it was the universal condition of the negro.

Franklin Pierce had taken the reins of office in March of the previous year (1853), and had evidently assumed the responsibilities with the determination to reconcile all parties and hold the Union in peace. A native of Concord, New Hampshire, he had heard and seen enough of the spirit of the Abolitionists to realize their powerful influence, but an astute lawyer and politician

and a whole-hearted Democrat, throughout his administration he acted on the principle that as slavery was not prohibited by the Constitution, but was endorsed by and embedded in it, his policy should be to endorse nothing that could antagonize the South or give cause for sectional rupture.

Kansas, one of the Western States, geographically the center of our Union, was originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, and in 1820 a bill had passed Congress, called the Missouri Compromise, which prohibited slavery north of 30° 36' latitude. In 1851 Mr. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, introduced a bill organizing Kansas and Nebraska into territories permitting slavery therein. The bill was passed, and through the remainder of Mr. Pierce's administration and during the following one, a storm center was formed there that later on joined the factional disturbances working elsewhere.

In his first message, President Pierce (1853) spoke of the repose that had followed the compromise of 1850 and said "that this repose is to suffer no shock during my official term, if I have power to prevent it, those who placed me here may be assured." Compromise is sometimes necessary; tem-

porizing with wrong is apt to be disastrous. Mr. Pierce opposed the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He maintained the constitutionality of slavery and the Fugitive Slave law, denounced slavery agitations and hoped "that no sectional or ambitious or fanatical agitations threaten the durability of our institutions or obscure the light of our prosperity." Such was the feeling in the atmosphere during the period of Hiram Paulding's residence in Washington. The "Kansas and Nebraska bill" was the stirring episode of one spring, but at the Navy Yard we only heard echoes of what was being enacted.

The official circle there was a pleasant one, harmony prevailing among all. The Captain of the Yard, a Virginia gentleman, always took a gloomy outlook of the condition of the country, and we well knew that when the quarter-deck walk to and fro on the piazza began, the Captain was prophesying war and trouble, while with cheerful optimism the Commandant tried to reassure him. I can hear him now, as he would say good-night, turn to my father with "Depend upon it, sir, it's Gospel truth, I'm sure of it. Virginia will go out" if such and such things occur. And from the

expression of deep concern on my father's face I knew he had grave forebodings of what was to come.

One evening Mrs. Pierce, who had taken a great fancy to the writer's mother, sent a message begging she would come with my father when he came that evening to see the President. I was a schoolgirl, but was pleased when my mother asked me to go with them, as a visit to the White House and an interview with the President and Mrs. Pierce was not to be declined. Mrs. Pierce was in deep mourning, having recently lost her last son in a railroad accident. Mother, too, was in deep mourning for her father. Mrs. Pierce seemed very sad, but her greeting was most kind and gracious. In contrast to them I noticed a lady who at once captivated us by her brightness, her youth, and her charming personality. She and a girl of my age, who was introduced as her sister, were beautifully dressed; and I scarcely noticed a man of keen strong features talking with the President when some one addressed him as "Mr. Davis," and I knew this must be the Secretary of War, with his charming wife and her sister. Long after, when I realized the cleverness of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, in having

managed so well in the equipment of the Southern fortifications, and when I knew the part he was to play in the great controversy, I remembered that evening and felt a pang for the charming lady who shared his fortunes.

Central America had been a place of great interest to England, which at one time established a protectorate over the Mosquito Coast. A clever man from Nashville, Tennessee, William Walker, a student of law, of medicine, of the art of war, led several filibustering expeditions to places outside our territory. He was unsuccessful in Mexico, was arrested for violating neutrality laws, but in 1855 was induced by American speculators in Nicaragua to interfere in the intestine troubles in that country, ostensibly in aid of the Democratic party there. For a year he carried on a predatory warfare with varying success, until in '56, after many high-handed acts, he caused himself to be proclaimed President of Nicaragua, annulled the existing prohibition of slavery, and sent a minister to Washington in 1856, who was recognized by President Pierce. His arbitrary acts soon provoked insurrection and he was defeated and in May, '57, with sixteen officers, sur-

rendered to Captain Charles Davis, U. S. N., who sent him to Panama. Thence he went to New Orleans and was put under bonds there to keep the peace, in which, however, he failed, for in November again he returned to Nicaragua, where we shall hear of him later.

During the whole of Mr. Pierce's administration no changes took place in the Cabinet. A man of undoubted integrity and charming courtesy, his urbanity attracted people to him, while his keen intellect, wonderful powers of oratory, and intuitive knowledge of human nature held those he had won. Not a slave owner himself, he was profoundly imbued with the conviction that the Constitution protected the slaveholders in their rights, and to the last he adhered firmly to that conviction, though when the disunionists began civil war by firing on Fort Sumter, he addressed a mass meeting conjuring the people to sustain the Government against the Southern Confederacy.

On the 20th of June, Paulding was detached from the Navy Yard, and on the 30th of the same month was ordered to assume command of the Home Squadron, reporting to the Commandant of the Navy Yard, Norfolk, and there taking the sailing

frigate *Potomac* as his flag-ship. Captain Powell, who had been with him at the Washington Yard, was in command of the ship. The *Cyane*, *Falmouth*, *Fulton*, *Saratoga*, and other ships were at various times attached to the squadron, whose cruise was to extend from the West India Islands and the mouth of the Amazon to the coast of Newfoundland, and eastward as far as the Azores.

In the course of the summer the *Potomac* visited the Azores, but much inconvenience was sustained by the leaking condition of the ship, which gave serious trouble. Early in November they returned to New York, the ship was put in dry dock and caulked and repaired, and by the last of November they sailed for the South.

After a passage of nearly a month, during which time they had to stop at "Nicola Mole" for water, and were much annoyed by serious leaks in the ship, notwithstanding the time that had been consumed in caulking it while in dry dock in New York, they arrived at San Juan, one of the objective points of the cruise, as it was the point where the passengers from the Pacific arrived and whence the steamers sailed for New York. Within the five or six so-

called republics of the Isthmus, Granada, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica, and Honduras, constant confusion prevailed. A quotation from the Commodore's journal illustrates the conditions.

SAN JUAN DEL NORTE,
December 22d, 1855.

"We found anchored here the English twelve-gun brig *Espiègle*, Commander Lambert. . . . Captain Lambert informed me that when he came he had twenty men in their hammocks with fever, but after a stay of two months there were only three cases of slight indisposition." . . . "On the 23d visited by Captain Lambert, Commercial Agent Cottrell, and Colonel Kinney with his secretary. Mr. Hutchins, representing the Transit Company,¹ breakfasted with me and I visited their buildings. In the afternoon the surgeon, Dillard, left for Granada bearing a despatch from me to His Excellency, J. H. Wheeler, and as there was thought to be danger from parties on the river, Captain Powell accompanied him with boat and crew to the Rapids. Mr. Hutchins told me he was going to Granada and would see Walker when he felt the companies' boats would be secure against the parties that had threatened their destruction commanded by Young Rivera, showing conclusively that a good understanding existed between Walker and the Company, although Walker had more than once seized their boats for his military purposes and taken by violence, as Mr. Hutchins

¹ An American Company attending to the transfer of passengers and freight to the Panama R. R. & Steamship Line, thence to San Francisco.

informed me, twenty thousand dollars. The consul, or rather commercial agent, Mr. Cottrell, appeared to have little information and seemed fearful lest what he communicated or the opinions he expressed should be repeated to his disadvantage. He informed me he had certain papers of some importance that he would exhibit for my perusal, and which he had communicated to the State Department. I thought, although he did not say so, that his impression was that the Company had favored Walker's enterprise, and it is already clearly my opinion that without the facilities afforded by means of their boats and money Walker would have been, to say the least, less likely to succeed. Mr. Cottrell told me that a Mr. Martin, governor of Greytown (that we call San Juan), considered himself under the Protectorate of Great Britain, so Mr. Cottrell did not consider him an American citizen.

“Greytown is a miserable village, on the south shore of the harbor, consisting of about 50 to 100 dwellings in all — frame and thatch houses and huts with none of considerable pretension. Near the center is a small square where what is considered the Mosquito or Protectorate flag is hoisted in the morning and hauled down in the evening. The flag consists of stripes of blue and white for the fly and the cross of the Union Jack for the union. It is attended by a negro, but it is not known by whom he is paid. The supposition is, of course, by an employé of the British Government. A few years since, it is said, a guard of some ten negroes from Jamaica with their guard-house, arms, etc., a piece or two of brass ordnance were there to look out for the flag and Protectorate. San Juan is destined to be an important place at no distant time, and if the “Company” does not find a master in some Govern-

ment they will soon control the country. The English keep one or more men-of-war in this harbor constantly, showing that they feel a good deal of interest in the affairs of their Mosquito friend and his domain. The British Consul is said to be at Bluefields, where His Mosquito Majesty resides and where revenues from the Corn Islands and certain plantations of some kind are appropriated, perhaps for the expense and honor of the flag that flies at Greytown. Colonel Kinney and Walker are not friends and it is said that Walker has declared he would hang him if he came to Granada.

“The whole country for many miles, as far as I can learn, is a swamp or a dense impenetrable forest which appears forbidding to the very shores, and the population, small as it is, depend for supply on distant transportation.” . . .

“At this time Walker was with his force at Virgin Bay, which is on Lake Nicaragua, where the passengers debark for the Pacific. The opposing forces of Nicaragua under General Corral were about twelve miles off. The steamer’s boat came to the shore for some necessary purpose and one of Walker’s officers with twelve men seized her, went on board the steamer, and took possession of her. Then the forces of Walker were put on board and in a few hours transported to Granada, where there was no opposing force and Walker took possession of the place. He then sent to Corral, and it was arranged for a surrender by Corral. He was a man of great popularity and Walker offered him the presidency, which he refused, and was then told to name his man. He named the present incumbent, Don —, and Corral accepted the office of Secretary of War. It is said he wrote a letter to Don — instructing him to advance and in what manner to assault Walker. Walker had him

tried by court martial and condemned. The President he named signed the death warrant and Corral was shot in twenty-four hours. The whole population petitioned for a commutation of his sentence to banishment, and one of two orphan daughters presented the petition, which did not change Walker's purpose. "She became a lunatic."

DECEMBER 24th.

"I wrote a letter for Mr. Cottrell, commercial agent, and for Mr. Hutchins, acting agent for the Transit Co., calling for information in regard to the seizure of the steamers and the destruction of passengers, etc."

DECEMBER 28th.

"In the steamer Captain Hornsby, second to General Walker, came and sent to say he would "like to wait upon me unofficially." I replied that I would receive him, and accordingly he came on board. He was a tall man of six feet two or three inches, wiry and muscular, with a hardy and determined look, as if equal to the task his manner of life called for, with beard covering his face. He said, after I had given him a friendly greeting, that he had come on the part of the General to invite me to Granada, which, with a civil message to the General, I declined. He remained with me an hour or more, recounting some of their extraordinary adventures, informed me that Walker had about four hundred men, that he had the means of information of all that transpired throughout the country, that everything was quiet and they had no doubt of being able to sustain themselves in Nicaragua, that the General was at work developing the resources of the mines and other interests of the country, that, without equal exactions to the parties that had preceded

them, they had ample means for their wants. He spoke of Greytown and indicated a purpose of taking it and hauling down the Mosquito flag, making some allusion to the British brigs of war to which he pointed.

“I advised him not to land in San Juan, knowing there was no friendship between him and Kinney, who has a few followers with him, and apprehensive of some scene of violence. I also told him that the time had not arrived for them to resist the British Protectorate of the Mosquito territory. In the evening he left. Our consul, Mr. Cottrell, came on board while he was here and the next morning I learned from Captain Ogle of the *Arab* that he knew I had had a visitor and an invitation to visit Walker.”

During the week following, several visitors to the ship gave conflicting accounts of the conditions prevailing, all seeming anxious to stand well with the Commandant of the fleet, who had difficulty in persuading some of the officials to observe discretion in making ceremonious visits on board the British vessels, *etiquette being in official life next in importance to principle.*

On the 7th of January, 1856, the fleet was again at sea on the way to Havana, where they arrived on the twentieth, and a series of visits of ceremony followed, the understanding being that always the *entente cordiale* was to be cultivated with all

foreigners with whom our men-of-war came in contact.

I quote again from the journal.

MONDAY, JANUARY 21st,

HAVANA.

“Pleasant weather. The Captain of the port, a boat from the Admiral’s ship, and the two Captains of the French brigs visited the ship. In the morning an officer, Colonel Lanesta, who spoke English very well, came on board from the Captain-general to offer any service, inviting the officers to a soirée on Monday evening, and saying the Captain-general had directed him to say that the officers could go where they pleased about the island, and that he would at any time, when informed, send an escort or some officer who would make an excursion pleasant to them. At 9.20 Mr. Robertson, our acting consul, came on board and was saluted by seven guns. At 11.45 we hoisted the Spanish flag and saluted with twenty-one guns, and at 12 M. hoisted the Spanish flag, let fall the foretopsail, and saluted the Admiral with thirteen guns. Both salutes were returned, gun for gun.”

JANUARY 22d.

“At 1 P.M., accompanied by the Captain, First Lieutenant, Fleet Surgeon, Captain of Marines, Mr. Pleasants, and Midshipman Lea, went on shore, and, accompanied by the Consul, called on the Captain-general. We found him affable and friendly, warning me of our men’s exposure to disease, saying the fever had been very fatal until the end of December and still lingered in the city. The Admiral told me the same thing, with the addition that the cholera existed to some

extent, and both he and the Captain-general giving me certain sanitary precautions. The Captain-general inquired if there were anything in the city that I desired to see, offering me his carriage and an escort at any time, and saying many civil things, and repeated the invitation his aide had given in the morning to the *soirée*. The Admiral was very communicative, spoke English very well, said many civil things about our country and the advantage to Spain of having a friendly alliance with the United States. He offered whatever we might want from the arsenal and in any way the assistance he could render, and seemed in every way a charming old gentleman.

In the evening the Captain and half a dozen officers landed to attend the Captain-general's *soirée*. Having found the card of Mr. Crawford, the English consul, at our Consul's office, I went to his office with the officers and called upon him, and found in him an old acquaintance I had met some sixteen years ago in Tampico."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23d.

"Cloudy and a cold wind from the north. The General of Marines came on board with captains of the Spanish ships in port. He went all over the ship and seemed to be much pleased with everything. He left after a visit of more than an hour, expressing his gratification with the cordial manner in which he had been received. We saluted him at parting. Two French twenty-gun brigs, *La Pérouse*, Commander Geoffrey, and another, *Leps*, each saluted us with thirteen guns, which was returned from our ship. The Admiral's ship returned our salute to the Admiral. A number of our countrymen and ladies came on board and spent an hour or two."

JANUARY 24th.

“On the evening previous the Captain and my secretary received an invitation to dine with the Captain-general, which by my advice they accepted this morning for this afternoon. At meridian I received a note of invitation dated on the 22d to dine with the Captain-general to-day at 6 P.M. The Fleet Surgeon also got an invitation. In view of the lateness of the hour at which it was received, and the carelessness that had been manifested by a high official functionary of a people fastidious in their ceremonials, I deemed it due to my public station politely to decline. In doing so I named the importance of preparing despatches for the steamer of the next morning, and the fact that I had just then (at meridian) received the note of invitation. I sent my note to the palace by an officer and in an hour afterward Colonel Lannête, aide to the Captain-general, came to explain on the part of His Excellency and ask when it would be convenient for me to dine with him, requesting that I would name a day. I acknowledged to the Colonel that I was satisfied a mistake had been made and regretted I could not name a day to dine with the Governor as I was on the eve of going to sea.

“On the following morning, accompanied by the First Lieutenant of the ship, I called at the palace and had a pleasant interview with the Captain-general. He spoke of a report some time since received of an expedition fitting by the exiles from Cuba, in New York, to land at San Juan del Norte and thence to invade Cuba, and agreed with me in the absurdity of this as all other reports of the kind, and assented to my assurance of the good faith of my Government. Before I left he spoke of the Battalion of Chasseurs and of the Casa-

dores stationed at the fortress on the east side of the harbor, said they were perfect in their drill, and asked if I would not like to witness their evolutions. I replied in the affirmative and he said Colonel Lannête should go with me at 4 P.M. I inquired if I should send a boat for him and he said "No," the Colonel would come for me. Accordingly at 4 P.M. the Colonel came alongside the ship in the Captain-general's barge, with crimson cushions and curtains, and after spending a short time with me on board we went to the Cabañas Fort.

"The civil and military governor, General Escheveria, accompanied by Captain Powell and a number of boats, joined in the procession, and we landed at Cabañas. There from the water we ascended a very steep, wide, well paved road for a hundred feet or more before we entered the plateau of the Fort. As we came to the Fort, which was on every side built on a precipitous hill, the walls were some thirty or forty feet high and inaccessible by any ordinary means, we passed along between the walls of two fortresses over a wide road until we came to the gate where we were admitted, and the Governor of Cabañas, a tall old gentleman of sixty, presented himself. He conducted us along the Fort and through gates, guards being everywhere turned out to receive me, until at last we emerged upon the open plain that looks out upon the sea. Here we found the battalions paraded and exercising, with a number of spectators. The battalions of Casadores went through many evolutions, among others the formation in line of battle, the guerilla formation, the hollow square for resisting cavalry, and others, acquitting themselves in a highly creditable manner, continuing until at last the General asked if I

would have them dismissed, impressing upon me that the exhibition was for me. When I answered in the affirmative, bugles sounded and the troops formed in line of march, and the Colonel in command came and was presented to me. I thanked and complimented him and we passed on to the other battalion near the Morro. Here again we were entertained with a display of well disciplined troops who went through their evolutions in a very perfect manner, completely mimicking the art of war. It was late and I was asked by the General if the battalion might be dismissed. When I assented the *muchachos* were allowed to go to the quarters, where we heard them afterward in joyous revelry.

“Thence we were conducted to the Morro Castle, where from the battlements we had a fine view of the ocean, the country around the island, as well as of Havana and its defenses. We entered by a narrow drawbridge over a deep chasm and passed for some hundreds of feet along a narrow passage about three feet wide arched overhead with very thick walls on either side, and through apertures, made at intervals for the purpose, a faint light and some air was admitted. At the farthest extremity of this an iron-grated door gave entrance to the dungeons which descend far below the surface of the ocean, where the light of heaven never reaches and whose gloomy solitude, which sickens the heart with despair, is poisoned with a damp unwholesome atmosphere, which together, and with the accustomed privations of food and clothing and every human comfort, subdues the strongest fortitude of human nature, and life becomes intolerable and the broken spirit and wasted frame sighs for the repose of the great deliverer, the poor man’s dearest friend.

“I sighed and almost shuddered as we passed that bridge and that narrow gloomy passage, made more so by the flickering light of a small lantern, to think how many of God’s creatures — and many perhaps with only the suspicion of crime or political offense — had taken this sad and loathsome way to eternity. I had known some who by chance or accident had emerged from this infamous and abominable place of outrage upon humanity, and the graphic descriptions they had given me were so much like what one might conceive of pandemonium that time has done nothing to efface it from my mind. With all the gentle attributes of our nature that I have witnessed in the Spanish race, and in which I have largely participated, the horror of a prison like this has irresistibly associated itself in my mind as a part of the national character, and, independent of my social sympathies, I have turned with horror and disgust from the stain and stigma of such brutality. How differently were we now circumstanced and the picture was presented to my mind: the contrast to the poor creatures who had passed on this narrow way never again to meet the sympathy of a kindred soul, never again to enjoy any of the rights of humanity, never to hear the voice of affection or friendship, to see the light of heaven or to inhale a respiration unpolluted with the malaria of death. But I was attended by the military and civil governor of Havana, General Escheveria, an accomplished and elegant gentleman, than whom few are more highly favored by external nature, and Colonel Lannête, a gentleman of good manners and social, and with his other accomplishments speaking the English language fluently.

“The garrisons at the Morro and Cabañas are fur-

nished with water by means of cisterns which were pointed out to us. We passed between the *dormitorias* which, we were told, were bomb-proof and which seemed spacious, airy, and comfortable. The soldiers were at their suppers or thrumming an air of their native land. Their term of service is limited here to six years, a long enough exile, but important to the Government, not only on account of the expense of transportation, but also because when once acclimated and thus protected from the dreadful disease of the climate they are more efficient and less expensive as soldiers. There was scarcely an old mustache among the battalions that displayed their skill in tactics. The age ranged from 18 to 25. They were fine-looking men. I was particularly satisfied with their uniform, which in all respects is adapted to the climate. The officers as well as men wore straw hats of panama which had moderately broad brims. Then the coat and trousers were of a dark mottled cotton stuff. Around the ankle and foot a leather strap was buckled to confine the shoe, securing a short legging, so that with the exception of the belt and musket, there was no appearance of military character. The officers are armed with revolver pistols and the men with Minie rifles. They have twenty thousand regular troops at Havana, besides a large body of militia enrolled.

“From the ramparts of the Morro we ascended 102 marble steps to the lantern of the lighthouse, a serious undertaking for those who had wandered so long over the solid mass of rocks that form the strata and spread out in every direction from the forts to the sea. When we descended from the light we were greeted on the platform by all the officers of the battalion, who came thus to do us the honor of a compliment. Being presented

to them all by the General, I expressed my gratification with the perfect discipline of their men and the satisfaction it gave me thus to meet them personally.

“Our boats had been ordered to the foot of the Morro, and instead of crossing the narrow bridge we descended by a broad paved road to the waterside, the officers all following us to the boats. Arrived there I had again to address and take leave of the officers and then of my attendants, the General and Colonel, and having taken a cordial mutual leave we separated, and it was eight in the evening when I got on board. The next morning at 7 A.M. we got under way, being towed out by the *Fulton*.”

Before taking leave of the old sailing frigate *Potomac* I make an extract again from the journal, as in the management of a steamer the wind is not the all-important agent of progress that it must be in a sailing vessel.

AT SEA, JANUARY 28, FOR PENSACOLA.

“Commences with a northwesterly wind and squally, with rain. The weather continued squally until night, and with light rain most of the day at intervals, moderate during the night and latter part of the day, until morning under reefed courses and three reefed topsails made sail.

“At meridian sounded in sixty-five fathoms on the coast of Florida.”

CHAPTER VIII

TRANSFERRED TO THE WABASH

IN October the *Potomac* was ordered north and as extensive repairs were needed, the command was transferred to the new auxiliary screw steamer *Wabash*, carrying forty of the new Dahlgren guns and 700 men, after which the winds do not play such an important part in the movements of the ship. In October, all being in readiness for sea, Paulding was directed to go to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and report his arrival to President Pierce, then visiting his native city, Concord, New Hampshire.

I quote from the journal: "The President sent me word he would be in Portsmouth on the 8th and would embark with a number of his friends on board the *Wabash* as soon afterwards as I would be prepared to receive him.

"On Wednesday morning the President arrived and with the Captain (F. Engle) I arranged for his coming the follow-

ing day. Among those who accompanied him were General Henderson, from Indiana, George Washington, Mr. Tilden, and Alan-son Tucker, a young gentleman by the name of Hanse, from Boston, Sydney Webster, and Marshal Hoover. The day was bright and clear, with scarcely wind enough to ripple the water. The ship was as clean and neat as she could be made, and with her clean hammocks looked like a picture. As the President with his Union Jack approached the ship, the men lay out and spread themselves on the yards, which of itself was a beautiful sight, and when I received him on the deck at the gangway, three cheers greeted his welcome on board. At the same time a salute of twenty-one guns from our heavy broadside commenced booming thunder, and the Union Jack took its place at the mast-head, while the burgee broad pennant, my signal of office, came down, and I saluted the President with the appellation of 'Admiral.'

"After being presented to the officers he walked aft and then on the forward part of the spar deck, seeming to be in fine spirits. He expressed to me his gratification in my being on board the ship as he was to embark in her. In making my acknowledgments

I remarked that there were many gallant officers that would esteem it great good fortune to be in my place. He said, 'Yes,' but it would not be equally satisfactory to him, as in me he found an old friend, and it was thus much more agreeable to him. He descended and I showed him to his room, where he found Peter, who had prepared for his comforts. I had given up my room to him and put my bed in a cot. His friends now came on board, and while they were going round the ship an ample table was spread with everything that could be placed upon it, and on their return to the cabin ample justice was done to the viands, which were swept off without stint or ceremony. The President mingled for a time with his friends and retired. Subsequently the company departed and at about 4 P.M. we hoisted the anchor up and stood out to sea, receiving the vociferous applause of multitudes of people assembled on the shore.

"We were seated at dinner as we came to the Isle of Shoals, where, when it was reported we were approaching them, he rose from an unfinished meal and went to contemplate a locality interesting to him from some past remembrance. The engine performed well and, as evening approached, the land receded

from our view and the broad ocean lay before us in the repose of elemental rest. Not a cloud obscured the heavens, the moon shone brightly and with all her splendor, dimming the stars with her pale light, which barely suffered them to twinkle their visible existence. The scene was pleasant, quiet, and calm, and the President seemed to dwell with rapture on all the influences that surrounded him. They were in harmony with his own spirit, relieved from the stirring emotions which had so recently swelled his indignant heart, and breathed from his lips the impassioned eloquence prompted by the injustice of his foes whom he had consigned to the scorn and contempt of their fellow men. He was now enjoying the quiet that he could not have known from the commencement of his presidential term. He conversed carelessly and pleasantly with all around him, lingering on deck until a late hour, contemplating the unusual scene with an interest that could alone be experienced by a great mind. The ship itself, with wonderful power and capacity, the seamen in the performance of their ever varying duties, the officers discharging theirs, with every moment some novelty to arrest attention, were all calculated to amuse and

instruct the mind of even a great landsman.

“General Pierce was now the first President of the United States that had ever during his official term ventured so far from the capital and trusted his fortunes to the uncertainties of a sea life, and it will doubtless be remembered as an interesting era as well by the nation as by the Navy. It is certain that it will be pleasantly remembered by all those whose happiness it was to be his shipmates on the occasion. He was always easy of access and conversed freely and playfully with the officers, and often addressed the seamen with a pleasant word. Peter, his Irish servant, was given the direction of things, and, as far as it suited his own views, instructed the steward in his duties. He did good and faithful service. He had been with Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore and prided himself on his association. The former had given him a blue coat with bright buttons, and when Peter got that on, he might be taken for a well-fed Irish nobleman.”

The days passed pleasantly when on the 17th, the *Wabash* having arrived at Annapolis, the President prepared to leave the ship for Washington. I quote again from the

journal. "Everything being prepared, the men nicely dressed, and the officers in full uniform, the President ascended the 'horse block' to take leave of the officers and crew in a short address. The seamen had been instructed to be silent until the President had concluded what he had to say; a patting of the feet on the deck after the first few sentences was duly admonished and all was silence. Again the President proceeded and his eloquence touched the hearts of all that heard him. He was listened to with that deep emotion that swells the heart as the stirring inspiration of a gifted mind appeals to the higher sensibilities of our nature. Every face was lighted up with an expression of joy, and the eyes of many were suffused with tears. A feeling of respect for the Chief Magistrate of the nation and a disposition to subordination had suppressed the seamen for a time, but the heart was now too full for obedience and a loud hurrah burst from every lip, as if it were at the same instant. The kindled fire flamed as the orator went on, and one continued peal of applause followed the termination of almost every sentence, until in about ten minutes he concluded with a farewell, and descended to

the boat. The officers were not less moved than the seamen, nor less disposed to give expression to their admiration of eloquence and genius. As the boat moved from the ship, followed by two others, the yards were manned and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired when the Union Jack came down and the broad pennant, the emblem of the Commodore's office, went to the mast-head again.

“Myself and Captain Engle, by command of the President, accompanied him, and after a delay of some hours at the Naval School we went in the cars to Washington. We were delayed for some time at the Baltimore Junction and there heard, with evident satisfaction to all our distinguished party, the result of the election that had just taken place in Pennsylvania. We also learned that the citizens of Washington had been prepared to give the President a handsome reception on the preceding evening. It was after seven when we arrived at the Washington depot. There we met an immense crowd and, in passing through it, ascertained that the citizens of Washington had united, without distinction of party, to give the President a cordial reception. The President told Captain Engle and myself each to take an arm and hold on to him.

“In the rotunda of the depot we met the Mayor and committee. The Mayor addressed the President in a set speech, to which the President replied, when we made our way to the carriage which was in waiting. I was seated alongside the President, and Captain Engle and the Mayor sat in front. In the midst of great cheering from the crowd we rode slowly on. Fires were blazing along the streets and at intervals we found assemblages of people who cheered. The President stood up with his hat off, and thus we passed on a walk until we arrived at the presidential mansion, the roar of artillery being constant from the time of our leaving the depot. Around the front of the White House was a great assemblage of people and a military division called the City Guard. The Colonel addressed the President in a set speech, to which a reply was made, and the Chief of the nation bade good night and retired within to his own domestic altar, where the welcome of affection awaited him. The Captain and I also entered the door of our new home, having listened to the last hurrah, and we soon found ourselves established in large rooms beautifully furnished and everything arranged to secure the most perfect comfort.

The President himself soon made his appearance and gave his personal attention to the inspection of everything, that his guests might feel assured of his courtesy. His other guests were cared for with the same solicitude."

Five or six days were thus passed at the White House, where Commodore Paulding met many distinguished and interesting people. While some repairs were being made to the *Wabash* the Commodore went to his home at Huntington and, as he said, had the satisfaction of seeing the winter preparations for the comfort of his family tolerably complete.

Just before sailing again he says:

"I had the satisfaction of receiving Mr. Washington Irving with many of his friends. The officers in receiving him wore their epaulettes and we gave him a salute of fifteen guns. He was gratified, as were his party, all of whom were his family friends."

On the 28th of October, 1856, they crossed the bar and were off, a year from the day they sailed in the *Potomac*. All went well during the first days of the cruise, but on the 30th of November a heavy gale with high seas put them in great jeopardy, and the

remainder of the trip to Aspinwall was full of unpleasant experiences. Extracts from the Admiral's letters give details.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
AGUADILLIA, I'D OF PORTO RICO,
December, 1856.

"We arrived here to-day, and will sail to-morrow for Aspinwall. Our passage thus far would have been pleasant but for a gale we encountered in the Gulf Stream when our ship rolled with unusual violence, our rigging became very slack, much of our ironwork gave way, and altogether we had not only an exciting time, but serious accidents. We lost one man who was killed by the breaking of a piece of iron whereby he was struck violently with a block. He never spoke afterward and died the next day. He was one of the *Potomac's* men, and a man of excellent character. At the same time a man had his ribs broken. Another man had his leg broken, a compound fracture, three were dreadfully scalded, and broken heads, bruised limbs, and sprains in numbers amounting to thirty at least. I myself had a severe fall and escaped serious injury narrowly. I had just left the deck, where I saw a number of men thrown to leeward with an unaccountable precipitancy by a lurch of the ship. One fellow near where I was standing, although in a reclining posture, went as far as amidships, when he turned a sommersault and landed heavily at the next moment against the lee side of the ship.

"I thought this, with what I had seen, would be a caution to me and soon after went to the cabin and seated myself on the sofa. I thought of something to be done on deck and rose to get my cap from my room

when just at that moment, without my perceiving a movement, the ship rolled so suddenly that I had no time to control my tendency of gravitation. Away I went like a shot out of a gun, but in my descending way caught fairly with full and open right hand the stanchion amidships in the hope of holding on. It was a great mistake, however, as my hold was broken by the preponderance, and I brought up over the legs of chairs which had been secured, laid down alongside the scaf, and was thrown, doubled and twisted, literally on that article of furniture, my head and shoulders coming in contact with the bulkhead of the Captain's room. I was amazed, felt hurt, and lay for some time before I rose to experience the extent of my injury. I felt that the small of my back was bruised, my wrist and arm strained, and that the sinews of my neck had not escaped. This, as I afterward found, was the extent of my injury. I was sore and somewhat lame for a few days when my ailings passed off.

“When recovered from the first surprise I went carefully on deck, thinking if the Captain should get such a fall how much inconvenience it would be to him as well as myself. I told him of my experience and begged that he would be particularly careful to guard against accident. We stood together for a time and in half an hour saw the main rigging slack up so that it afforded no support to the mast, and gave direction to have it set up. I went below and was seated there for a short time when I heard of numerous accidents from a sudden roll of the ship. One after another was reported to me and then that the Captain was severely hurt. In a moment afterward he was brought below with his head dreadfully cut. A deep gash three inches long had severed his scalp on the right side above

the temple, and the sinews of his neck were greatly strained. He escaped by the merest chance, being thrown upon the gun deck, which would probably have killed him.

“I had then to assume his duties. The rigging slacked and the ironwork gave way fore and aft, and the reports of evil omen that were brought reminded me of King Richard the Third, of Shakespeare, when the battle was going against him. The First Lieutenant, although doing his duty manfully, said we must put back to repair, to which I replied not whilst there was a mast standing. You will suppose from all this that we had something more than a usual time, but our damages were repaired without putting back and we have had fine weather since and the hurt are doing well. I have felt very sorry for my poor old Captain, who is as fine and manly a fellow as one would wish to see or sail with. The truth is that I have not met with a man that I like better.”

Extract of a letter to Mrs. Paulding:

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
AT ANCHOR AT SEA NEAR ASPINWALL,
December 13, 1856.

“Nothing of any particular interest occurred to us after the date of my last scribbling until yesterday, when we made the land on this coast near the port of Porto Bello, famed in times past as one of the great treasure ports of Spain, from whence America sent her treasures to enrich Spain. It rained before we made the land and continued to do so all day. In the afternoon it fell in torrents and the weather was very thick and the locations along the land only to be noted by a

close proximity. The Captain was on deck in his waterproof and I put on mine and joined him. There was no wind, and the calm and warm weather made our steam languid both because we wanted draught and cold water for condensing — our rate of going was about five or six miles an hour without sails. We had thus coasted the shore along from headland to headland, keeping so near that Aspinwall could not escape us, until the hour of six. The thick weather and rain rendered objects still less visible than before, when suddenly the rain ceased for a time and it became comparatively clear. To our amazement it providentially unveiled a scene that filled us with great anxiety. Breakers were extending along on our starboard bow and a high bluff of land was there, whilst on the port side there was not room to wear. No time could be lost and our situation each moment became more critical.

“The engine was stopped and orders given to back, whilst the helm was put hard to port. The ship’s headway was by this means somewhat lessened, but her bow pointed to the breakers and she was slowly surging on them. Usually the engine backs in three minutes, but now it took nearer half an hour. In expectation of backing, by which we should have gone off, we held on to our anchor until the last moment. From ten fathoms, however, we went to nine, to eight and seven, when the anchor was let go. It was too late, as the ship bore it along with her, and in a few minutes every man held his breath as we felt her strike. Again she rose upon the swell and came down harder than before, and after a breathless interval she rose and came down with her great weight and it seemed as if her masts would go through her bottom, and this was

once or twice repeated when she rested upon the sand. I had scarcely a hope that her timbers would ever have left that place, and you may suppose how painful were the conflicting feelings that were then oppressing my heart and mind. Thank God my fortitude and presence of mind sustained me without the flinching of a nerve. I took the Captain, who was alongside of me, by the hand, led him to the quarter-deck, told him to get out his boats and carry out an anchor astern, have his axes ready to cut away the masts, etc., etc., and everything went on with less confusion than you could have supposed, under circumstances calculated to try the steady courage of men more than battle.

“The ship had rested on the ground from the gangway forward — abaft that, there was water enough. . Every minute was lengthened out to a long time. At last the engine began to work and the propeller to back, the men were all sent aft to lighten her forward, and she began to move and in a few minutes was fairly afloat. That was a moment like triumph, a heavy load fell from every man’s heart, and the Captain gave the signal for a hurrah that silenced the roar of the angry breakers. We got her round and stood out, and lay by during the night just clear of the land. The ship has been made to leak some and we shall have to go into dock when we get home. The rest of the winter I shall hope to spend with you. The Captain is every inch a man and a noble fine fellow. No situation could be more trying than ours, and I am proud to have in remembrance the true bearing of the officers and men.”

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

The winter passed with the ordinary incidents of exchange of civilities between

the officers of foreign vessels and officials of the various stations, and in the short times intervening between constant expeditions to investigate places along the coast. On the 25th of May, 1857, he writes in the journal: "I took the fleet surgeon and Captain Stout and landed on the reef off Point Torro. It was low water and the reef was bare — broken coral. Along the ledges there were plenty of good sized pan-fish, which took whatever of food we threw into the water for them. We found a bed of small oysters. We left, and landed on a small sand beach, where were two canoes leaving for Aspinwall. We went to the hut hard by and saw two or three mulatto men and women and five young children entirely naked. They were eating rice, which was shared by a lean dog. Vegetation was luxuriant and the forest dense. Sugar-cane, bananas, and pappas grew without cultivation. Cocoanut trees were everywhere growing alongshore. We returned at sundown."

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1857.

OFF ASPINWALL.

"I landed on the reef at Point Torro, where there are some cocoanut trees. Lewis, one of the boat's crew, climbed one of the trees for fruit and found there what we call a mongoose. Others came to his assist-

ance and after a great struggle the animal was beaten to the ground and secured. It was gray, with two heavy black stripes running over the shoulders, which are broad, indicating great strength. From the shoulders it tapers gradually, terminating in a tail about two feet long, thick at the body and growing smaller toward the end. The nose was five or six inches long and tapering. The legs were not unlike those of a lizard, strong and armed with claws, the nails on which were very hard and sharp and of great strength, as was indicated by its crushing large sticks that were thrust toward it. It was covered with hair, except the tail, which was almost bare, and the skin thick and hard. It weighed from twelve to twenty pounds and altogether was such a creature that few persons strange to it would have thought of attempting to capture. In the strife it got some severe cuts and bruises. The men brought it to the boat and tied its tail to the awning stanchions, where it seemed subdued and quiet."

MAY 28th.

"Two boats went with the seine and returned within a few hours with a fine supply of fish — an abundance for the whole crew."

MAY 30th.

"A very heavy shower came off from the land with thunder and lightning, a waterspout passed near us to seaward."

MAY 31st.

"The *Cyane* came and anchored at 8 P.M."

JUNE 4th.

"Order from the Secretary of the Navy for the *Cyane* to visit San Juan del Norte, and should any of

our countrymen who had been engaged in the expedition with General William Walker present themselves on board, to receive and convey them to Aspinwall. Knowing there are at this time one hundred and fifty persons of that description there, I hurried the preparation of the *Cyane*, and in the morning sent her sailing orders to go to sea in the evening."

JUNE 6th.

"The English mail steamer *Dee* arrived from San Juan del Norte. Colonel Couty, having some of Walker's men in charge, and not having received my letter, sent by the *Dee* a young man named John Tabor who had served with Walker and was editor of the *Nicaraguensa*. The poor fellow was in rags, had lost some of his fingers shot away, and had his leg broken. He seemed about twenty-five and of an intelligent and active spirit. He was sent to inform me of the condition of his comrades.

JUNE 10th.

"H. B. M. screw steamer *Tartar* came in and anchored. Captain Erskine, the senior officer present, immediately came on board to offer the services of the *Tartar* to go to Greytown for our unfortunate countrymen. I acknowledged his courtesy, but declined the service, as Commander Robb in the *Cyane* was instructed to bring here all who might present themselves for protection. In the evening Captain Erskine and Dunlop came on board and I landed with them to call on our minister to Bogotá, Mr. Bowlin, who is staying with Colonel Totten. After a call on him we called on the English vice-consul, Mr. Cowan, and returned on board a little after nine. Wooding and watering as fast as possible. The weather looks stormy outside."

JUNE 11th.

“At 3 P.M. I sat down to my table at dinner with Mr. Bowlin, our minister to Bogotà, or New Granada, Colonel Totten of the Panama Railroad Co., Mr. Cowan, the English vice-consul, Capt. John E. Erskine of H. M. S. *Orion*, Commander Pollard, and Captain Dunlop of H. M. steam propeller *Tartar*, Lieuts. Sinclair, Beaumont, and Fairfax. The company remained at table until near eight o'clock. The dinner was very good for the place and all passed off pleasantly.”

JUNE 18th.

“The *Cyane* coming in slowly. She brought from San Juan 142 men, women, and children. Fifty of the men were sick and wounded. Captain Erskine sent Commander Pollard to say that he would send his boats or render any other service he could. I accepted his boats for the following day, having determined, as the only thing that could be done, to transport them in the *Wabash* to New York. The company refused to take the sick and wounded and would not take any to New York. They would send the well to New Orleans for forty dollars for grown people and twenty for children. The fleet surgeon recommended by letter that the sick and wounded should go to New York. I made sailing orders for the *Saratoga* to go to San Juan del Norte till further orders, and detailed the other vessels of the fleet to other stations, which kept me very busy.”

The following day the filibusters were put on board the *Wabash*. The officers and men gave up all they could for their

accommodation. The account of the condition of the sick and wounded is dreadful beyond description. Those who have known the result of neglect and destitution can imagine it. There were thirteen women who all behaved well, "deporting themselves wonderfully well under the circumstances." There was difficulty in making the able-bodied men minister to the necessity of their suffering comrades, but after finding their ration withheld for twenty-four hours they came to terms. One, formerly a colonel of United States dragoons, afterward a colonel in Walker's army, died on the way home. His wife was with him.

June 29th the *Wabash* arrived at New York and all took their departure. The sick were sent to Bellevue Hospital, and the ship was ordered to get ready for sea. Some men whose time was up were discharged and the places were filled by others, and on the 30th of July the *Wabash* sailed for Aspinwall, arriving there on the 12th of August.

During the month of August a reconnaissance of the Isthmus was ordered regarding the feasibility of an interoceanic canal.

From the journal, Wednesday, September 23, 1857:

“It rained hard early in the day. I dined with Captain Gray on board the *Star of the West*.¹ He told me she had six boats, no one of which would carry twenty people, and in case of the loss of the ship at sea the passengers must perish for the want of boats, and as a necessary consequence the mails and treasure would be lost.”

OCTOBER 2d.

“Cloudy with light wind from the north. The *Northern Light* arrived from New York with mails and five hundred passengers, brought the sad news of the foundering of the *Central America* and loss of five hundred passengers.”

From a letter dated:

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, OFF ASPINWALL,
October 2d, 1857.

“The *Northern Light* came in last evening at 9 P.M. and at eleven we had your letter and the papers. I had got into a sound sleep when Leon and Tatt woke me up to give me my letters and to tell me the sad, sad tale of poor Herndon’s loss with five hundred passengers, and I have felt like weeping all day. Poor Herndon played his part manfully, saving the women and children, and when he sunk in his hapless ship he must have had a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that he could have done nothing more. I have worn our colors at half-mast to-day for him. It was all we could do. Poor John Dobbin, too, went down with the ship. I had a pleasant interview with him here and introduced and commended him

¹ One of the ships belonging to the Transit Co.

to Herndon just before they left. . . . Herndon and his passengers were lost for the want of boats. It was not blowing a hurricane, nor anything like it, not even a heavy gale, and suitable boats in sufficient number would have saved everybody and perhaps the mail and treasure. They had time enough, and even the small boats they had went backward and forward to the brig. The case is a palpable one. I have been for a long time observing this deficiency, and had written a letter to the Department on the subject to go by the *Central America*. Wanting to consider further on the subject and not being quite satisfied with the phraseology, I laid it by and rewrote it two days since, when I gave it to the Secretary to prepare for my signature, and it was so prepared when this melancholy exemplification was presented in the loss of the *Central America* and her passengers. I shall send it by this mail, backed by the proof of the calamity which will carry mourning through the country far and wide."

OCTOBER 6th.

"At 12.30 the first train of passengers arrived from Panama. Eight hundred in all came over and there were one hundred more on the Isthmus, so that the *Northern Light*, which is four hundred tons less than the *Illinois*, takes home nine hundred passengers. They were generally miners, laborers, and altogether a very rough-looking set. The steamer passed us about nine. Our band played and we exchanged cheers, and rockets were thrown and they went on their way. Immediately after we got under way and stood out, steering N. N. W. for Providence Island. The weather was very fine — almost calm — and the sea smooth."

OCTOBER 7th.

“At 4 A.M. we made the island of New Providence and when day broke, at five, saw the *Northern Light* anchored. She had run on shore the previous evening at six and got off at three in the morning. We were glad, having made preparations thinking we would have to get her off.”

OCTOBER 8th. OLD PROVIDENCE.

“This island is claimed by New Granada, but there are no officers of Government. The island is about five miles long and two wide; volcanic, high, and mountainous. It is healthy and the soil is very productive. There are in all five hundred inhabitants. The cane, coffee, and cocoa grow finely. Here we got oranges for one dollar a hundred, limes for five cents, alligator pears for a cent apiece, watermelons, plantain, bananas, pigs, chickens, and beef. Haviland supplied us with fish. Here we found a seed that the natives use in preference to coffee. The plant is an annual, growing about two feet high, branching out, and bearing the seed in pods three or four inches long, the pod and seed resembling that of the locust. It grows in great luxuriance wild and seems a very hardy plant. A black woman gave me some coffee made from it, which was palatable and precisely like coffee.

“At midnight we got under way and at daylight made the island of St. Andrew’s. This island is one of the most favored spots in the world. It is moderately high, the hills rising with a gentle ascent with broad and beautiful valleys considering the extent of the island. At the southern extremity is a mile or two of low level land where we saw large fields of corn and cane. The sides of some of the hills were covered with

extensive plantations of cocoanut trees, which appeared very beautiful. The hurricanes never reach here and with the exception of a short interval the mild and refreshing trade-winds blow ceaselessly. The island has somewhat more than a thousand inhabitants. It is from five to six miles long and about two broad. It furnishes supplies of cattle, pigs, and poultry, with a variety of vegetables — yams, sweet potatoes, cocoa, yucca — and the fruits — oranges, bananas, plantains, alligator pears, limes, and many others — are very abundant and good. Indian corn grows well and the cane, coffee, and cocoa are here in their favored region. Many of the hills and valleys are covered with forest.”

NOVEMBER 2d.

“Rain during the afternoon. We found the rigging on the spar deck covered with fungi. Mr. Bowie came to me with a letter from Mr. Corwine regarding a small English brig that wanted her sails repaired. He seemed a man of intelligence and gave me much information in regard to Boca del Torro, Chiriqui, and the coast from here to San Juan del Norte. Moyén or Salt Creek is the only place this side of San Juan del Norte where Walker could land and make his way into Costa Rica. It is sixty miles from San José. There is no harbor, but a mule road after leaving the river. He named six streams that lead from Chiriqui, up which he trades in large canoes. The town of Chiriqui is forty miles from the lagoon and there are savannas of great extent as far as the eye can see, and vast herds of cattle. At Boca del Torro commence a range of coal mines where he has seen coal extending for twenty leagues and where a vessel may go alongside of the shore and load. Mr. Bowie told me it was anthracite,

but subsequently Colonel Totten informed me that it was bituminous and of little value. Mr. Bowie says the place is healthy and that at Boca del Torro there is no underbrush and you can see through the large trees at a great distance; that there is fine shooting of wild turkeys and hogs; on the shore is found abundance of turtle, and fish in the bay. There are about twelve hundred inhabitants."

CHAPTER IX

THE CAPTURE OF WILLIAM WALKER

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
December 11th, 1855.

Sir: The condition of affairs in Nicaragua, instead of assuming the appearance incident to a stable and well regulated Government cheerfully acquiesced in by the people, threatens to become more complicated. Although the instructions already given may be entirely sufficient, it is considered prudent to put you in possession of more recent intelligence and to advise you distinctly of the relations of your Government to the authorities claiming to be in the lawful exercise of the functions of the Government of that State.

Mr. Wheeler, the U. S. minister to Nicaragua, had been instructed not to recognize or have official intercourse with Mr. Walker, or those who favor his revolutionary proceedings and claim to administer the affairs of that republic. Previous, however, to receiving those instructions, our minister had pursued a different course. I send you a copy of the latest instructions to him in order that you may distinctly understand the views of your Government. The President has called my attention to the following extract from Mr. Wheeler's despatch of the 12th ulto.:

"I hope that soon a ship of war will be at San Juan del Norte. In which event, as I learn from good authority, the present Government of Nicaragua will

assert its rights to the town and port of San Juan del Norte by taking possession and hauling down the Mosquito flag and raising their own, it may be proper to give instructions to the commander of any United States ship that may visit that port, since it is said and believed that this occupation by Nicaragua will be opposed by the English naval force, which is always present in that harbor."

It is inferred from this statement that Mr. Wheeler is regulating his movements in regard to San Juan del Norte with the hope of receiving countenance and assistance from the naval force of the United States. It is not, however, inferred that the opinion is entertained that the British naval force will take possession of San Juan for the purpose of occupying or colonizing it, or retaining it at all, but that they may possibly interfere simply to carry out the views of the British Government in the exercise of a protectorate over the Mosquito territory, so far as to prevent any force from "hauling down" the Mosquito flag, and no farther. If that be the case, then I am directed by the President to instruct you to confine any interference on your part exclusively to the protection of American citizens. It is proper that I should add that official correspondence with the British Government confirms the President in the opinion that there is no intention on their part to take possession of San Juan.

You have already been advised that your Government differs essentially from the Government of Great Britain in its interpretation of the treaty of 1850, and that the President will not recede from or abandon his construction of it. It is proper, however, that I should inform you that the questions arising under the treaty are now the subject of investigation, and that the hope

of satisfactory adjustment has not as yet been entirely abandoned.

The instructions from the Secretary of State to Mr. Wheeler will inform you of the views of your Government toward Mr. Walker and the present unstable Government in Nicaragua, as yet unsanctioned by the people.

I am directed by the President to advise you that it is not expected of you to afford aid or countenance to any force which may attempt to seize San Juan del Norte under the party now assuming to be in power in Nicaragua. You will, however, afford protection to American citizens if there be any in that region who have not abandoned their own country and forfeited claims to protection.

I am not aware of any necessity whatever for detaining the *Fulton*, which bears you these despatches. You will, however, exercise your judgment. I am informed that the machinery is by no means strong and that it would not be safe to tax her severely.

I am respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. C. DOBBIN.

COMMODORE HIRAM PAULDING,
Commanding Home Squadron,
San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua.

The capture of William Walker during this cruise is a well known episode of the history of those days preceding the Civil War.

In being ordered to the Gulf of Mexico and with the flag-ship at Aspinwall and the *Saratoga* at Punta Arenas for the ostensible

object of preventing "filibusterism," the order was so vaguely and ambiguously worded that it was capable of a double interpretation. Paulding, who had not spent all his years in the service without a knowledge of what patriotism, the laws of the civilized world, and our treaty obligations involved, fearless of personal consequences, followed the dictates of his conscience, common sense, and the spirit of his orders and, as is well known, arrested the leader who has been termed "the gray-eyed man of destiny" and sent him with his companions, two hundred more or less, to New York—for which action the Republic of Nicaragua in its gratitude voted him twenty *caballieras* of land and a handsome jeweled sword, which last, Congress in 1861 allowed him to accept, but, feeling it a dangerous precedent, declined to allow him to accept the land.

The story of his action can best be told by the following letters and notes from the journal:

Letter from an officer on board the *Wabash*:

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
December 2d, 1857.

"This morning the shipping at Aspinwall was reduced to one vessel. Now it numbers ten. Of the arrivals four were steamers, one a man-of-war, English,

and last, but by far the greatest of the day, and that which concerns us most, is the steamer *Fashion*. The English mail steamer *Dee* came in at the same time and by her we received letters from Captain Chatard, saying that the *Fashion* had arrived at San Juan a week ago with Walker and one hundred and eighty men, 'officers of the Nicaraguan army and a few persons who are desirous of becoming citizens of the State,' as Walker remarks in his letter. They landed before the Captain and officers of the *Saratoga* knew or guessed who they were, and, after his having landed, Captain Chatard thought he could not interfere. Commodore Paulding received a long letter from Walker by the *Dee* complaining of the interference of Captain Chatard in not allowing him to take possession of some buildings on the point where he landed, which belong to a Mr. Scott, former agent of the Transit Company. A copy of Captain Chatard's and also of Walker's letter has been sent to the Department and will probably be published. Even if they are not, the papers will give you a better account of the transaction than I can. Walker is looking for the arrival of three more vessels, a steamer and two sailing vessels, and may wait at San Juan until we arrive there, which will be on Friday or Saturday, as we sail to-morrow.

"The opinion among the officers seems to be that Captain C. has made a very great mistake in allowing the men to land from the steamer, and as he was put there for the special purpose of preventing such landing, that he had not kept a sharper lookout. The Captain is exceedingly worried, apparently, as he may very well be, and I am afraid he has gotten himself in a very bad scrape."

ASPINWALL, Thursday, December 3, 1857.

“Afternoon — showers and squalls. The English mail steamer *Dee* arrived from San Juan with information that Walker had landed there with one hundred and fifty men. Soon after, the steamer *Fashion*, which had brought Walker from Mobile to San Juan del Norte, came in and anchored. Her papers were examined and she had no clearance. The Consul thought she should be seized, but did not like the responsibility or understand the form, and I did not consider it my duty. An English bark arrived from England.”

ASPINWALL, Friday, December 4, 1857.

“Heavy squalls of wind and rain, some thunder. After making up the mail and sending it on shore by the Consul, at 4 P.M., the steam being up, we got underway and stood out of the harbor. The ship walked out under steam beautifully. The wind afterward hauled west and west southerly. It rained some during the night and most of the morning. In the morning we made the land, first in the interior high and then lowland. We were under steam all night. At meridian it was squally with rain and we did not get an observation.”

OFF CHIRIQUI, December 5th.

“We stood in for the land and made what we supposed the harbor of Boca del Torro, with the rock at entrance to indicate it. Fired several guns and looked in vain for the *Fulton*. At 2.30 boarded a coasting schooner which said she was bound for Boca Torro, that it was about ten miles W. N. W., turned the propeller, and went on. Clear and pleasant. Came up with

Boca Torro after dark, firing a gun every fifteen minutes for an hour, and threw a rocket in hope of hearing from the *Fulton*. We concluded the *Fulton* must have left for San Juan del Norte and steamed on. We saw the range of high mountains on the shore of Costa Rica. It rained some during the night and a heavy swell from the north. In the morning the mountains of Costa Rica were in sight. It is a beautiful range from five to seven thousand feet high."

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6th.

"Clear and pleasant. Under full steam for San Juan del Norte. When, in the evening, we came to the mouth of the Colorado we looked in vain for the *Fulton*. Kept on along shore and, having run up our distance to Point Arenas, at 10.30 P.M. hove to. Steamed during the night for an hour or two. At daylight the land in sight. Stood in for Point Arenas, and made signal for a pilot. Mr. Burton, the old pilot, came on board. Captain Chatard of the *Saratoga* sent a boat with the pilot and came himself afterward. He was much distressed that he had been placed under orders of an indefinite character in regard to Walker, whom he had permitted to pass him in the steamer *Fashion* and land one hundred and fifty men, and then permitted the stores and munitions of war to be landed on Point Arenas. Had he prevented the landing of the stores the men must have reembarked. Walker had attempted to seize upon the stores on the point claimed by the Transit Company and others, and had been prevented and was much out of humor with Captain Chatard in not allowing him to have his own way in everything, and wrote two impertinent letters to me about him.

“At 11 A.M. I went on shore to see Mr. Cottrell, our consul, and employed him to send a boat with a letter to Lieutenant-Commander Almy of the *Fulton* for her to come forthwith.”

OFF SAN JUAN,

Monday, December 7th.

“I returned on board at 2.30. The *Brunswick* and *Leopard*, English ships of war, had arrived, the former outside near us, the latter in port. When, at near three, we were at dinner Captain Ommanney came on board and dined with us, and soon afterward came Captain Wainwright of the *Leopard* and Mr. Green, the English consul, who sat down with us. Then came Colonel Hornsby and Commodore Fatchio of Walker’s army, with a letter from Walker. I gave them an audience in my room, read the letter, told them the tone of that and of the previous one was objectionable and that they were here irregularly and had none of my sympathy, etc., etc., and with this they left me. In view of the violation of our laws and the disgrace to our country by the invasion by the piratical assemblage on Point Arenas, I have determined to displace Walker and have taken measures accordingly. It rained hard all night and morning, with thunder and lightning, breaking at about midday.”

OFF SAN JUAN, AT ANCHOR,

Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1857.

“Cloudy with a very heavy sea setting in. The *Brunswick* near us. At two Captain Ommanney sent an officer to say that the *Leopard* would leave for Kingston, Jamaica, at six, and offering to take any commands. We had nothing but our thanks. I sent orders by the *Saratoga*’s boat that she should haul in

abreast of Walker's camp and as near as she could, and anchor, with springs on her cable, and have her howitzers in her boats and be ready for any service. At 8 P.M. the *Leopard* came out and anchored near the *Brunswick*. At 4 P.M. it commenced raining, with thunder. The *Fulton* arrived at 5 P.M. from Boca Torro. The *Leopard* sailed for Kingston, Jamaica, at 6 P.M. A very heavy swell and raining. At daylight commenced getting out the boats and at 7 A.M. to send our men on board the *Fulton*. At 11 A.M., with three hundred of the crew of the *Wabash*, including all the marines, and with the howitzers mounted in the boats, we stood in for the harbor of San Juan."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9th.

✓ "Anchored off San Juan. The weather was clear and pleasant, the sea very high. We anchored the *Fulton* near the *Saratoga*, and when the boats, with the howitzers and all, was in readiness we got under way and ran alongside of Scott's wharf. The broadside of the *Saratoga* was sprung to bear on Walker's camp, the launches with howitzers were posted so as to enfilade the defenses, and the marines of the *Saratoga* and *Fulton*, as well as the marines and small-armed men of the *Wabash*, were landed and paraded near the filibuster camp and ready for action. With this disposition of the force, amounting to three hundred besides those in the boats, Captain Engle took his gig and conveyed my letter to General Walker, demanding the surrender of his arms and the embarkation of himself and followers without delay. He read the missive without changing the movement of a muscle, and then said: 'I surrender to the United States.' With this Captain Engle commanded him to haul his flag down, which was ordered."

From Commodore Paulding to his wife:

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
OFF SAN JUAN DEL NORTE,
December 10, 1857.

To-morrow is my birthday and I am then sixty years old. This may do pretty well for a weakly boy, but I have something else to tell you about. The *Saratoga* sails for Norfolk to-morrow or the next day, taking with her about 150 of Walker's officers and men, whom I made war upon and captured here, fortunately without fighting and without a casualty of any kind. Your boy, as well as myself, was mixed up in the affair, and he, I think, wanted to fight, but I did not. The fact is that the display of our force was so beautiful, and the evidence of discipline so complete, that there was no chance for the filibusters. We were told that they would die rather than yield, and our minds were made up to subject them to the last necessity if it was forced upon us.

The *Fulton* had arrived just in time and we threw 250 of our men on board of her and stood in with our howitzers in boats. The arms and some of the men had to be lowered in the boats, such was the great swell.

The scene at landing was beautiful. The marines and seamen took their places and deployed on shore; the gunboats took theirs to enfilade the camp, and the *Saratoga* had her broadside to bear upon it. There was no chance for them, and when the gallant old Captain, with his lame legs, presented my letter demanding the surrender, Walker at once acceded to it. I was rejoiced, as you may suppose, to see his flag come down, for it saved much pain and great loss of life, as our men

would have destroyed them in the first onset. I interchanged several messages with Walker, the object on my part being consideration for him, but at last there was an impertinence that offended me and I commanded his instant embarkation. Upon this he came to see me, and this lion-hearted devil, who had so often destroyed the lives of other men, came to me, humbled himself, and wept like a child. You may suppose it made a woman of me, and I have had him in the cabin since as my guest. We laugh and talk as though nothing had happened, and you would think, to see him with the Captain and myself, that he was one of us. He is a smart fellow, and requires a sharp fellow to deal with him. I have taken strong measures in forcing him from a neutral territory. It may make me President or cost me my commission. I am sure I have done right, and if there is not a full justification it is because. . . . Besides Walker I have Hornsby, his second in command, and Walker's aide on board the *Wabash*, and all the men. I shall give Walker the chance of going in the *Saratoga* or presenting himself to Marshall Rynders in New York.

The English ship *Brunswick* is anchored near us. Her Captain and some of the officers witnessed the surrender. It was a splendid exhibition of a sham fight. The officers and our men behaved charmingly. Walker tells me, with the positive asseveration, that he considered he was acting with the knowledge and approbation of the President, and that he never would have embarked in the enterprise but from this belief. I cannot credit it. . . .

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

Order regarding Nicaragua:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
December 18, 1857.

Sir: Your despatches, Numbers 134, 135, 137, 138, and 139, not heretofore acknowledged, have been received.

The Department enjoins upon you particular vigilance in carrying out the instructions heretofore given you in relation to unlawful expeditions. In doing so you will be careful not to interfere with lawful commerce. But where you find that an American vessel is manifestly engaged in carrying on an expedition or enterprise from the territories or jurisdiction of the United States against the territories of Mexico, Nicaragua, or Costa Rica, contrary to the sixth section of the Act of Congress of April 20, 1818, already referred to, you will cause the force under your command to prevent it, and will not permit the men or arms engaged in it, or destined for it, to be landed in any part of Mexico or Central America.

The three points which it is most important to guard are Aspinwall, Chiriqui, and San Juan del Norte, and with this view you will dispose of the forces under your command to the best advantage.

The President directs me to inform you that he considers it all important that you should not leave the neighborhood of these points until further instructed by the Department, which you are hereby ordered not to do under any circumstances.

Should the *Saratoga* not have left before you receive this, you will suspend Commander Chatard from his command and order him to return to the United States to await the further action of the Department. You will then place Lieutenant George T. Sinclair in command of the *Saratoga*, with directions to carry out the

instructions to Commander Chatard, of the 16th ultimo, to proceed to Norfolk.

The *Jamestown*, Commander Kennedy, will leave Philadelphia early next week to join you at San Juan.

I am,

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ISAAC TOUCEY.

FLAG-OFFICER,

H. PAULDING,

Comd'g U. S. Home Squadron,

San Juan del Norte.

Letter to General William Walker demanding his surrender:

U. S. FLAG-SHIP WABASH,

OFF SAN JUAN DEL NORTE,

December 7th, 1857.

Sir: Your letter of Nov. 30 was received at Aspinwall and sent with my despatches to the Government. That of Dec. 2 came to my hands yesterday.

These letters surprised me with their tone of audacity and falsification of facts.

Your rude discourtesy in speaking of Captain Chatard of the *Saratoga* I pass without comment. The mistake he made was in not driving you from the Point Arenas when you landed there in defiance of his guns.

In occupying the Point Arenas and assuming it to be the headquarters of the army of Nicaragua, and you its commander-in-chief, you and your associates being lawless adventurers, you deceive no one by the absurdity.

Lieutenant Cilly of the *Saratoga* informs me that he

was in uniform, and you say he was in plain clothes, when you threatened to shoot him.

Whilst you use such threats it may be of some importance for you to know that if any person belonging to my command shall receive injury from your lawless violence, the penalty to you shall be a tribute to humanity.

Now, sir, you and your followers are here in violation of the laws of the United States and greatly to its dishonor, making war upon a people with whom we are at peace; and for the sake of humanity, public and private justice, as well as what is due to the honor and integrity of the Government of the United States, I command you and the people associated here with you to surrender your arms without delay and embark in such vessels as I may provide for that purpose. I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. PAULDING,

Flag-officer Com'g U. S. Home Squadron.

TO GEN. WM. WALKER,
Punta Arenas.

I certify the above to be a true copy.

T. PAULDING,
Comt. Secretary.

In this letter of later date to his wife, he says:

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
HAVANA, Feb. 5th, 1858.

“The question that I have raised pervades the republic, and is, in every view, a national question.

I did not want notoriety, but I stand upon the national platform now, as the demagogues would say, and would like to see by the action of Congress and the country whether the pirate who dishonors the country, or the officer of high trust who redeems its honor, is to carry the day in the national councils. It is a pretty quarrel between the rights and the wrongs. I am told that in the congressional debates I shall get it sharply. I hope I shall be there to see it. Coarse denunciations will be the worst, and that is no argument, so we will not trouble ourselves about it."

SUNDAY, Feb. 7th.

"To-day I received orders by the steamer *Isabel* to proceed to New York. I shall be with you in a week or ten days. . . ."

H. PAULDING.

Letter to Mr. Thomas F. Youngs concerning the capture of Walker:

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.,

December 3, 1858.

My dear sir: Since retiring from the command of the Home Squadron our interviews have been so brief that I have not been able to convey to you as I desired a somewhat connected narrative of my proceedings in the disarming of Walker and the consequent vexations and embarrassments. In the discharge of my public duties the first object was to meet the expectations of the Government and the country, and, if successful in this, I might look with confidence for the cordial sympathy of my neighbors and friends. In my course of public life I have aspired to no higher ambition than this.



HIRAM PAULDING
Commodore, U. S. N.
About 1857



The leading facts are known to you as a part of the history of the last year and I will simply sketch the programme so as to illustrate what I desire to convey. First of all, then, my flag-ship *Wabash* was stationed by the Department at Aspinwall, and San Juan del Norte was assigned as the station of the *Saratoga*. Much solicitude was felt by the Government in Washington in regard to the Filibuster movement in the South, having for its object the invasion of Nicaragua. The President had issued his proclamation forbidding the embarkation and, besides all other precautionary measures in the power of the Government to prevent the sailing of Walker and his followers, the steamer *Fulton* was sent to Mobile and New Orleans for information. The emissaries of the movement managed their affairs in such a way as to deceive Captain Almy and, after his arrival at Chiriqui, where he had been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy, he informed me that Filibusterism was dead and that there was not the least probability of Walker's leaving the United States with his followers. You may suppose therefore how much I was surprised, not long afterward, to learn from Captain Chatard, of the *Saratoga*, that Walker, in the steamer *Fashion*, after landing fifty men at the mouth of the Colorado River, had made the port of San Juan and under the *Saratoga* guns and, in defiance of her presence there, had landed himself with 150 men on Point Arenas.

The *Fashion* came to Aspinwall and Walker informed me by letter that he had landed.

The circular order from the State Department, which you have doubtless seen, had been furnished to me and to each commanding officer of the squadron. Although its commands did not comprehend my taking

these marauders on foreign soil, yet there, on an isolated sand bank, I found a set of lawless men, who, in defiance of the President's proclamation and all the requirements of the laws of our country, evading the vigilance of the public officers at home and in defiance of the guns of the *Saratoga*, at San Juan, sent there to prevent their landing, had disembarked under the American flag with the avowed purpose of making war upon a people with whom we were at peace. They had forfeited their rights as citizens and their presence endangered the peace of our country and interrupted its commerce.

In the broad sense of the word they were pirates and yet claimed to be there with the sanction of the President of the United States. What could I do but send them home? The honor of the country, law, justice, and humanity left me no other alternative.

I have been charged with an assumption of power, but some of our ablest and most distinguished men of the country claim for my justification that I acted in the spirit of my orders. Then, again, I have been gravely tasked for a violation of the soil of Nicaragua. Happily I have had it in my power to place upon the records of the Navy Department the thanks of Nicaragua, conveyed through its president, for removing these troublesome people from her territory.

Whilst Walker and his men were being sent to our ships of war, the river steamer *Morgan* arrived at San Juan from Castillo. She had been captured there by Frank Anderson, who commanded the party that had landed at the Colorado, and had on board at the time of her arrival about forty persons — men, women and children — who were reported as prisoners sent by Anderson to his chief, Walker.

The *Morgan* had belonged to the old transit company, had been seized by Walker during his first invasion of Nicaragua, was taken from him by Costa Rica, and was now again in the possession of this Filibuster party and used in their course of violence. A man by the name of McDonald claimed to be in possession, as the agent of Morgan and Garrison, and was acting as superintendent of steamers under the orders of Walker.

McDonald had landed from the *Fashion* with Walker and remained with him at Point Arenas until the capture of the steamers by Anderson, and then went up the river with an order from Walker, commanding Anderson to place the steamers in the possession of McDonald. I therefore identified McDonald as one of the Filibusters, sent him on board the *Saratoga*, turned prisoners and every one else out of the *Morgan*, and placed her in the care of the United States commercial agent as American property. The suit in which I am now called to defend myself is brought by this man McDonald for turning him out of the *Morgan* and sending him with other of his comrades on board the *Saratoga*.

Mr. Morgan denies that McDonald was his agent or that he had any concern with him.

Although the President did not fully approve of my disarming and sending Walker home, my good intentions are, I think, admitted, and I relied with confidence upon the law officers of the Government to defend me in this and other suits that might result from the transaction. In this I have been disappointed by the denial of the Government and, besides the vexation, you may suppose that, as a poor officer, I am oppressed and embarrassed by the unavoidable expenses to which it subjects me. I cannot but feel it a

hardship that in my old age, after serving in every grade and in every part of the world in every class of public vessels in the Navy without reproach, I should at this time be left to the legal persecution of lawless men for performing a difficult and painful duty which, however regarded by some, seems to have met the almost universal approval of the whole country.

In a matter of importance like this, where a doubt has been expressed, I have thought it due to myself as well as my friends that I should put them in possession of the facts, and, in doing so now, I am assured that I may continue to claim your respect and friendly regard.

With much esteem, I am,

Faithfully yours,

H. PAULDING.

MR. THOMAS F. YOUNGS,
41 South Street,
New York.

Concerning the capture of Walker, letter from Wm. M. Caldwell:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 29, 1857.

My dear Commodore: The whole city here is agog about you, your late gallant doings, and none more so than your friends. Old Woodhull goes about shaking that big head of his, swearing that as for his part, tho' something of a Filibuster and a Walker man, nevertheless you did the very exact thing you should have done — puts everybody down who says one word against the capture, and declares that he has reason for knowing that the Government will sustain you. Although the

news only transpired the day before yesterday, yet so public is everything with us that I have been enabled to pick up a pretty good general idea of opinions upon the subject. So far as I can learn, the feeling among intelligent persons is that, although in the abstract, according to Vatel, you infringed upon neutral territory, yet that it was one of those very cases where such an act was excusable, nay, most desirable, that in taking the responsibility of the capture you acted as a statesman and an officer and that it was the very thing. As to your letter to Walker, its stern and terse Anglo-Saxon spirited phrases are in every one's mouth, especially the delicate and new method of stating the hanging alternative.

At first blush it is said that Government will disavow your act as illegal and not warranted by instructions, but the sober second idea is that, in view of your report, peculiar circumstances, and not forgetting the President's message, they will, if they do not approve the act, at least do nothing adverse to you. I have no doubt if the Government were not so anxious to please the extreme South wing you would be most signally sustained. One thing, my dear Commodore, you may be certain of, and that is that in the hearts of the vast majority of the people and with all the best of them you will be applauded and admired and have gained a large measure of their love, no small thing for a patriotic heart. I know that the English here are very glad of the course you have pursued. I saw your letter or report to the Secretary of the Navy and it is everywhere highly approved, excepting always by the Southern extreme and a few retainers of the Government. I learn from good authority — in fact, the Secretary of the Navy mentioned to a naval officer

high in rank that whatever he might politically think, he entirely approved of your conduct officially, and I have no doubt but that you will receive with your despatches stronger approval even than that.

With entire regard and respect,

Very faithfully,

Your friend,

(Signed) WM. M. CALDWELL.

For his praiseworthy maintenance of treaty obligations and neutrality laws Commodore Paulding was promptly relieved from his command by the superior authorities, who disavowed all complicity in his resolute act. Commodore Paulding went into retirement with the sympathy of millions of his fellow citizens. During the remainder of the term of President Buchanan he was officially ignored.

In his peaceful retreat at Huntington he possessed his soul in patience. Although he was involved in annoying lawsuits by those whose plans he had foiled, he was happy in the consciousness of having done his duty, and, surrounded by those who loved and appreciated him, he bided his time.

CHAPTER X

FRIENDSHIPS

PEBBLES on the beach are not more surely shaped and formed than are we by our surroundings, and the unconscious influence of a friend is sometimes a main factor in a life. Among the old letters preserved by Hiram Paulding are several from his kinsman, James K. Paulding, and William Irving — older men, whose interest in the lad was fully appreciated by him and whose good advice he carefully followed. As years went on, his choice of friends indicated a rare discrimination. In his friendships there was a steadfastness rare in these days of change. He did not look for perfection, but certain traits in people attracted him and he made the most of their good points — developing the good and restraining whatever seemed to him unworthy. Thus realizing his own weakness as common to fallible man, he brought out in his intercourse with men all that was best in them, and when others

called attention to their faults, his reply so often was, "Poor humanity," which expressed, as we well knew, his broad charity and his sympathy with human weakness. Certain traits were abhorrent to him. He intuitively recoiled from meanness, bullying, deceit, narrow-mindedness, and coarseness.

Two friendships formed in early life were a source of happiness and benefit to him in many ways, and were unsevered until the life-line went out of reach.

The friends were Lieutenant Josiah Tatt-
nall and Mr. Siday Hawes of England. A letter or two from his English friend prove his value as an intimate. Paulding often said that his friend, Mr. Hawes, who was a man of letters and of high culture, had imbued him with his love for all that was best in life and literature.

In 1818 we find the name of an officer of the same rank and age associated with Paulding at the time of the fitting out of the *Macedonian*, and from that date to the last days of these two men the friendship with Josiah Tatt-
nall was an element of happiness in the lives of both. An indication of the friendship was seen in the naming of their sons for each other, Paulding Tatt-
nall and Tatt-
nall Paulding. Among the treasured

letters are many from Tattnall, and the subjoined extract from Paulding's sketch of his friend, found among his papers, shows how true and sincere was the feeling which at the last becomes almost pathetic.

“In the reminiscences of the past, now that I have grown old, I recall, with a dear recollection, the possession of a friend. None but those whose being has been so closely allied to that of another man as to feel that what was dear to the one found a sympathetic pulsation in the heart of another can realize the affection that I gave and that I received from my honorable, gentle, generous, and brave friend, Josiah Tattnall. I have never known what merit I possessed in his estimation that secured to me his friendship, but for myself I can say that I was in love with his chaste and pure cast of character, his high-toned and chivalric honor, his generosity and gentleness to all humanity, his joyous, guileless playfulness with his friends, and, when there seemed occasion for an exhibition of sterner manhood, his unflinching nerve that knew no fear. We were young officers of the Navy when we first met, about the year 1817, and from that time until we had both reached the highest rank known to our Navy were

more or less associated officially or socially until the end — of this chapter — not to be named.

“In the summer of 1818 the frigate *Macedonian*, then at the Navy Yard in Boston, was prepared for a cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and Tattnall and myself were ordered as two of the youngest lieutenants. While the ship was getting ready, we were quite at leisure to amuse ourselves in our own way and there I became more and more in love with his charming traits of personal character. Our apartments were together. We held our social gatherings in the middle of the day, at which time all our young friends were assembled to bandy wit and jest and fun, and in no such gathering of youth could the elements of courtesy and kindness be more essentially displayed — and to no one were we so much indebted for our happy hours as to our young Georgian Lieutenant. We sailed in September, were wrecked in a hurricane, repaired in Norfolk and, passing Cape Horn, arrived at Valparaiso in Chile about the month of May. There, at the time, was a fleet preparing to invade Peru, then in possession of Spain. The fleet was commanded by Lord Cochrane of Great Britain, whose officers were of his national-

ity. We had no great good-will toward them."

Then follows an account of the social passages at arms that would naturally result on the meeting of those whose official relations recently had been those of hostility, and, after a cruise up and down the coast, their term of duty being over, the two young men returned to the United States and were for a time together at Partridge's Academy, after which they both made a cruise in Commodore Porter's squadron, prepared for the suppression of piracy in the West Indies. When Tattnall was married, Paulding was his groomsman. When they had attained the rank that gave them separate commands, their meetings were less frequent, mainly social and domestic ones at the respective homes.

Again I quote from "Reminiscence":

"In his domestic life no father could be more kind or indulgent, and among his friends he was generous to a fault, and genial to a charm. He was highly educated, well read, with a retentive memory and a vigorous mind. Temperate in eating and drinking, it seemed to give him the most exquisite pleasure to contribute in every way to the enjoyment of his friends, regard-

less of personal sacrifice or inconvenience to himself. In these attributes, as a man of sensitive honor and a scrupulous gentleman, I have never known his equal, and I say this after an intimate association through youth and mature manhood. Under a sense of wrong or open defiance he was impetuous and fearless. I pass over a period of professional life and arrive at a time painful to recall. He was an intensely Southern man in his feelings, although, as a boy, educated in England. His father and grandfather had lived in Savannah, where they were greatly beloved, and he and his older brother, Col. Edward Tattnall, the last of their race, had always been caressed by the people of Savannah, and in Georgia, where the name was a household word.

“During the holidays between 1860 and 1861 my life-long friend made me a visit of a number of days. The aspect of public affairs was so threatening as to bring to me a conviction that a rebellion was at hand. I had many conversations with my friend, begging and imploring him to stand by the old flag. At times, I hoped to have succeeded and indulged in the delusion that I should do so — going with him from my house to the Astor House in New York, where

at that time we found many ardent Southern men who inflamed his Southern feeling, and we parted, he to his station at Sackett's Harbor and I to my home on Long Island. It was not long after this that I received a brief note saying he was going the next day to Washington to resign and go South. It was a great grief to the Navy, where he was greatly beloved.

"Soon after the war was ended, I was passing in Broadway and near the Astor House recognized my old friend. My salutation was, 'What is this old Rebel doing here?'"

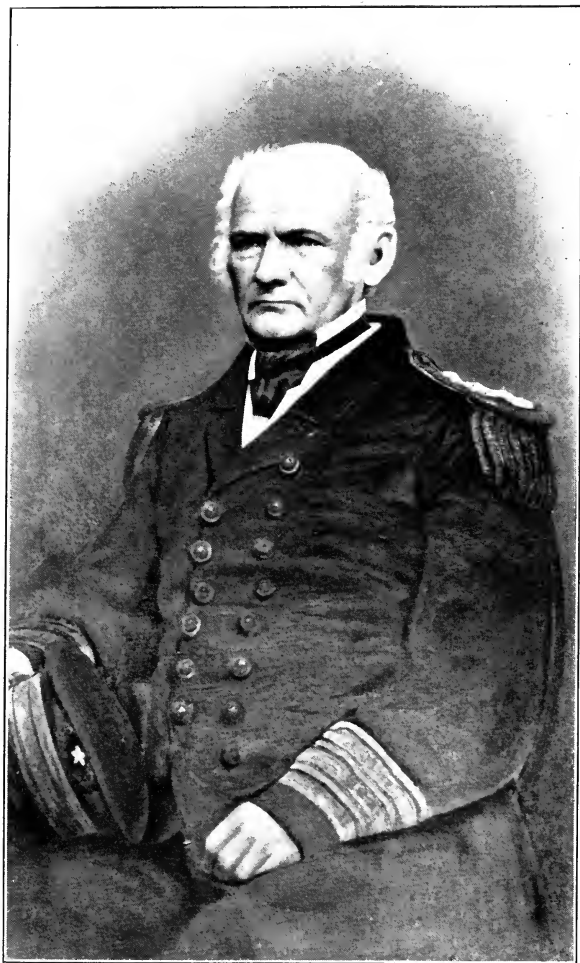
"We were both much changed during the four or five years of painful excitement. I prevailed upon him to go home with me, where my family received him as though the long interval of separation were not remembered. He spent a few days with me and we parted forever, with an occasional interchange of a few lines. The dear old friend returned to Savannah and a few years later passed away."

Recently the Admiral's eldest son, Tatt-nall Paulding, visited the grave of his father's dearest friend near Savannah, Georgia, a beautiful spot and lovingly cared for by the townspeople who were devoted to him.

An interesting sketch of Commodore Tattnall's life was published in Savannah in 1878.

Another old and tried friend was Mr. Siday Hawes, an Englishman. Letters from him as early as 1823 were found among Paulding's papers. They only met occasionally after the first friendship of the early years, but the correspondence never flagged until the last long illness came in 1863, and at the age of seventy-four he passed away.

During Paulding's early service in the Mediterranean he chanced, when visiting Athens with some of his brother officers, to find a young artist sketching some of the ruins there. They got into conversation and presently the young people all went off together. Long years after this, the artist, then a gray-haired man, the late celebrated Professor Morse, came to the New York Navy Yard to visit his old friend, and brought to the Commodore's daughters the unfinished sketch of the Athenian ruin as a souvenir of his first meeting with their father. The accompanying photograph of Paulding is from one taken by Brady, enlarged and colored by a son of the professor, Mr. Charles Morse, who gave it to Mrs. Paulding.



HIRAM PAULDING
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.
1862

From a photograph by Brady. Enlarged and painted in oils by
Charles Morse

From Siday Hawes, Esq., to H. Paulding:

COLTISHALL, NORFOLK, ENGLAND,
June 1, 1824.

My dear Friend: I hope this will find you well and happy. I am happy as far as I am well and as long; but my health is checkered by some dark spots. Were it not for this, I should be too happy but there is something of this sort for all of us. On the whole, through life I have had nineteen happy days out of every twenty. And who can say more? There is a favorite prayer by Johnson in verse which strikes my mind when I feel a stupor coming on. Here it is:

“O Thou, whose power o’er moving worlds presides;
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides;
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
From Thee, great God, we rise, to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End.”

I trust I shall in time grow over it. Employment is the grand secret of happiness, and indifference is destructive to it. Our poet, Byron, is lately dead. He was a singular instance of a superior man who seemed to care for nothing, he felt no interest in anything, unhappy man. Talents, learning, rank, wealth, fame, all would not do, he never seems to have known happiness.

“When all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile.”

But I must not quote any more poetry. This country is in a prosperous state, but in the race of national prosperity the United States beats all the

world. Go on and prosper and be a beacon of light to the rest of the world. England, bad as her commercial policy has been, is now retracing her steps. Our Parliament has thrown open the wool and silk trades, our corn laws will follow. Some hundreds of laws have been repealed, and hundreds more will be, which were made in times of ignorance. Our Ministry does as much as the country will bear, yet we are so full of absurdities that a century will not clear them away. Altogether I am sorry to see America carrying farther the old system of "protecting duties." It is quite a mistake. Were the principle carried to its utmost extent, it would put an end to all foreign commerce.

The *North American Review*, an excellent work, has well argued this question. Now you are in Chile, ascertain, if you can, the existence or non-existence of the "zuemul" or "huemul," described by Molina as a kind of horse with divided hoofs. He says it lives in the most inaccessible part of the Andes. Cuvier says there can be no such animal. Some other naturalists have doubted it, but so they did the existence of some animals in New Holland till they saw them, as the duck-billed otter. Tell me, too, about the Chilean horses. Come and see me, Paulding, when you can. I will do all I can to show you this island.

Ever yours,

(Signed) S. HAWES, JR.

COLTISHALL, NORFOLK, May 4, 1825.

My dear Fellow: Your letter of October last gave me very great pleasure. The mighty ocean and a vast continent are between us, yet by a privilege of our being we still hold friendly converse.

You give an account of those Peruvians which would damp many a man who is full of ardent hopes for the rising liberties of South America, yet I believe and know it to be just. They may be independent, but it is not the work of a day to be free. A degraded and ignorant population must be long in gaining that moral force which a true republic should have. I have seen many a man so disappointed by what he saw in Buenos Ayres that he swore they never could be free. But that is going too far the other way. God help them all. "Knowledge is power," says Lord Bacon, and it will in time be the only power.

We are terribly behind in England as to what we should be, not as compared with any nation on the continent of Europe. But political economy, the science of the day, is revolutionizing the world. I hope, my friend, you study this science and wish I were near enough to send you some of the best works on it. Our best writers, Smith, Ricardo, and Mill; and in the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is much admirable matter. By this science we see that the interests of nations do not clash, that nature has given different gifts to different nations, and that commerce need dread no rival. The richer our customers are, the better for us. I look forward with strong hope to the advance of mankind in civilization and consequent happiness, nor can a few adverse circumstances frighten me out of that hope.

France is going back, Spain is in misery, cursed with kingcraft and priestcraft, but in spite of the "Holy Alliance" the rest of Europe is advancing, and a reaction must take place of the many against the few who now grind them into the earth. The literature of Spain is worth nothing, priestcraft has destroyed it.

Cervantes is admirable, Calderon I cannot think much of, Moratin is a beautiful comic writer full of native talent, Melendez is a poet of rather high class, but a want of freedom is a want of everything. What a happy thing it is that we have both one language. England flourishes beyond all precedent, we have an excellent Ministry who do all they can though our aristocracy holds them back. I am pretty well and retain my fondness for travelling. I suppose I shall never be quite settled till married. When that takes place you shall hear all about it from

Your affectionate friend,

(Signed) S. HAWES, JUNR.

ADMIRAL JOSEPH SMITH

This little sketch of his friend, by Admiral Paulding, shows his estimate of him.

“In M. Tooney’s contemplated record of public men the name of Rear-Admiral Smith received a passing notice, and I would respectfully presume to make my contribution of my knowledge of this gentleman from early life. He served as a lieutenant on board the Brig *Eagle*, the second vessel of force, in the fleet of Commodore McDonough, in the battle of Lake Champlain in 1814; was wounded and taken below and when his wounds were dressed, went to his guns—against the remonstrance of the surgeon—and fought them until the enemy’s fleet surrendered. Subsequent to that he was left in command on the lake. After the war, passing through all the grades in the Navy, he was assigned to the Bureau of Yards and Docks, where the War of the Rebellion found him. His duties became

manifold, by the requirements that followed. It is no disparagement to say that no civilian could discharge the duties that devolved upon the Navy Department at this interesting crisis, and no greater boon could have been bestowed upon it than the splendid qualifications possessed by Rear-Admiral, then Captain, Smith.

“It will be remembered by the public men of that trying period of our history that we had but few ships and all the departments of the Government were filled with traitors; and treason was rampant in all the surroundings. Our veteran was at the threshold at this crisis, quick, self-possessed, and full of knowledge. His duties were various and onerous. He had not only to decide in regard to the building of ironclads and other ships, take direction in the purchase and equipment, with all the paraphernalia, of dock yards, but financially he had to decide in regard to expenses, and adjust accounts of contractors and others, to the amount of fabulous sums, with a record, at the close of the war, of unblemished fame and a character for intelligence and high honor unsurpassed.

“In the midst of all the Admiral’s labors — for he was promoted for distinguished service—his son, Joseph, a very promising officer, had been left in command of the frigate *Cumberland* when assailed by the ironclad *Merrimac*, and his ship was sunk — going down with her flag flying, young Smith calling to his gallant crew to ‘Give her a last broadside,’ as the waters closed over the muzzles of her guns, officers and men. Admiral Smith is now upward of eighty and, with the exception of some physical infirmities incident to his years, is strong and well and, as it is with him now, is equal to the performance of any ministerial duties that belong

to his profession, and would be invaluable to the naval service in the Navy Department.

(Signed) H. PAULDING."

Letter from Commodore Joseph Smith:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Dec. 24, 1861.

My dear Commodore: Yours of the 22d has but this moment come to hand. The style and eloquence of your letter shows it to be a Sunday production. I have to write with parties buzzing all sorts of gimcracks in my ears.

B. says he will have his vessel ready in thirty days. Ericsson's will be ready in that time. The appropriation of \$12,000,000 for ironclad vessels will be absorbed in twenty gunboats, but of 2000 tons each. I had no voice, lot, or control in these, but before they go ahead I would advise that the turret of Ericsson be first tried, as I am somewhat skeptical of its performance, tho' I recommended it as an experiment. The twenty gunboats are to have these turrets, but not exactly on Ericsson's plan, and not as good a plan as his in my humble judgment.

The Frenchman's propeller is about ready if you know how near *about* means. In ten days she will be at Hampton Roads for Goldsboro to operate with, if anything appears to be operated upon. Your reasons for eschewing hybrid patriots are good. Your flow of patriotism is well supported by your view of the aspect of our affairs. The horizon portends heavy squalls, but there is a silver lining to the blackest clouds and I trust the sun may yet shine upon us and descend in full splendor over our United States. . . . We will prepare

as well as we can, but we have to strain every nerve to meet the exigencies of the times and the first act of Congress in that direction is to put sixty or seventy officers ringed, speckled and striped, all on the retired list, then call upon them as such as they want to serve, and it may be under a junior. This is a bad and unwise stroke of policy at this time, I think.

Yours truly,

In haste,

(Signed) JOS. SMITH.

TO ADMIRAL PAULDING,
Huntington, L. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

June 24, '74.

My dear Admiral: Your good letter of the 21st is at hand. Your letter is, as usual, full of good sentiments; you take events as they come and make the best of what occurs to us. We are verging toward the terminus of our earthly career. What next, we are in ignorance of. Nobody has returned of those departed to give us tidings of the future. "To err is human," and we are born to error, more or less, but let us hope our future may be happy and beg for forgiveness of all our shortcomings here. I purpose, God willing, to leave here on Monday next for South Duxbury. I cannot agreeably pass the hot season here. Though very lame I attended Shubrick's funeral. He was a good specimen of an officer and an honest man. Shubrick and myself were born in the same year. He lived to be the oldest officer and I am left as an old sentinel for a short time, not a remarkable character, only one that fate has decided to keep so long on the list.

I do not admire the status of our national affairs

much, but hope on for improvement. Congress as usual has spent seven months in doing its work, and at the last days of a session goes it blind on many subjects. I regret that our Navy is not in a more flourishing condition. We have no commerce, foreigners do all our carrying trade, and sailors have become scarce. We must do something to make a Navy of our prestige as a commercial nation will die out. Now, my dear old friend, I must stop. My daughter and niece join me in love to you and yours.

(Signed) JOS. SMITH.

Letters from his friend of Kalmia Cottage, the Hon. C. C. Cambreleng, show the touch of comradeship of a country neighbor who, after a long political life in the capitals of different countries, found happiness in his simple life on West Neck.

HUNTINGTON, Nov., 1845.

(After giving a hopeful view of the stocking of the fish pond, and the condition of the oyster-beds, he tells of a "hop" given at his house, and of a trip across the island to Babylon, whence he returned, "with a goodly supply of ducks, redheads, brant, teal, partridges, and quail.")

During all these merriments we have the most extraordinary and beautiful weather. Such spring, summer, and fall you never witnessed. Some, in the north, have had two crops of strawberries, and many of our trees lost their leaves and began to bud again.

In politics we are quite quiet. Ten days ago, one half of both parties did not know there was any election going on.

Our last accounts from Mexico authorize us to believe she is willing to open negotiations again, settle boundaries, indemnities, etc., so that you will not have a chance for the present to make a conquest of California nor show your epaulettes in the Hall of the Montezumas. Oregon seems, however, to be rising like a black cloud. At present it is only talk, but by and by, unless other events should intervene, it may be something worse. There has been and continues to be a great deal of undignified bluster on both sides, but war is a contingency that the ministers of neither country would desire to bring about, however unimportant it may seem to our Western roarers. For the next two or three months you may expect to hear a great deal about it, especially when Congress begins to play "Nick Bottom."

Everything on West Neck moves on as usual. . . . We are all well and my wife desires her sincere regards.

Yr. friend,
C. C. C.

In 1848 he writes:

"You will have learned probably before this reaches you, that you will soon find a new lord high admiral at the helm of affairs, whom, if I am not mistaken, his friends will find as difficult to control as the Mexicans did on the Rio Grande. A man who stands to be shot at, for two days and almost two nights, as he did at Buena Vista, will not easily yield his opinions to politicians around him. He may and, I think, will do much good, but from the circumstances under which he is elected and the hostile materials, North and South, of which his Cabinet will probably be composed much harmony cannot be expected. If he permits slavery to be

introduced into New Mexico and California, placed under our protection by the fortune of war, and where, too, it has been abolished, he will ruin the Whigs in the free States, but I am not going too far ahead.

“You speak in your letters of your trip through Germany, but you do not say anything of the old wine cellar at Bremen, the butt of 120 pipes’ capacity, nor of the bodies so remarkably preserved in the cellar of the old church. I was once in Bremen myself.

“What with the election, B— being busy and S— away, I have had very little sport fishing this summer — so, shorten your cruise, come home and enjoy real life with us, and give way to some one anxious to command a fine ship like the *St. Lawrence*.

(Signed) Your friend,

C. C. CAMBRELENG.”

CHAPTER XI

THE SAILOR AT HOME

A DIGRESSION from the official record of his long and faithful service may not be inopportune here as we glance at the personality of the boy and man, midshipman, and mature officer. In his youth there was little promise of the sturdy physical manhood which subsequently developed, and when he first reported for duty, his appearance was such as to indicate little ability to long endure the severe exposure of a sailor's life. He used to relate that shortly after joining his first ship he heard one of his brother midshipmen remark to another, "That fellow Paulding won't be able to stand it long; he looks half dead now." He had attained height without breadth and had outgrown his strength. On reaching mature manhood, this disproportion disappeared, his frame had expanded in proper proportion to his height of six feet two inches. Straight as an arrow, and of manner most attractive,

he possessed a presence rarely excelled. His face indicated that strength of character which his promptness of action constantly illustrated in the many trying situations in which he was placed, while a mild blue eye told truly of a feeling and gentleness almost womanly in its sympathy for misfortune and sorrow. In charge of the deck, as executive officer, or in command of the ship, he was a strict disciplinarian, but when off duty no one could be more unaffected or genial.

I have in my memory two pictures of this strong man — one, as the officer in command in perfect uniform, dignified and formal in manner, unapproachable except on matters of duty; the other, when off duty, on his farm, in an old Panama hat and brown linen coat, welcoming with hearty handshake some visiting neighbor or old shipmate. His mind was eminently judicial, and in the controversies constantly arising on shipboard his decisions were always just and unprejudiced. The government of a man-of-war, when properly conducted, is that of a limited monarchy. It may reach the verge of a despotism, or, in approaching other extremes, a license may be permitted, more dangerous and quite as unhappy in its

effects upon those whose fortunes have made them, for the time being, a part of this little kingdom. The ships which Paulding commanded were always in a high state of efficiency, and prepared for any service that might be required, and the community was a happy one.

One of the younger officers thus speaks of him: "Of stalwart frame and commanding presence, he combined with dignity of mien and courtliness of address the greater dignity of intellect, and though he was always a strict disciplinarian, his was a kindly, benevolent manner, irresistibly attractive to all seamen who ever came in contact with him. His officers and men universally admired and respected him, and, though a man of most positive views and character, it is not known that in a long professional career of sixty-seven years he ever had a single personal enemy in the service."

And if we turn to the Captain off duty, in his home we see there what might be termed a restful activity in the simple life on his Long Island farm, surrounded by his friends.

In 1828 occurred Paulding's marriage to Miss Anne Maria Kellogg, of Flatbush, Long Island, which was a most happy one.

Well educated by her father, who was a graduate of Yale College, of attractive personality and charming character, he found in her, although she was ten years his junior, always a congenial and intelligent companion, and a veritable "helpmeet." Their first home at Flatbush was made happier by the presence of his sister Susan, whose home was at last with her loved brother, and some happy years were passed there.

His sketch of the Liberator, "Bolivar in his Camp," and the "Journal of the Cruise in the Dolphin" were published in 1834, when orders to sea took him from home, and some years were spent in the Mediterranean on the *Constellation* and in command of the *Shark*. During his absence in 1832 that fell scourge, cholera, appeared in Flatbush, and his sister Susan was one of the first victims. A stone in the old Presbyterian churchyard in Flatbush tells the sad story; and when, not long after, his second daughter, the little Susan, died of scarlet fever, his wife could not endure the desolated home, and with her eldest child left Flatbush and spent some time among her friends on Staten Island while waiting for her husband to return from sea and choose a permanent abode.

About thirty miles from New York, on the north shore of Long Island, there are three land-locked harbors, their shores well wooded or under full cultivation, as the case may be. Two lighthouses guard the entrance to this peaceful retreat, which is well known to all coasters seeking shelter. Here, with a sailor's fondness for plenty of room, on West Neck, near Huntington, Paulding purchased a farm of some hundred acres or more from Mr. Samuel Bradhurst, and with his wife and little daughter established his home in 1837. This home, with its happy traditions of sixty years, is a spot loved and honored by friends and neighbors far and near; and here, when public duties were over, he found a haven of rest; the sailor turned gardener or farmer, and delighted in all that a country life could give, superintending the cultivation of his farm with as much interest and intelligence as though it were his only profession.

Few country places can boast a better class of farming people than were established in this part of the island, and the relations with his neighbors were always of that pleasant kind that gave little anxiety for the safety and comfort of his family when the sailor was absent from home on his long cruises.

The original house was a frame building with a wing on one end, and later, another wing was added, giving ample room for a family of six children who considered it an earthly paradise. It was a cheerful, bright spot, well shaded in summer, and the outlook from the front of the house gave three glimpses of the dancing water of harbor and mill-pond. A road, passing the home, led through the woods to a beautiful stretch of pebbly beach extending half a mile or more toward Bouton's Point.

Fruit of every kind flourished on the farm, and Paulding took pride in having everything that farm and garden could produce of the best.

During his long cruises the devoted wife and mother kept at her post, directed everything as he would have it, and entered into all his interests with heartiness and intelligence. Few children ever found in a father a more congenial companion and playfellow; he encouraged their confidence and delighted in their presence and happiness.

A reminiscence written by one of his children will perhaps show better than any dry detail how he was regarded by them and how he kept himself young and cheer-

ful even until old age robbed him of his activity:

“I imagine that few military men have taken the place in their homes and families that our dear father took. When freed from official duty his dearly loved home greeted him as the supreme crowning genius of it all, and he was so loving and patient with us.

“When lessons were over, we followed him everywhere, and a beauty and delight were thrown over all the common things of every day. With the great Newfoundland dog at our side, the walks through the woods, over the farm, and on the beach with him were a never-ending delight. His mind was stored with poetry that he would quote as occasion called it up — Milton, Byron, Shakespeare, Campbell, and Pope all have their association with him in those early days. Or he would tell us wonderful stories of the lands beyond the sea, and of the people living there, and of the birds, trees, animals, and fish of other countries.

“Our own home, our beautiful ‘Peach Blossom,’ was fairy-land enough when it was clothed in the springtime with showers of white and pink bloom. The birds loved the old place, too. Robins and chippies built in the honeysuckles on the piazza, and the

orioles hung their nests in the great smoke-trees in front of the house. The catbirds helped us eat the strawberries and cherries, but there were always enough for all, and Father allowed no shooting on the place lest it should drive away our song-birds from their homes. When the winter came and the fun of the autumn harvest was over, then came the sleighing and coasting and the setting of traps for quail and rabbits, and our playfellow was the leader in all the jollity, with his clear, ringing, hearty laugh. I think now I can hear him as he called through the woods to us with his 'Poo-coo' — a sound he must have learned to make when among the islands of the Pacific — I never heard it elsewhere.

"We had kindly, pleasant neighbors, and they were all his friends — from Northport to Oyster Bay. Emerson says, 'To have a friend, one must be a friend,' and the Good Book has a saying much like it. It was exemplified here, for in all the country round, the homes seemed to smile back at him. His life was always simple at home. He had no desire for notoriety, and, although when on official duty he mingled freely with the highest dignitaries everywhere and was the guest of princes and the friend and inti-

mate of the best and wisest, he was equally accessible and friendly to all who sought his acquaintance or were in need of his aid. His idea of fraternal regard for all made him the friend of high and low, wise and ignorant. He learned something from all, and few left him without feeling that the hour spent in his society had not been lost.

“We never thought of disobeying him — for with all his humor and brightness his dignity never forsook him. With his clear head and sound judgment we always felt that his decisions were just and right. He never feared to assume responsibility where it was necessary, but where it was possible he was tolerant of the views of others, and would rather convince than compel. His broad charity led him to view with patience the mistakes and blunders of others, great as might be his indignation at the unfortunate results. His was a buoyant temperament, taking a cheerful and hopeful view of everything, and ready for fun, but he had a horror of practical jokes, and of puns, which he characterized as ‘the lowest order of wit,’ and he would not tolerate the use of ‘slang’ by any member of his family. He disliked quarreling and discussion, and when one of us would go to him with a story

of some petty wrong, how often I have heard him say, 'Life is too short for controversy.' There were occasions when he felt an injustice had been done to him and to those he protected; then he was not slow to take every just means to right the wrong."

Huntington, one of the oldest villages on the Island, was a place of interest during the War of the Revolution, British as well as American troops having been quartered there. At one time there was a British encampment on the old burying-ground in the village, the soldiers using the tombstones for making ovens to bake their bread. And the Episcopal Church, built by the English S. P. G. during the reign of Queen Anne, was riddled with bullets fired at troops who had taken refuge there.¹ On the opposite side of the harbor lies East Neck, where the patriot, Nathan Hale, was captured by British troops. A stone marks the place of his capture and recalls his brave deed.

Here on East Neck several gentlemen of independent means had their homes: Dr. Thomas Ward, Dr. Rhineland, Capt. William Stout, and others made a pleasant coterie; and Cold Spring, Northport and Oyster

¹See "Old Times in Huntington," by H. C. Platt.

Bay held neighbors whose friendship was valued. The Hon. C. C. Cambreleng, once minister to Russia, tired of his busy political life, brought his charming, attractive wife and built a pretty cottage on the property he purchased adjoining the Paulding farm. They were devoted to their "Kalmia Cottage," and were a great social acquisition. The old gentleman was fond of fishing and often he and his friend, Martin Van Buren, would join their neighbor and sit for hours on the mill-dam, fishing for bluefish. The old mill was a picturesque and an active place in those days, presided over by Mr. Jarvis Lefferts, a dignified, handsome man, with kindly smile, ruddy face, and snow-white hair, and while the droning sound of the busy wheels mingled with the murmur of the wind in the locust trees, and the sunbeams glinted and danced in the mill-pond and the harbor beyond, care flew away and a restful quiet made the old men young again. Now all is changed. The mill is silent, and a causeway stretches over the place where the fishermen sat. The good friend, Jarvis Lefferts, and his sailor neighbor were long since laid to rest near each other in the cemetery on the hill. A great block of granite surmounted by an anchor

with the names and dates and the verse, "The memory of the just is blessed," marks the sailor's resting-place, and beside it is the stone for "Mother," with the words, "Her children rise up and call her blessed." And on the miller's monument hard by is a garnered sheaf — the full corn in the ear. Many happy years, however, intervened between these early days on the farm and the year 1878, when the final resting-time came.

Mrs. Paulding survived her husband fourteen years, living with her children in the home she had helped to make. The subjoined extract is from the local newspaper at the time of Mrs. Paulding's death:

"Mrs. Paulding passed her useful life managing the affairs of the farm during the Admiral's long cruises abroad with rare skill and ability, training and educating a large family to the higher duties of life and bestowing blessing and sunshine upon all with whom she was thrown in contact. Absolute truthfulness and unselfishness, together with untiring energy, were prominent traits of her character. As loving wife, devoted mother, and faithful friend she has fulfilled the highest mission of life. She has gone to her rest mourned by all who

knew her. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.' "

The farm was sold in 1904, the Kalmia property having long before passed into other hands. The beautiful beach, the favorite walk of the elder members of the family and the playground of the children of three generations, is still there, but all else is changed, and as the waves on the beach have effaced the footprints, so time with its merciless advance is quietly wiping out the old life and traditions of that portion of "West Neck." They live only in the hearts of those who remember the old days. Still the influence of these brave, earnest, faithful lives has not died out, nor will so long as their children live to uphold it.

CHAPTER XII

EARLY DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE quiet life on the farm was not of long duration. From the time of Lincoln's election, threats and mutterings indicated the danger of civil war. Everywhere a feeling of unrest prevailed. In the spring of 1861 Commodore Paulding was ordered on court-martial duty in Washington, and after the 4th of March, when Lincoln's inauguration developed more and more the sectional feeling among Southern men, officers of unquestioned loyalty were called to the aid of Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and in the Bureau of Detail, to the charge of which Commodore Paulding was assigned, duty most distasteful had to be discharged. Events crowded rapidly one upon another, and such necessity for prompt action as almost to exhaust the strength of even these vigorous men before the summer was over.

The Commodore's eldest son, Tattnall, who had been with him as secretary during his command of the Home Squadron, was established in business in New York. On the 19th of April, when the safety of the national capital was endangered, this son hastened to his father's side, accompanying the New York 7th Regiment. Seeing after a time that war was inevitable, he joined the 6th U. S. Cavalry, in which a commission was offered him, and gallantly sustained his part until the end of the war, being brevetted lieutenant-colonel in 1866.

Until September Commodore Paulding's duties held him at the Bureau of Detail, Navy Department, through that stormy, disheartening summer, when brave and loyal hearts sickened at the widespread confusion, the defection of many who held positions of trust, the wavering supineness in some cases, lack of promptness in others, and the general lack of preparation to repel treacherous invasion. But his associates in the special duty assigned him were stanch men and true, among them preeminently his old comrade in the Pacific cruise, Admiral — then Captain — Charles Davis, of whom he was very fond. Captain Maxwell Woodhull was also with him. A few letters will

best illustrate the conditions prevailing at the time.

Letter from a loyal naval officer of Virginia:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14th, 1860.

My dear Commodore: Your very pleasant letter came safely to hand and afforded me much gratification, as your letters always do, and especially to know that you are well and hearty, and your family well and prosperous. The fine season for the farmer has bestowed its blessings upon you, for which I congratulate you. May it always be so. I begin to envy you and our Northern neighbors the tranquil happiness of quiet homes. It is not so with our people. Fear cometh upon our people — deep and angry passions surge up, and revolution is upon us. We are no longer the happy United States — the wonder of the world — and the pride of thirty millions of the most prosperous people this world ever knew — gone, gone, gone, and none so base to do them honor.

I could tell you much to interest you if you could credit the relation. But you, who, like myself, would lay down your life for our imperial nationality, would be utterly incredulous, and therefore I shall refrain. Suffice it, there is no longer in fact, though there be in form, a United States. *The Government* will take no measures of a hostile coercive nature against the States who withdraw — and several of them are so arranged. The President-elect *will take none*. And they are determined never to come back. I do not credit so great an evil. I will never give up the ship as long as the flag floats — but I am not blind and the event is so sure that God alone can avert it.

The assemblage of a National Convention, and the abandonment of all hostile legislation, the repeal of all laws, by the free States, hostile to the slave property, and the peaceful possession thereof *anywhere* in these United States can avert this great calamity. The accomplishment of these purposes is a remote chance, and just as remote is the reunion of these late United States. I give you reliable information. I am opposed to this issue at this time, in this way, to the death — but the information is as true as I am true in my fidelity to God and my whole country. Such is the madness and determination of the people south of us, that the man who counsels moderation even, is lost in reputation and in useful influence. May God avert this great plague. I am glad to hear of Martha.¹ We feel her loss hourly.

My love to all and God bless you.

The subjoined letter, written from memoranda made in 1861, explains his course in his action at Norfolk, which at the time was misunderstood and, by some, severely criticized.

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, U. S. NAVAL ASYLUM,
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25, 1869.

MEMORANDUM.

In February of 1861 I was employed in Washington on temporary duty until after the 4th of March. Rebellion and civil war appeared inevitable, and Southern men in the Departments of the Government were

¹ A slave he had freed. When free, she came to Mrs. Paulding, who had been kind to her child.

bold and defiant in speech and action. Officers filling high and responsible positions abandoned their trust and went South or lingered about Washington for their own convenience, and some filling high and low places were questionable in their loyalty although they remained. The atmosphere of Washington seemed to be contaminated with treason and there were familiar spirits devoted to the Southern cause who had free access to the departments where they could obtain whatever information it might be desirable to convey to their Southern friends. Mr. ———, who daily visited the various rooms of the Navy Department, assured me that he felt highly honored in being the correspondent of Jefferson Davis.

It may be inferred that much injury resulted from this state of things and not the least was the communication of our naval signals to the Confederate Government.

Whilst this condition of things prevailed, I was invited by the Secretary of the Navy to fill a place in the Navy Department which I twice respectfully declined and on a third occasion he informed me that it was the order of the President that I should do so. It therefore became my duty to aid the Secretary in putting the Navy afloat and to render whatever professional service I could.

To one who was zealous in the cause of his country no duty could have been less acceptable to a naval officer, yet I justly appreciated the trust imposed upon me. Congress appropriated a million and a half of dollars for the building of ironclad vessels and, as no ironclad had ever been built in this country and it was necessarily in a great measure experimental, it occasioned much embarrassment.

The Secretary had directed me to assemble the chiefs of bureaus to discuss and dispose of this as well as other important naval matters. Many models for ironclads were presented for our inspection and all were set aside with the exception of the *Monitor* and new *Ironsides*. Without a knowledge of ship-building or the construction of ironclads, the officers assembled relied very much upon Mr. Lenthall, the chief of the Bureau of Construction, to whom the subject most appropriately belonged, and they were not without chagrin and disappointment when he declared it was not his trade and refused by his silence to give either opinion or advice. Without knowledge of building ironclads, nothing was left to us to carry out the act of Congress but to exercise our judgment in the selection of the models and then depend upon the pledges and genius of the contracting parties to fulfil their promises.

The whole responsibility had devolved upon Rear-Admiral Joseph Smith and myself. I advocated the *Monitor* because the amount of money appropriated would build several such vessels and the time of their construction would be much less than of a ship of larger size, and I relied especially upon the genius and pledges of Ericsson, whilst the Admiral claimed for the new *Ironsides* greater power. In conclusion the Admiral and myself compromised and we determined to build the *Monitor* and new *Ironsides*. The history of both vessels is known to the Navy and the country.

In April, 1861, after an unsuccessful attempt had been made by the Department to get the steamer *Merrimac*, then ready for sea, away from the Navy Yard at Norfolk, I was sent by the Secretary of the Navy to communicate with Commodore McCauley, the Commandant of the Yard, and to instruct him to

send the *Merrimac* to Hampton Roads, to put all the small arms on board the frigate *Cumberland*, and to take every precaution for the safety of the public property.

The *Cumberland* was then lying off the Hospital and at my suggestion was moved in front of the Yard. A feeble effort was being made to put coal on board the *Merrimac*, and she was lying with her head up stream. When I suggested the expediency of putting the coal on board more expeditiously and the winding of the *Merrimac*, the reply was that such a movement would give offense to the people outside and that no more expedition in coaling could be made. With this my mission ended and it was my duty to obey my orders and return to Washington.

Before leaving, the officers of the Yard, all of whom I knew, sent Commander Richard L. Page to say to me that they desired that I should say to the President that they would stand by the Commodore and defend the public property, but that they were all Southern men and begged to be relieved by Northern officers. Commander Page informed me at the same time that he knew *Virginia* was going out that night and that their situation would be very painful. I lost no time in returning. The President was in Cabinet meeting and when I had made my report and conveyed the message of the officers, he said it was reasonable, and directed the Secretary of the Navy to have them relieved.

It was too late. *Virginia* went out, and the next day, instead of keeping their promise to stand by the Commandant and defend the public property, the officers of the Yard abandoned their trust, leaving Commodore McCauley alone. When this information

was received in Washington I was sent for by the Secretary of the Navy and ordered to proceed to Norfolk and remove all the ships then equipped and the public property that could be moved to a place of safety, and to destroy what could not be moved and return to Washington with the utmost expedition for its defense. This was earnestly enjoined upon me by the Secretary of the Navy and the President, and I fully understood its importance, knowing at this time there were but two hundred and fifty regular troops in Washington and they scattered all over the city in small detachments.

At this time there were but two steamers at the Navy Yard belonging to the Government. One was the *Anacostia*, a miserable tug that could not turn round in much less space than the breadth of the Potomac, without capacity or any quality that was necessary for the service I was to perform. The *Pawnee* was the other steamer, efficient and ably commanded. The *Anacostia* was assigned to me, which I declined, and only obtained the *Pawnee* upon earnest solicitation and with the promise to return with her for the defense of Washington at the earliest practicable moment. I took on board two hundred marines, the officers necessary for the ships, and sent to New York for the despatch of seamen and left for Norfolk on the evening of the day on which my orders were given.

In the afternoon of the following day I arrived at Fortress Monroe and left about sundown, arriving at the Navy Yard some time after dark. The *Cumberland* was anchored in front of the Yard. Upon entering on my duty there I ascertained that the great shears of the Yard had been cut away and the ships had all been scuttled and had sunk so far that the

officers sent to examine them informed me the leak could not be stopped. There were neither officers nor men to be found in the Yard with the exception of a small marine guard, nor could the keys of the workshops be found.

I could not ascertain by whose order the ships had been scuttled or the great shears cut away. When I inquired of the Captain of the *Cumberland* why it had been done he replied that batteries were being thrown up at a short distance from St. Helena. Without the purchase of the great shears neither the guns nor any other heavy article could be removed, and without the ships, now sinking past recovery, there was no means of transportation. In these circumstances it appeared to me that the only course I could pursue was to burn what was left of the sinking ships and "destroy the property that could not be taken away." I accordingly made my arrangements to do so as expeditiously as I could. An effort to break the trunnions of the Dahlgren guns failed. When the preparation was made the *Pawnee* took the *Cumberland* in tow and when out of danger the signal for burning was given.

I had thus carried out my orders as far as it was possible for me to do so and have not been able to understand how any one having a knowledge of the facts could find fault with my proceedings.

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

Letters from Commodore Paulding from Washington in 1861 to his wife:

MARCH 1st.

"To-day I had the good fortune to have my bill passed in the Senate for Filibuster-law expenses, and

the misfortune to have the land stricken out in the Nicaragua decree. Besides Seward, the Cabinet will consist of Messrs. Bates, Cameron, Chase, Wilson or Welles, of Connecticut, Montgomery Blair and perhaps Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina. This is, I am told, nearly the truth. I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Adams and his charming family, of Mr. Cameron and his, and to-day was introduced to Mr. Chase, who said many kind things to me."

MARCH 15th.

"I must try and keep you informed of what is going on. Every one is patient and Commodore Stewart at the age of eighty-three is strong and intellectual. It was a crying shame to retire him. The old gentleman is cheerful and pleasant. He says Fort Sumter should have men and provisions, and that is what we all say and are ready to do. The Navy can, and wants to do it irrespective of what General Scott and the Army may say. On my return from the Capitol I stopped at Powell's, took tea, and he walked with me to Willard's, where I met Captain and Mrs. Stout and the Doctor and Mrs. Edwards."

APRIL 30th.

"A special despatch leaves in an hour and in the crowd of business I drop you a line to say that all is right with T. and myself. Judge Wayne just called. He seemed grave and taciturn. Enquired about Mr. Cambreleng and made his visit brief. Everything is quiet and we have no fear of anything. We have martial law — in part. Eleven citizens were imprisoned yesterday for talking. I am worked in a way I have never been before and get tired, tired, tired. Last night I was kept up till midnight and was at work

at six this morning, and with the exception of time briefly taken for breakfast and dinner and five minutes rest, my head and hands and heels have been kept going. In ten days or so, besides blocking the coast, I hope to block the Ohio and Mississippi. . . . T. has been writing at the office all day until now, when I told him he might go. I stand it quite well and you need not be concerned about me. I have the vanity to think that I am doing a great deal of good. The sequel will show. I only hope I may have strength to brave it out. My heart and will are strong. I know not how many troops are here. It must be more than twenty thousand. The Capitol is safe."

MAY 3d.

"The *Keystone State* sails to-morrow for New York and Lieut. Commdg. Trenchard will take this and send it with his endorsement of the probable time of his return, that you may write by him if you please. There are thirty thousand volunteers in the city and all the time they are coming. I was told in confidence last night that a conspiracy of the Southern officers had succeeded in putting my name aside and placing that of Capt. — before the President, but whom he and Mr. Welles promptly rejected, insisting upon having me. I could not but reply to him that I should have been relieved of some care if the plot had succeeded. Mrs. S. and her sister go east next week and I shall rent their house and establish a mess here with one or two other gentlemen. With kind regards to our neighbors and love to the dear children," etc.

MAY 2d.

"T. is doing more good work in my office than he could do anywhere else. I wanted just such a man.

Engle wanted to go to sea, but there are enough without him and I want his head. Sometimes I speak briefly or in monosyllables, and one matter is not disposed of before two more are pressing on me, and this for hours, my mind gets muddy, excited, and almost confused. Don't think of coming until I break down. I will let you know if I need you. The rumors here are without end, alarming the timid and sending many of the ladies away. Thank God, I have not been alarmed yet. I am charmed with your noble spirit of patriotism. Be assured I will try and have you feel no cause to blush for your husband or your son.

“The public and many other buildings are filled with troops, and every hill is an encampment, yet we have not half that will soon be here and while this is going on, the Potomac separates us some two or three hours from the same kind of gathering on the other side, and at any moment some chance occurrence may bring these hostile elements into collision. There is no telling what I may not, from my position, be called upon to perform. I must and will fill my place manfully in defense of the Capitol, the flag, and the Union, and have no apprehension of the result to myself or the Republic, tho' sacrifices may be made. Although the sacrifice to me, personally, is not inconsiderable, my honor, my conviction of duty, involving all that I hold dear, as a public man, a citizen of the republic and the father of a family to whom it is my duty to bequeath a Government that will secure to them the blessing of liberty peacefully to pursue their own measures of happiness, are sustaining motives to incur any and all responsibilities that devolve upon me. T. leaves to-morrow and will escort Mrs. Stockton and her sister to Philadelphia. He wants a lieutenancy in the Army. As

times are, the quarrel is not likely to end without a succession of bloody collisions, and ultimately peace will be the tribute to Northern valor. A military occupation of conquered States and a period of probation will follow before any reconstruction of the Republic can take place. This is the view I take of it now, and yet I may take another view. My old friend and ship-mate Charles Henry Davis, a commander, will come to help me in the office."

MAY 7th.

"As things are now, it looks as though every man in the country, soon or late, in some way, must be a soldier. I have made application for a 2d lieutenancy for T. in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry. You know, my dearest wife, he need not accept if you do not want him to do so. It is so much better to be an officer than a private, if one must follow the military profession. Major Hunter, who will have the regiment, is one of the most amiable and pleasant gentlemen to be found."

MAY 8th.

"Washington is one great camp, the soldiers are everywhere — by and by we shall have a collision. Either we shall have the advance of the South, which I do not believe, or the North will go into Virginia, which is not improbable. Stringham now has vessels to blockade on this side, and we send some for the Gulf and more will follow. A terrible effort is being made — yet some of my plans are not carried out. I am for ending the war in a year, and that can be done if the Government meets the spirit of the North."

MAY 11th.

"I trust that the mail may be uninterrupted now and that you will receive my daily notes such as they

are. There was music in the President's grounds this afternoon and as I passed along there was a gay assemblage of young and old of both sexes and it looked as though there were no war. Yet there is war and rebellion, and soon there will be something to record in history that will stain with blood the records so peacefully made in times past. We had in the last day or two a thousand regulars added to our standard here, half of these, cavalry fresh from Texas.

“The rebels are assembling at Richmond and establishing there a foundry and manufactory of arms, and it may be that our first move when we feel strong enough will be in that direction, to claim what they have stolen at Harper's Ferry. This will be a beginning of the end, which I predict will come to pass just one year from this time. If the old General were well it would be a less time. Thirty thousand men are now on their way. Considering how short a time it is since these volunteers were called to service, it is a most splendid exhibition of the citizen soldiery. They are all anxious to be led to battle. Alas, alas, for poor humanity. The world has no parallel to the infamy of this revolution, and I prefer to die in its subjection rather than to live in its toleration. The soldiers are not only quartered in the public buildings everywhere, but encamped on all the hills in every direction. When there are a hundred thousand, and perhaps before, they will begin to move. In what way, of course, I cannot tell. They should keep coming and moving on like the tide until its culminating sweeps everything before it. It is the shortest and best way. It will save blood and treasure and carry conviction to the hearts of true men.

Commodore — was some days since appointed

to command one of the squadrons. We cannot hear from him, and if we do not soon I shall ask to take his place. I am here ready for anything. You must not complain and, I trust, will not concern yourself about my safety or comfort, and least of all do I desire that you will come here. The country is in a state of transition and convulsion. One thing one day and then another. It is my duty as officer and man to stand to my guns and do my work faithfully and well, and that I honestly intend, and your presence here might, under some circumstances, greatly embarrass me. I have now a very able man, Charles H. Davis, to assist me, and after awhile may be able to step out and leave him in my place, yet I am constantly made to feel that much is expected of me by the leading men of the country. This is to be the center of military operations and you are not very well calculated for scenes of war. The weather is bright to-day, and 'all but the spirit of man is divine.'"

MAY 15th.

"This morning I wrote you hurriedly from the office. I do not like to deny you and myself the happiness of being here together with a large house and every comfort as far as any ordinary domestic arrangement can be considered. Yet there are other things to be thought of, of which it is well for us not to be unmindful. Although in the President's grounds to-day, I am told, there was a good show of ladies, Washington is a military camp. The streets are crowded with soldiers and the whole city bristles with bayonets. I may be so circumstanced as to require your presence, and then you as well as I know what a blessing it would be, and in such case I would not hesitate to ask of you some

sacrifice. The time for this has not come, and sufficient for the day is the evil. I feel as though I had lived for years in the last month or as though waking from a dream where the mind has wandered through scenes divided by rational thought from wild and extravagant absurdities.”

MAY 18th.

“Some days ago I had the satisfaction to get a place for young Hassler, whose father lost his life in saving the women and children in the wreck of the ship on Fisher’s Island, which you may remember. The Doctor and Maynard were on board, just returned from a cruise and going home in the ill-fated steamer. It is said of Maynard that when he had accomplished his task and approached a stove on the shore surrounded by those he had saved — his clothes stiff with ice — none would make way for him! Without a murmur he turned away. This is a sad commentary on human life and a glorious instance of silent unrequited heroism. As soon as M— gets into the Gulf the whole coast will be blockaded. I have all my plans for supplies of every kind to give to the ships everything necessary for their comfort, so that they may never be diverted from their stern purpose.”

MAY 23d (MIDNIGHT).

“I have just returned from the Navy Yard. At 2 A.M. ten thousand troops move to the Virginia side of the Potomac, eight to Arlington Heights, and some two thousand from the Navy Yard to Alexandria. The night is clear and beautiful, with a bright moon, and everything as quiet as your own dear home. The Seventh Regiment is, I understand, to be a part of the force moved. To-morrow there will be a great

stir. It seems to be understood that something is to be done, without a definite idea. All the officers and employees of the Government have now to take the oath to support the Constitution and the Union, and there will be many who will, as they say, 'fly the track.'"

MAY 24th.

"They took possession of Alexandria and Arlington Heights, as I mentioned in my letter last night. Colonel Ellsworth was assassinated by the keeper of the public house whilst coming down the stairway after being on the roof to pull down the rebel flag. The assassin used a double-barreled shot-gun. The Colonel was shot through the heart. He had not fallen before the brains of the assassin covered the floor where he stood, pierced by half a dozen bayonets. Everything has been quiet to-day — our troops are fortifying in both places — some prisoners were taken. The ships will all soon be provided with officers and men. Except what we buy or charter we have now only the sail ships, three or four, two sloops, and a brig or two. Then the whole Navy will be afloat, and these may sail in a fortnight. Think of that — about fifty vessels of war afloat in six or eight weeks and everything to be done even to the repairing of many and opening the rendezvous for the shipment of the men."

In August Mrs. Paulding joined the Commodore in Washington, their friend, Mrs. Stockton, having left her house with servants in their care during her absence. Some extracts from Mrs. Paulding's

letters to her children at "Peach Blossom" may be interesting.

She writes:

AUG. 20th.

"I do not know whether I shall find out anything about hospital needs here as no one seems interested in the soldiers' wants. If you read the *Times* yesterday you may have felt a little uneasy about Washington, and it may be true that the rebels intend to cross the Potomac, but there ought to be enough force to keep this place and to keep the road to the North open. I should not wonder if they closed the river."

AUG. 22d.

"It is now nearly eleven o'clock and I have done nothing since breakfast but read the *Sun* and watch the newly arrived soldiers who are waiting to be reviewed by the President. Mrs. S. wrote to Father that she had heard from Virginia that 'they intended to concentrate and *take* Washington.' I do not know whether he is frightened, but I am not. It does not seem possible, and if they do, I have many companions in the city. I did not think I should be so little timid. If possible, I do not want to leave Father, for he really needs me, and I am determined to enjoy the privilege of being with him as long as possible. Fretting will not make affairs any better. I have had calls from some pleasant people, all are kindly disposed toward me. Colonel and Mrs. Heintzeman called yesterday. He wears his arm in a sling. Genl. Hunter was here yesterday, but Mrs. Woodhull had taken me out for a drive, and I did not see him. We passed the camps near the Soldiers' Home. The city is alive with soldiers, but

otherwise very quiet. Father's patience is sorely tried. His head is wonderful. He seems to have each one's case before him."

AUG. 28th.

"We listened for the rebels last night. It was thought a fight was going on. General McClellan went over last evening and ten thousand men the day before. The rebels have advanced, but everything is quiet to-day."

SEPT. 1st.

"Returning from a walk, Friday evening, we found Tattnall here, just from Pittsburg, hungry and tired. Later Father took us to Bladensburgh, where the Sixth U. S. Cavalry are encamped. It was a lovely day and we had a charming ride and I had an opportunity of meeting the officers and seeing a little of camp life. T. is a favorite with all and seems to fill his position as well as if always accustomed to it. They have neither horses nor arms provided, and might almost as well be at home. He looks and seems well. They have a beautiful spot for their encampment. His new uniform has seen hard service and is almost worn out. I did not leave the carriage, but had my audience there."

SEPT. 3d.

"Yesterday was the first uncomfortable day from the heat since we came. I did not go out. Miss Dahlgren spent an hour here, a pleasant one for me. The day before, we went to the Navy Yard with Capt. Dahlgren's escort and lunched at our old house with the Captain and a number of officers and, after a short call on Mrs. Reynolds, went home. In the afternoon I called at General Totten's and Mrs. Woodhull's and

when I came home found Secretary Welles and son here — and a constant stream of visitors were here through the evening.”

SEPT. 5th.

“Events seem to be turning in our favor. I was in a state of excitement all day yesterday, from the rumor that there was fighting at the Chain Bridge. I have not the slightest fear, but the thought that such terrible carnage is going on near us, by which so many hearts are wrung with grief, cannot be considered with indifference. Captain Woodbury had been sent for at two o'clock last night to hurry to the Bridge. As we returned home at or after eleven last night we saw, opposite the President's, a large force, and General Heintzelman, who was with us, found they were leaving their encampments around the city to go to the Chain Bridge. It made me sad indeed as we watched them maneuver and then march on to the fight. There must have been near four thousand with knapsacks and haversacks, all marching in the dark, no music only the sound of the heavy tramp. The horrors of war do not grow less to me in becoming familiar with these scenes. Captain W. thinks now that Washington is impregnable, he has not been satisfied before, but they have erected within a few days a very strong battery that commands an important point. The secrecy that pervades every movement prevents residents from knowing anything and we get more news from the New York papers than in the two-penny affairs of the great Capital.”

SEPT. 10th.

“This is the day we hoped to leave for home, but Father can fix upon no day to start. The ironclads

are tedious. We hear of no news this morning although we saw three regiments on the move before breakfast this morning. The time must draw near for an advance, but no one knows. I went yesterday with Mrs. Woodbury to Mrs. Beale's and saw the balloon again. On our way to the observatory, a day or two since, we saw the balloon just over the camps, and when we went on top of the building, with a glass, we could see it very distinctly resting in a green field near the camp. From the observatory we could, with the glass, see from Ft. Washington to beyond Georgetown — a more interesting view I never saw. I could see the different forts, intrenchments, army parades, in fact, all that was going on. It was a large and extended view, I disliked to leave it until I had studied it more thoroughly, but it was one o'clock and the sun was scorching — Captain Gilliss is now in charge there. (Another full regiment has just passed with a fine band). Outside the walls are acres of 'reservations,' filled closely with horses, mules, wagons, and ambulances numbering many thousands. It is wonderful to see the number of horses, and, in fact, everything denoting power, that is moving onward. Washington is a vast storehouse. T. came in this morning, is kept very busy with drills and lessons. Father has heard many nice things said of T. by his superior officers. He is well. Father says the ironclads will be more tedious than he thought. I would like to come, but do not really like to leave him."

(Signed) A. M. PAULDING.

As matters at home called for Mrs. Paulding's presence she reluctantly left her husband and returned to the farm to prepare

for whatever might be in store. Shortly after, Commodore Paulding was ordered to command the Navy Yard at New York, the home at "Peach Blossom" was closed, and the family moved to the quarters of the Commandant, the old house on the hill. There the work for hospitals, commenced with the neighbors on West Neck, was continued and enlarged, the ladies from the various quarters in the Yard meeting at the Commandant's house, and many boxes of clothing and delicacies were sent to the hospitals; and officers, ordered to fit out from New York, found always ready hospitality awaiting them in the Commodore's home. There were many sad partings from those who left flushed with high hopes. The remaining years of the war were full of care, sadness, and anxiety, and such incessant work day and night as sapped the strength even of this vigorous man.

I here insert a glimpse of him given me by an officer who knew of his work there, which in some measure was a continuation of what had been commenced while in Washington when the emergency called for the speedy construction of vessels for efficient and immediate use. The "ironclad" idea was in its infancy and different models were

submitted to boards of officers convened for the purpose. The accompanying letters prove his interest in Ericsson's monitor, which he had endorsed from the first.

CHAPTER XIII

SERVICE AT THE NAVY YARD, NEW YORK 1861-63

HERE in New York, to the principal Navy Yard of the United States, were brought the war vessels from the seat of war to be repaired. New ones were building, merchant vessels were purchased and as far as was possible were adapted to the temporary necessities of the Navy. All this required extra force working night and day, the overflow extending to the neighboring docks and workshops, and all came under the direct supervision, control, and wise judgment of the Commandant of the Navy Yard. Amid all the confusion incident to this condition of things, Admiral Paulding, with his cool head, tact, and extended experience, kept every item in the most perfect system and order, and expedited the work with such skill that vessels were promptly got ready and were sent to the front. Hurry calls from gov-

ernors of States who fancied the Confederates were threatening invasion (and in one instance from one who knew that a Confederate vessel was off the coast of Maine) were made upon Paulding. Secretary Welles sent him numerous telegrams asking whether he could not cover the eastern coast by vessels even partially in repair, and not a day passed without telegrams, almost hourly, calling upon him for urgent work in various directions which forbade such a thing as healthful rest at any time.

No commander of a squadron at sea had the harassing work of the Commandant of this principal station. A sea commander had his fleet to care for and direct. The commandant of the repair yard had the care of all the Atlantic fleets, in seeing that such vessels were fitted out in the least possible time, had proper crews, were provisioned and supplied with ammunition, were in every respect fitted to cope with the enemy, and, even after all the war vessels were completely equipped and sent to their respective squadrons, that they were supplied with all the provisions, fresh and salt, and with the ammunition and repair articles which would prevent the necessity of a

return to the Yard, thus keeping the squadrons in an efficient state without effort on the part of the Fleet Commander. Only the experienced naval commander can estimate the value of this most important work.

There are few men who are fitted for such duty, and these very men chafe under it because their wish is to be at the front, where reputation lies in conflict with the enemy; but what officer can work in the field with unsuitable or defective tools, and where is the naval officer to be found (in the United States at least) who does not recognize the master guiding hand at the dock yard who places in his hands the means of fighting? Admiral Hiram Paulding's work was blessed by everybody. Not by the Fleet Commander alone, who knew him personally, but by every soul on every ship who found the ship he had to fight in the condition which an experienced war officer and sailor would pronounce "good."

There is one vital point in Admiral Hiram Paulding's command of the Navy Yard at New York that has been little written of. The modest Admiral would be the last man to exploit himself and speak of it, but had

this wise gentleman not busied himself personally and deprived himself of nightly and daily rest, there would have been no "*Monitor* and *Merrimac* fight," so much exploited in history and of such vital interest to the United States. The officers of the day, the officers of the guard, the sentinels on duty, and the watch force of the Navy Yard found this old gentleman at all hours of the day and night forcing forward, with all his weight of pleasant force and official power, the advancement and necessary hurry in fitting out the *Monitor*, then called the *Ericsson*, in order that she should reach Hampton Roads. Others did not know what this Admiral knew. Official matters are not always made public, but he knew that haste was necessary and that this experiment in naval science needed smooth conditions to reach her destination in time, apart from the haste required to have her in efficient condition. He knew that the *Virginia* (formerly the *Merrimac*) was almost, if not entirely, in a completed state and threatened the whole wooden fleet at Hampton Roads; and that if this *Monitor* experiment did not reach the Roads in time, the fleet stood in jeopardy of destruction. He therefore spent all his hours that could

possibly be spared in expediting the *Monitor*. To him under God is due the fact that she got there in time. It would have been just and graceful if this valuable fact had been set forth by Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, but the victory swallowed up many facts, and certainly no one would ever hear of it from Paulding, whose modesty exceeded all his other good points.

A telegram received on the night of March 5, 1862, countermanding her orders to Fortress Monroe and instructing Captain Worden to "lose no time in proceeding with his vessel direct to Washington after passing the capes," was withheld by Commodore Paulding, who had private advices of the danger of longer delay in the despatch of this vessel to Hampton Roads. This enabled the vessel to confront the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March and thus end her career of destruction.

Another valuable trait of this good officer (and this trait is uncommon) was his ability to see and utilize all the good points of those serving under him, and he had such tact in this that he won the love and hard service of the men he used. While in the command of the New York Navy Yard, Commander — afterward Captain — Richard W. Meade was

in command of the "Receiving ship" *North Carolina* lying at what is called "Cob Dock." This was not a dock, but was, with the exception of an acre or two, under control of the Ordnance Department of the Yard, a mere shell to mark off a boundary line and keep off the encroachments of the river and Wallabout Bay, and was a place where a vessel could be secured and out of the way when not in commission. Mr. Lincoln had given instructions concerning the negroes of the South even before the issuance of the proclamation of freedom, and scarcely a vessel arrived from the South that did not have a number of escaped slaves to whom the commanding officer of the vessel bringing them had given asylum. These negroes were not enlisted when received, but were upon the ship's books because rations and clothing could not be issued to them otherwise, and it was necessary for the paymaster to account for his stores. The question of caring for these poor people, who were homeless and friendless, became a burning one. Admiral Paulding found in Captain Meade an able, wise, and vigorous help in this matter.

These negroes (called "contrabands," from a decision of Gen. B. F. Butler, the

astute lawyer who called them "contrabrand of war" at a time when a quick decision was needed in the case of escaped slaves, and the loyal people wished to pacify their deluded brethren of the South) reached New York in such numbers that quick measures were needed to provide them with quarters. The Navy Yard Channel, churned up by the constantly crowded condition of things, had to be dredged out all the time and the contractor made money at both ends by carrying away the rich alluvial soil he dredged up and selling it to outsiders. Captain Meade wanted to make solid land out of that Cob Dock and thus reclaim some twenty or twenty-five acres to the Government. He laid his plan before the Admiral, who saw and embraced it at once. Here was a rich field for the labor of the "contraband," keeping him out of mischief, improving his health, and adding to the value of the station by much needed acreage.

The contractor, whose contract did not give him the excavated soil, was notified that it was to the interest of the Government that the scows containing the soil should not be taken from the Yard, but delivered to the care of Captain Meade, who would return the scows to him empty. He made

quite a bother over the matter, since he lost a large profit, but as he had no valid claim he was compelled to obey the order. Moreover, in those days the interest of the country was everything, the interest of the individual nothing. A tract of some twenty or twenty-five acres was thus in a very short time added to this important place, where mere mud existed before. Captain Meade employed a number of coast-survey schooners, which were lying idle in the slips of the Cob Dock, to go up the Long Island Sound for sand and gravel. All the ashes, cinders, clean rubbish, etc., of ships at the Yard and of the Yard itself were requisitioned to make the excavated soil of the channel a solid body, and to-day the Cob Dock stands a monument to the good sense of Admiral Paulding and Captain Richard W. Meade, for, without it, it would be difficult to find the space needed at this, the most important naval depot and station of the United States. Of course the land when completed was covered, at first, with cabins and shacks for the accommodation of the "contrabands," numbering at one time nearly 2000. Drill ground was afforded, target galleries established, and crews were thus enabled to go on board their ships when commissioned,

prepared in great measure to cope with the enemy. The importance of the work cannot be overestimated. It was accomplished under the rules of sanitation, presided over by the best medical skill to be found in a profession where the world at large furnished the school, and no evil result came from this "made land," not a single case of malaria obtaining where before the work the "sick list" was full of such cases.

During the administration of Admiral Paulding at New York, another memorable event took place in which his cool head, wisdom, and knowledge of war problems were of paramount benefit to his country. A war problem is not always a tactical collision between armies or fleets. It covers cases where public disturbance amounting to riot takes place. The Draft Riot in New York in 1863 was one of these. This riot was not an ordinary riot, it was a political riot, and the loyal people of the country believed that it had its leadership and incentive from the South. If no actual Southern leader was there, the "Copperhead" was, and he was in collusion with those in authority in the South and the plan was matured there.

The time chosen was when Lee had

invaded Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg was in progress. All the available troops of New York had been ordered to the front to aid General Meade, and the city was thus practically defenseless. Troops garrisoned the forts and the Navy Yard as a matter of course, but only a handful could be spared from these places to take care of the city even in its one need.

The Draft Riot, originally an objection by certain half-loyal people to a so-called unjust demand for troops upon New York over other States, gathered to itself the dangerous classes, who came from underground and everywhere else in the hope of plunder. It may be true that those who caused this riot withdrew from it when it assumed the proportions which it quickly took, but even that is to be doubted when it is considered that the destruction of New York City meant incalculable gain to the rebel cause. The Southern aspect of this brutal riot exhibited itself chiefly in its attack upon harmless and inoffensive negroes who were killed, burned, hanged to lamp-posts and trees, and even when hanged and dying had fires built beneath them to satisfy the fiendish desires of their murderers. The colored asylum for orphans was

burned and fires were started everywhere in the city.

Admiral Paulding was called upon by the Collector and Surveyor of the Port for assistance. Of course application to the commandants of forts had been promptly made also. The Collector had been threatened and he took refuge at the Navy Yard. Paulding promptly despatched a battalion of two companies of marines to the city and placed small gunboats with light armaments at the foot of the principal streets, their commanding officers having thorough understanding as to quick and efficient movement. At first it was thought that the battalion of marines could care for the United States Arsenal as well as attend to their other work, but the only troops in the city being a battalion of United States Artillery acting as infantry and a battalion of marines, — both battalions being only two small companies each, — a company of German artillery who had guns and no ammunition, and the disabled Veteran Reserves, it was found necessary to send a naval battery of howitzers to guard the Worth Street Arsenal. This was done. The troops were ever on foot. No one slept more than an hour at a time during the

eight days of that riot, and when they did sleep or eat, it was on the stones of the street or a convenient brick pile. No house or other shelter covered any soldier or policeman during that period and the police were magnificent.

Admiral Paulding during that time, with all his other important work, showed how the grasp of a difficult situation was easy to him. He fed and cared for his men, relieved the thorny paths of the situation, and so regulated matters that those terrible eight days were made fairly easy and were quickly forgotten, so far as the hardships were concerned. When he got his own sleep and an hour's freedom from the keenest care, no one knows.

Copy of telegrams received March 9th, Washington, 9.45 P.M.:

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK.

“Arrival of *Ericsson* in Hampton Roads. Fight between her and the *Merrimac*. The latter driven back to Norfolk in a sinking condition.”

“The telegraph line to Fortress Monroe is just completed and a message from there states that after the arrival of the *Ericsson* last night she was attacked by the *Merrimac*, *Jamestown*, and *Yorktown*. After a five hours' fight they were driven off and the *Merrimac* put back to Norfolk in a sinking condition.”

ASTOR HOUSE, 10 P.M., March 9, 1862.

TO ADMIRAL H. PAULDING,
NAVY YARD.

I send you herewith the latest news from Fortress
Monroe, which, so far as we know, is reliable.

Yours truly,
G. SWAN.

FINIS

PICTURE OF THE HOME

THE years of '63 and '64, which spread sorrow, distress, and bereavement through the length and breadth of the land, left few untouched. The official life continued to be absorbing and exhausting. Paulding's counsel was sought in many ways for means of defense where danger threatened, and his personal anxieties were harassing. His son, Tattnell, was prisoner of war in Richmond, his wife was seriously — it was feared fatally — ill, and his "Peach Blossom" home one February night was burned to the ground.

Still the Christian philosophy acquired in the school of long experience did not fail him, and he was cheerful and hopeful, continuing his work with unabated vigor, cheering the down-hearted and infusing hope in the hearts of those whose husbands, sons, and brothers were at the front.

The ladies on the station met on stated days at the Commandant's quarters, the

old house on the hill, to work for the hospitals, and many valuable boxes of clothing and supplies were sent from there to the sick and wounded. The younger son of Captain Meade of the "Receiving ship" *North Carolina*, a marine officer, a great favorite with all on the station, had been made prisoner of war in the first attack on Fort Sumter, had been many months in prison at Columbia, S. C., and it was feared he had succumbed to the rigors of the dreadful life there.

After many weary months came the spring of 1865, when the war was drawing to a close. Great happiness had come to two of the families at the New York Navy Yard in the exchange of Captain—now Lieutenant-Colonel—Paulding, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Robert L. Meade, U. S. M. C. Worn by hardships, broken down in health, half starved and ragged, these brave young fellows came home. In common with thousands of others, they had proved their patriotism and taken the consequences. Time would show whether, when reconstruction should be accomplished, a grateful country through its Government would show appreciation of their faithful service and their sufferings in the cause.

But their homes were happy, they had returned with untarnished honor.

In April, 1865, Admiral Paulding was detached from the Navy Yard and went to Huntington with his family. The home was being rebuilt and they found a temporary resting-place in a cottage on the "Kalmia" estate. Two of the daughters were married about this time, and when his service was no longer needed, Tattnall Paulding resigned from the Army and established himself in business in Philadelphia. In 1866 Admiral Paulding was ordered as Governor of the Naval Asylum — now the Naval Home — at Philadelphia, where he remained nearly three years, after which he held the place of Port Admiral of Boston for a time. This was, in a way, more in the nature of a complimentary position, to add to his slender salary, for in some way Congress had done great injustice to some of the veteran officers, and they were in their old age much straitened, receiving far less than their juniors. This was later corrected.

Through the intelligent and assiduous work of the devoted elder daughter, the "Peach Blossom" home was again comfortable and attractive. The mother's health was par-

tially restored and the old sailor at last reaped the reward of his labors and found rest and comfort in his home, enjoying all that was possible for one of his advanced years, through his letters keeping in touch with the few old friends left and with the world outside, and helping to make the home a place of delight for friends, children, and grandchildren.

With two devoted daughters in the home, two daughters and his sons happily married, one living in Philadelphia, the other in the cottage on the farm, the old people were cheered in their declining years and enlivened by visits from their other children and grandchildren. In 1878, Oct. 20th, beloved and honored by all, Hiram Paulding passed away. Others more often at the front had dazzled the world by brilliant deeds, but wherever duty called, his response had been prompt and efficient in an unusual degree, and in his whole life he illustrated that word emblazoned on the medal given his patriot father, "FIDELITY."

APPENDIX

JOHN PAULDING died at Staatsburg, New York, in 1818. The Corporation of the city of New York erected a monument to his memory at Peekskill in 1829. Hiram Paulding wrote to one of his father's old neighbors asking information; the subjoined letter in answer, from Boyce, a man of seventy-four years of age at the time the letter was written, thus speaks of him (we give both letters):

Letter from Paulding to Boyce:

My dear sir: The son of one of your companions of "seventy-six" takes the liberty to address you, presuming on the fraternal association that must have subsisted between the patriots of Westchester who, hand in hand, passed through the manly yet bitter struggle for national independence. I am the son of John Paulding, one of the captors of Major André, and with filial regard desire to preserve from oblivion the events of my Father's life as connected with the Revolution. It is also due to the heroic efforts and the devoted patriotism of the farmers of Westchester that their achievements should not be lost to posterity, but that the noble example should be handed down to future

generations who shall enjoy the blessings it secured to them.

No people of the country suffered more than the inhabitants of Westchester, and there were none more firmly or faithfully devoted to the cause of liberty. There is now no historical record of what was accomplished by you and your compatriots while the minutest particulars cannot fail to be instructive.

It was a partizan and desultory warfare marked by but few striking incidents such as would find a place in the general history of the war, but nevertheless quite as important in its results as though battles had been fought and victories won.

Personal anecdotes, instances of individual bravery, patriotism, or virtue, illustrate the character of the people and the spirit of the times and give us information more interesting and more useful than we can glean from the formal history of remarkable events. The warfare carried on in Westchester lives but in the memory of a few of your companions and in a few years would be quite forgotten. I have been told by Samuel Young, of Tarrytown, and by others that there is none more competent than yourself to furnish a statement from memory of incidents and facts, and I am induced by the considerations I have mentioned to ask that you will oblige me so much as to do so. Everything will be interesting. The public meetings that were called immediately preceding the Revolution, the measures adopted by them, and incidents of every kind, showing the character of the people down to the close of the war. If you could favor me with your personal memoir it would be very acceptable. Should you have any knowledge or recollection of the time and place where my father was made prisoner the second

time and the circumstances that led to it, or anything else relating to him, you will oblige me very much. I hope the motive that has induced me to address you so unceremoniously will plead my apology for doing so.

(Signed) HIRAM PAULDING.

Letter from Abraham Boyce to Hiram Paulding, written in his seventy-fourth year:

20 COMMERCE St., NEW YORK.

I was a prisoner with John Paulding in the Old Sugar House. We were sometimes allowed to walk in the yard. When we came from the sugar house into the yard, we were counted, and again when we returned. Around the sugar house was a pale or picket fence about as high as a man's face (five feet). The English were about building a new picket fence a great deal higher than the old one, and had nearly completed it, when one evening the prisoners were let out into the yard as usual. The sun was about an hour high. John Paulding was near me, and leaned against the picket near a space where the old fence was taken down and the new was not yet quite completed. The sentry was stationed on the outside of the fence and passed the open space as he walked to and fro. Paulding, who was watching an opportunity, walked out of the prison yard as the sentry's back was toward him and deliberately continued up the street without being noticed, or particularly remarked by anyone. He continued on in this way until we lost sight of him, and no one except the prisoners had any suspicion but that he was one of the British soldiers, as he wore at the time a refugee's coat that he had received in ex-

change for his own. He went as far as Spuyten Duyvil creek, where he was concealed by a friend until night. He then got them to set him on the opposite side of the North River. Search was made for him in every direction, but without getting any trace of him. We were at that time on an allowance of two ounces of meat and eight ounces of bread per day. In the old Sugar House where we were confined there were no fireplaces. A few handfuls of small sticks were given to each mess to cook with. We had to cook on the floor and the smoke in the prison was almost suffocating. The prisoners were thrown together in the prison, without order, and without the least care for their health or ordinary comfort. We believed that the English were constantly trying to poison us. We very often found broken glass in our bread and pepper.

John Paulding was taken prisoner the first time near White Plains. His brother William and a man that lived with us were in the field, ploughing, when five Tories or skulkers surprised and took them prisoners, carrying them off as well as the horses. At that time no one thought of going out without taking his musket with him, and John Paulding no sooner saw the retreat of the skulkers than he fired his musket and pursued them. The firing of a musket was sufficient to alarm the country, and the people quickly assembled and pursued the retiring marauders. When they had approached pretty near White Plains, where the British army lay encamped, they gave up the chase and returned. John Paulding and some of his companions were surprised and taken. When he escaped he crossed the North River in a boat, and at night stopped

at a small house in the woods, where he inquired the way to New York, fearing there might be some one to apprehend and take him back to prison if he were found travelling *from* the city. An old woman told him the way to New York. He had married Sarah Teed, the daughter of a Tory, whose son Isaac was with the refugees before he was captured the last time, and was living on the farm given him by the State. Going out with a party of his neighbors, they encountered a superior number of refugees near Sing Sing, and were defeated. The rest of the party had been taken, and Paulding was making his escape over the ice when he was surrounded by several of the refugees, who commanded him to surrender. He consented to do so if they would give him quarter. They asked his name, to which he replied, "I ran as fast as I could." They again asked his name and he made the same reply, believing that his life would pay the forfeit of his name being known at that time, such was the hostility his exploits had excited against him on the part of the Tories. He was finally recognized by one of his captors, who, closing upon him, he received a severe cut with a sabre over the head, which laid him bleeding and senseless on the ice where he stood. When he recovered from the stunning effect of the blow he found himself surrounded by enemies who threatened to take his life. It was not long before his brother-in-law, who had never seen him before, came in and saved him from further violence. Great importance was attached to the capture of this prisoner and such was his reputation for remarkable address and activity that although he was severely wounded and tied, they cut the waistband of his pantaloons to keep him from running away from them. At Tarrytown he sent word to his father that

he was a prisoner. He was put in close confinement, and not long afterward, peace was declared. Once when he escaped from prison (I think the second time), he found himself in a small yard where there was a young wench and a gate that opened into the street. He asked her to open the gate. "Are you one of the prisoners?" said she. "Yes," was the reply, whereupon she opened the gate and he walked off. His absence was soon discovered and the whole prison rung with his name. Search was immediately made, and a poor fellow who was supposed to be Paulding was brought in and beaten unmercifully before the truth of the matter was discovered.

(Signed) ABRAHAM BOYCE.

Letter from Mr. James K. Paulding to Hiram Paulding, Lieutenant, U. S. S. *Independence*:

WASHINGTON, 18th June, 1818.

Dear Hiram: It gives me great pleasure to hear from Lieutenant Salter that you are employing your time in gaining a knowledge of the French language, and in studying such branches of mathematics as will be useful in your profession. These acquisitions will be useful to you in your future life and furnish you with sources of pleasure wherever you go. Indeed I cannot imagine a more certain mode of providing the means of a respectable and happy life than acquiring a due relish for literature and science, sources of pleasure and gratification that are almost always in our power, and keep us from running into expensive and improper pursuits. I have taken means to get you and, if possible, Lieutenant Salter transferred to the *Macedonian*,

and believe I shall succeed, although the absence of the Secretary renders it doubtful at present. It will be a long voyage, but pleasant, and will afford you a fine opportunity, which I am sure you will not neglect, to become a seaman, the groundwork of eminence in your profession. Let me hear from you when you wish anything reasonable and be sure your wishes will be promptly attended to.

Believe me,

Your affectionate cousin and friend,

J. K. PAULDING.

In June, 1862, the sword voted by the Nicaraguan Government in 1857 was presented to the Admiral in the presence of a party of friends, Congress having authorized the acceptance of the sword though declining to allow him to receive the grant of land.

To Admiral Paulding from L. Molina:

LEGATION OF NICARAGUA IN THE U. S.,
NEW YORK, July 21, 1860.

Sir: I have the honor to communicate to you the resolution of the republic of Nicaragua, copies of which I beg leave to hand you herewith, intended to offer you a public vote of thanks, a sword of honor, and twenty caballerias of the national lands to be settled at your option; as tokens of the high regard felt for you personally, and in acknowledgment of the important service you rendered that country while, like an upright citizen and faithful servant, you

were performing your whole duty to your own, by your noble conduct at Punta de Castilla and San Juan del Norte on the 8th day of December, 1857.

It affords me great satisfaction to be the medium of imparting this intelligence to you, regretting that for some unaccountable reasons it has only reached my hands in an official form within the last three days.

Aware that, in order to be at liberty to accept any such demonstration from a foreign Government, your position requires that leave should be previously obtained from Congress and, with a view to spare you if possible any trouble in this matter, it is my intention upon receiving your answer to address myself, as it is customary on such occasions, to the Honorable Secretary of State of the United States.

With the highest regard,

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) LOUIS MOLINA.

At the presentation Minister Perez read as follows:

In compliance with orders from the Government of Nicaragua, I have the honor to forward to you the sword which, as expressed in the decree I have had previously the pleasure to communicate to you, that republic has desired to present to you for your noble conduct at Punta de Castilla on the 8th December, 1857. On that occasion you, not without a knowledge of the gravity of the act, but with a just consciousness of discharging a duty toward your own country and

abounding with zeal for its honor and good name, as commander of the naval force of the United States in those waters, decided to seize and did seize and brought back the notorious adventurer William Walker, and the other individuals of the expedition he led from the United States and which he landed at Punta de Castilla in the presence of one of their vessels of war, in violation of their municipal laws and of their national obligations, thus attempting a second time the invasion of Nicaragua, a State with which the United States were at peace.

That meritorious act performed by you, instead of receiving the approbation of your Government, met with a severe censure from Mr. Buchanan's administration and subjected you to undeserved mortification and prejudice. At the time alluded to, Nicaragua had a mere *de jure* — not a practical — dominion over the port of San Juan, which really was under a sort of protectorate of the United States and Great Britain; and, on looking upon the momentous action you took with no other object than that of preventing the piratical invasion of her territory by citizens of the United States, she could not consider your conduct as offensive to her, nor be indifferent to the disagreeable consequence it brought upon yourself: on the contrary, regarding it as commendable and well calculated to prevent injurious complications as well as other evils undeserved on the part of Nicaragua and, at least, unfruitful to the United States, she has desired to give you a testimony of her just appreciation of your noble conduct and high motives, by tendering to you a vote of thanks and presenting to you twenty caballerias of land, and a sword which I have now the pleasure to forward to you by Don José Rosa Perez, a Nicaraguan citizen. My

Government has regretted that the United States Congress should not have given their consent to your accepting the lands, and the sword has reached me very recently. only, because they awaited information in regard to the resolution of that body, as well as on account of posterior accidental circumstances. Please, sir, to excuse the length of this note, to be assured of the great pleasure I take in complying with the order from my Government on this occasion, and to accept the high esteem and consideration with which I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) LOUIS MOLINA.

TO CAPTAIN H. PAULDING, U. S. N.

Address of Admiral Paulding on occasion of the presentation of the sword:

“I welcome you here to be present on an occasion of more than usual interest to me. Some of you will remember that a few years since, while in command of the Home Squadron, it became necessary for me to assume a responsibility demanded by the honor of our country and the first dictates of humanity.

“In violation of the President’s proclamation and the laws of the land, William Walker, aided by prominent Southern men, left our shores with a piratical band of followers, to prey upon the peace and happiness of the people of Nicaragua, a sister republic with whom at the time we had the most friendly relations. Regardless of the presence of the U. S. ship *Saratoga*, which had been placed in the harbor of San Juan del Norte with reference to these freebooters, Walker landed his party at

the Point Arenas, directly under her guns. When in my flag-ship I arrived there from Aspinwall, he had already commenced his warlike operations and, from the condition of things, I found that the only thing I could do was to disarm the party and send them home to answer for their crimes.

“I remember, if you do not, the bitter denunciation of the prominent scoundrels who had partitioned among themselves the homes of an unoffending people, how they deplored with imbecile rage the loss of a new empire for the institution of slavery, to be established on the ruin of a free people.

“My proceeding was approved by every good citizen, yet such were the influences then controlling the administration of the Government that the course of justice due to a friendly nation was set aside. By leading Southern men, who doubtless participated in the shameful invasion of Nicaragua, and who are now in arms against us, I was denounced in the Halls of Congress for violating the neutrality of Nicaragua by landing on her shore. The Government of Nicaragua, with a sense of justice that I did not find in my own, at once exonerated me by conveying through one of her most distinguished citizens, General Juarez, her approval and thanks for the course I had pursued.

“Subsequently she decreed in her Halls of Legislation to present me a sword of honor and a measure of her public domain. I am permitted by Congress to receive this sword.

“His Excellency Don Louis Molina, minister plenipotentiary from Nicaragua, has entrusted this emblem of his country’s good-will to the hands of Mr. J. R. Perez, to whom I most cordially tender my thanks for his courtesy.

“I receive from you, Mr. Perez, with my profound acknowledgments to your Government, its minister, and yourself, this highly appreciated gift. For the honor it conveys, its possession will be a cherished memorial for me and mine, and whenever it shall be my happiness to display it to my friends, as upon this occasion, I can say with a feeling of honest pride, ‘this sword illustrates the justice and generosity of the Government of Nicaragua. It relieves me from imputed wrong to her and the imputed commission, on my part, of “a grave error,” whilst in a faithful discharge of my duty as an officer.’

“I have thus, my friends, given a brief sketch of the transaction through which we are assembled here, but the whole story is not told and I cannot tax your patience now. Yet I will say it was evidently designed that I should be the victim of infamous men in high places, in carrying out their schemes of rapine and murder. It is a history not without interest and instruction. It conveys a moral, showing that, whether in public or private life, the surest guide is to be just without fear.

“Again, Señor Perez, permit me to express thanks for the kindly manner in which you have executed the trust confided to you by His Excellency your honored representative.”

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, U. S. NAVY YARD,
NEW YORK, June 4, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge, by the hands of Don José Rosa Perez, accompanied by the letter from your Excellency of the 19th May, 1862, the receipt of the sword which the Government of Nicaragua by decree has directed to be presented

to me for the course which I deemed it my duty to pursue in arresting at Punta de Castilla, on the 8th of Dec., 1857, the notorious filibuster and outlaw William Walker, with his followers, who had landed on the shores of the republic of Nicaragua in violation of the laws of the United States and of all civilized nations. For the generous manifestation of your Excellency's Government by the decree presenting this sword and also the tract of land (of which latter the policy of my Government does not permit the acceptance), of the approval and estimation of my course on the occasion above referred to, I can only say that it is far above my deserts for the simple performance of what I then considered and now consider to have been my duty.

Of course it is the desire of every officer to receive the approval of his Government, and if I did not then receive that of the Administration and Congress, I think the cause can be directly traced to political events which have since culminated in the present unfortunate condition of the country, which no one can more deeply deplore than myself. Be pleased to accept for yourself my sincere thanks for the kind and flattering manner in which you have conveyed to me the wishes of your Government and to express through you to your Excellency's Government the high appreciation in which I shall always hold this manifestation of its approval of my official act. I am, sir,

With sentiments of high regard and esteem,

Your Excellency's obedient servant,

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, SEÑOR DON LUIS MOLINA,
Envoy Extraordinary, etc.

The sword is a magnificent one, the hilt and scabbard being solid gold chased in the most elaborate style, with the coat of arms of the State of Nicaragua beautifully embossed thereon, around which is the following inscription: "La REPUBLICA de NICARAGUA al COMMODORE H. PAULDING." The scabbard and hilt are studded with thirteen or more large amethysts, the native stone of Nicaragua, and on the blade is engraved the following: "Per su noble compartimento en Punta de Castilla el 8 December de 1857."

When Commodore Paulding was ordered to the command of the Navy Yard at New York, his home at the farm at Huntington was temporarily deserted, and the house closed, save for a short time in summer. In the autumn sailors from a coaster, storm-bound in Lloyd's Harbor, to beguile a tedious hour, broke into the house and, with the usual vandalism of such people, ransacked closets and did much mischief; so, to protect the property, a farmer was sent to live in the house. He moved with his family one rainy February day and, finding a great open fireplace in the oak-floored kitchen, built a roaring wood fire for warmth and comfort. The warmth came, but not

the comfort, for, through some accident while they slept, the house took fire, and they barely escaped.

A letter from one of the Commodore's daughters speaks of his reception of the news.

Burning of the house at Peach Blossom:

NAVY YARD, NEW YORK,

February, '63.

My dear C.: We have met with a grievous misfortune. I can hardly bring myself to speak of it, but when I see how Father takes it, I must make the best of it. I had spent the night in New York with Aunt Mary, who was very ill, and, finding her more comfortable in the morning, came home. I was astonished, on coming in, to see Father in the parlor alone reading a letter by the window, for at that hour he was always in his office and very busy. I ran to him for my good-morning kiss, when he came toward me, taking off his glasses, and putting his arm around me said gravely: "My daughter, I have bad news for you. I have just heard that our house, our dear 'Peach Blossom' house, was burned to the ground last night. All is gone. It is hard, is it not — but we must be thankful no lives were lost." And I never shall forget the brave patient look in those dear eyes, trying to comfort me, when I knew all it was to him. The house he had worked for so many years, and on which he had just paid off the mortgage; and in those busy weary days and nights thought of the rest and refreshment awaiting him there when the war should be over. And now, all was gone. And not a word of impatience, brave and calm he could

stand there beside me and look at the sudden shattering of his hopes, with philosophy and Christian fortitude. I had loved and admired my dear father always, but this was an exhibition of heroism I could hardly look for.

Mother, too, was patient and brave, as became a soldier's wife, ill as she was. So what is left for us, their children, but to make the best of it? We cannot tell what will be done. With Mother so ill, Father breaking down with his anxieties here, Tattnall in the Army, and two of us engaged to be married, they may not have the courage to rebuild even if there should be the means to make another home. It is surely disheartening. I felt that I must write and tell you, for you and I have had so many happy days there together, and I know you loved the dear old house almost as I did. The tears will fall as I write, but that will not do, so good-bye.

Yours,

R.

It was a great trial, but life is full of vicissitudes, and in those days of Civil War there were sadder losses than that of a home. As the months wore on, the brave elder daughter, who had been the first to love the "Peach Blossom" home, helped to bring courage—and plans for rebuilding were considered.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1864.

REAR-ADMIRAL PAULDING,
Commdt. Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that after proposal of the minister of marines, His Majesty the King

of Italy has bestowed upon you the decoration of commander of this equestrian order of Sts. Mauritius and Lazarus as a reward for the assistance you afforded to the Italian frigate *Ré d' Italia* when she got on shore near Long Branch.

Having been appointed to deliver you said decoration and the letter which accompanies it, I'll be very happy, Admiral, to learn from you when, after getting the proper permission of the Congress, you will be able to accept them. I am,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) DEL SANTO,

Captain of Frigate, R. I. N.

LEGAZIONE D' ITALIA,

AGLI STATI UNITI,

WASHINGTON, 9th December, 1866.

Sir: I take great pleasure in officially informing you that H. M. the King of Italy, in appreciation of the services rendered by you in assisting and procuring aid to the frigate *Ré d' Italia* of the Royal Navy, when in a dangerous condition, has been graciously pleased to confer upon you the title and dignity of commander of his order of the Sts. Mauritius and Lazarus.

In transmitting now to you the insignia of the order, and the royal commission attached thereto, I beg to express to you, sir, my sincere congratulations; at the same time I take this occasion of offering to you, sir, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

(Signed) R. CANTAGALLI,

Chargé d'affaires.

HIS EXCELLENCY R. CANTAGALLI,
Chargé d'affaires of Italy,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE U. S. NAVAL ASYLUM,
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14th, 1866.

Sir: I have the honor most respectfully to acknowledge the receipt of the decoration and commission of the order of "Sts. Mauritius and Lazarus" conferred upon me by His Majesty, the King of Italy. It came by the hands of the accomplished and gentlemanly Consul of His Majesty the King of Italy for Philadelphia, Mr. Alonzo M. Viti.

I am profoundly sensible of the high honor thus conferred upon me by His Royal Majesty the King of Italy and will treasure the memorial as coming from the most illustrious Monarch and gallant Knight of the age in which we live. For your acceptable and courteous manner of conveying this compliment from your Government, be pleased to accept my sincere thanks and assurance of high respect and consideration. I am,

Resply.,

Your Most Obedient Servant,

(Signed) H. PAULDING,

Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy.

Copy of letter written by Commodore Paulding during the dark days of the Civil War, urging a larger military force:

A period is approaching more vital to the success and prosperity of the nation than any we have passed through since the commencement of the Rebellion. Our ranks are thinned by death, disease, and expiration

of service, and the draft and subsequent conduct of the war must, and will determine whether we are to have speedy peace by conquest or a long and exhausting war. We have tried moderation in council and moderation in the force with which we have met the rebels in the field, and in both we have found them in advance of us, and ourselves discomfited. Our experience should give us knowledge, if it has not already done so, and now the time has arrived when every man knows that failing to exercise our powers is not only weakness but imbecility that "betrays like treason." No other course is left to us but to strike heavy blows and to repeat them until the serpent's head is crushed by the iron heel. To do this we must be earnest in our purpose and put forth the power of the republic by sending to the field an army the rebels cannot resist. In the commencement of the Rebellion we sent just about men enough to the field to encourage a successful resistance, and from that time to this we have never been equal to the demands of the great struggle for victory or defeat. In making the draft, permit me to suggest that it should be done alone with reference to the need of the country for a speedy peace.

With the army now in the field we want at least half a million of men. In the first organization of the Army, cavalry was repudiated as too expensive, and for a long time the enemy, wiser than ourselves, cut off our supplies, surprised our detachments, made raids in the rear of our armies and in many ways made us feel the want of this important contingent of an army, whether it was aggressive or otherwise. We have learned wisdom in this respect if not in others by our experience and it is apparent to every one that a large cavalry force is that which is most needed. With infantry and artillery to

keep the enemy behind his defenses, our cavalry, if in sufficient force, can cut off their supplies, break up their means of concentration, by which they have given us much trouble, and I can readily believe, if the war is conducted judiciously, that it will terminate in less than six months from the time our new levies are properly organized and sent to the field. To accomplish this we want fifty thousand cavalry, as many artillery, and not less than half a million of infantry. With this force at the beginning the war would have been ended before now. We have frittered away our means in dribblets and to continue in the same way will insure us a long and wasting war.

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

To Admiral Paulding:

NEW YORK, Nov. 26th, '62.

Admiral: I deem it my duty to present to you the enclosed extract of a letter which I have forwarded to the Navy Department.

I cannot find words to express my regret to learn that the officers of the Navy suppose that certain foolish statements in the papers respecting the *Passaic's* turret emanate from me. I have, during twenty years, experienced nothing but courtesy and kind encouragement from the officers of the United States Navy. To yourself, Admiral, I am in particular indebted for the advantageous position I now occupy, *for without your firm support the Monitor would not have been built.*

I am, Admiral,

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) I. ERICSSON.

FROM I. ERICSSON TO ADMIRAL PAULDING.

Letter from H. Paulding to Stimers, chief engineer of the *Monitor*:

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.,

Jan. 1, 1870.

My dear Mr. Stimers: It gives me pleasure to learn that a movement has been made calling the attention of Congress to the merit of the gallant crew of the *Monitor*. Her collision with the *Merrimac* and the discomfiture of that formidable vessel, after she had destroyed the frigates, sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the nation and the gallant Worden and his comrades were deemed worthy of all that a grateful people could bestow.

After the lapse of so much time it is cheering to realize that their merit may be acknowledged and placed upon the record of history by the liberality of the Government. The world gives to the general of an army and to the commander of a fleet the credit for the heroism displayed by the united efforts of the gallant men they command in great achievements, and you, my dear Stimers, in a measure lost your identity in the fight of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, although without your presence, your skill, and indomitable courage the victory might not have been won.

The formidable character of the *Merrimac* was known to us and the *Monitor* was our only means of resisting what appeared her invincible power. As commandant of the New York Yard I hurried her preparation by every available means and in doing this I have remembered, with pride and a warm appreciation of your mechanical skill and earnest zeal, how well I was seconded by yourself and other distinguished chiefs in the Yard.

When the vessel was in readiness and you assumed the charge of the engine I felt that nothing more could be done to insure success but to send forward our nondescript that was not unaptly characterized as a "cheese-box."

The meed of merit that is justly your due can only be known to those who have knowledge of the skill with which you managed to get the *Monitor* to Hampton Roads through heavy gales, and the splendid manner in which you carried the first American ironclad under a battery of superior force.

In whatever may be done, I sincerely hope that your services may be justly appreciated and rewarded.

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

Extract from a letter of an officer of the *Monitor*:

ANNAPOLIS, MD.,

Feb. 11, 1879.

My dear —: Your note has just reached me, and in order to give you a prompt reply I write at once. I have not had time to read your article in *Harper's Monthly* of the noble Paulding, whose memory I reverence as much as you or any other naval officer can. He was a grand old gentleman and I esteem it a favor to have had his acquaintance. I shall read your article and Commodore Marston's letter as soon as I can, but not having read them I write somewhat blindly.

And what I now write is entirely from memory, as all my papers, memoranda, etc., etc., were lost in the *Monitor* when she foundered. And after an interval of nearly seventeen years one's memory may be a little out.

The *Monitor* steamed from the Navy Yard at Brooklyn at about 11 A.M. on Thursday, March 6, 1862, and shortly after passing the Battery we received a hawser from the tugboat *Seth Low* and immediately continued on our way in tow of the tugboat and our own engines working.

To the best of my recollection I think I am right, for my memory is tenacious; we did not stop from the time we took the tow until we received a pilot in Chesapeake Bay. I know that we did not anchor or remain in the lower bay of New York. And I do not think any vessel communicated with the *Monitor* after she left the Navy Yard until we reached the *Chesapeake*.

If I ever knew the orders regarding her destination, I have forgotten them. I never saw the orders. Of course Admiral Worden knows and remembers what they were. I have heard him say, had Captain Marston given him orders to proceed on his way to the Potomac, that he (Worden) should have disobeyed them, and proceeded directly to the battle-ground, just as he did. You will observe in Worden's report (enclosed) that Captain Marston *suggested* that he (Worden) should go to the *Minnesota*. The log-book of the Brooklyn Navy Yard may give the exact hour the *Monitor* steamed from the Yard. I found in that log-book the day she was commissioned, Feb. 25, 1862. In a letter of mine, written just after the action (and just turned up), I find the following, "and at 11 A.M. on Thursday we started down the harbor in company with the gun-boats *Sachem* and *Currituck*. We went along very nicely and when we arrived at Governor's Island the steamer *Seth Low* came alongside and took us in tow. We went out past the narrows with a light wind from the west and very smooth water. The weather con-

tinued the same all Thursday night, etc. etc." This confirms what I have already written.

(Signed) S. D. G.

Letter from Hiram Barney, Collector of the Port of New York:

CUSTOM HOUSE,
NEW YORK, July 29th, 1863.

Admiral: I wish to express to you my thanks for the prompt assistance rendered me by the force sent from the Navy Yard for the protection of this building. I wish also particularly to acknowledge the valuable services of Ensign Canfield, who commands the men sent by you. I regard him as an excellent officer and shall always be glad to hear of his advancement and success. I hope you will allow this force to continue here until we have better hopes of continued quiet and submission to law. I am

With great respect,

Truly yours,

(Signed) HIRAM BARNEY,

Collector.

REAR-ADMIRAL HIRAM PAULDING,
Navy Yard, Brooklyn.

H. Paulding to a friend who had asked for autograph letters:

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND,
April 13th, 1873.

My dear Captain: I have not yet commenced to overhaul my old sea chest for antiquities, but a few days

since, chanced upon the enclosed note from Washington Irving, which, in recalling reminiscences of early life, it occurred to me would have the merit of novelty if it did not interest you from any other point of view, he having been all his life an associate and friend of the officers of the old Navy. At the same time, I may victimize you by saying something of my unimportant self, being one of that fraternity of the old Navy.

At the close of the war with England I left Lake Champlain and found myself in New York without employment, my application for Commodore Decatur's squadron being unsuccessful, and, in my earnest desire to join the fleet then nearly ready to sail, sought the friendly interest of James K. Paulding, who with Washington Irving, Commodore Decatur, Lieut. Jack Nicholson, Henry Brevoort, one of the literary clique, and some others lived with Mrs. Bradish, whose house fronted the Battery, forming a joyous fraternity. I stated briefly my embarrassment and wishes and in the sequel was introduced to Mr. Irving, who appointed the next morning for me to call, and in doing so, he handed me an order from Commodore Decatur to report as one of the midshipmen of the *Constellation*. At that time Mr. Irving had arranged to go with Decatur as his friend, the two being much devoted to each other, and having a great desire to be present at the assault of Algiers. His preparations were made and the boat waited at the Battery when an event occurred that prevented his departure. He was through life devoted to the Navy and the old officers, and I was personally indebted to him for many acts of kindness. In taking a retrospect I have regarded Mr. Irving's interest in my affairs as having a controlling influence on my professional life. If in recalling what may have but little

interest for you, I beg you will pardon the fatuity that "time on his scroll is forever recording."

(Signed) H. PAULDING.

ADDRESS BY ADMIRAL PAULDING WELCOMING THE
RETURN OF THE SOLDIERS TO HUNTINGTON
AT THE CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR

My friends: With all my sympathies in harmony with the occasion of this assemblage of our people, I feel that no higher compliment could have been conveyed by my fellow citizens and neighbors than the distinction of being called upon to preside where there are so many more able and more worthy of the honor. For this partiality be pleased to accept my warmest acknowledgments.

Prompted by gratitude and admiration of the gallant deeds of our citizen-soldiers, the people of Huntington with one voice have invited them to assemble to receive their personal recognition of the services they have rendered, and to give them their warmest assurance of respect and regard.

With this object in view, it becomes my pleasing duty to say in the name of this community — Soldiers, Citizens, Friends, and Neighbors, we receive you here from the battle-field, from toil and privation, to do you honor and to extend to you the hand of fraternity.

We thank you for your gallant deeds, for the privations you have borne so patiently, and the endurance that must so severely have tested your manhood.

We welcome you here, friends and gallant sons of our community, to enjoy with us the peaceful homes your services have so materially secured. You come here among us, the embodiment of honorable life, with

victory inscribed upon your banner, the defenders of your country.

You have secured to us our NATIONALITY, our homes and firesides, and given to us a Country of peace and safety. You have vindicated and illustrated the great problem of man's self-government and secured the only asylum of liberty on earth for the poor and oppressed of other lands. The history of mankind has never accorded to men so great a glory as this, and the blessings of posterity will render your fame enduring. Whilst the posterity of traitors will blush to think "their fathers were your foes," your children and your children's children will stand on tiptoe when their sire and his sacred mission as a soldier is named.

To the honored dead who fell by your sides, the victims of this unholy war, and who return to us no more, we can only say, peace to their ashes, and as martyrs in a sacred cause may they enjoy a bright immortality.

SOLDIERS! Again we say thrice welcome, and again, in this friendly greeting of your neighbors, receive their assurance of every wish for your happiness and prosperity.

I now present to you JOEL SCUDDER, Esq., a consistent, zealous, loyal citizen, an able gentleman who can do more justice than myself to the esteem in which your great and honorable services are held by this community.

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